



SUSANNAH—"Beautiful even in London."—Page 246.

PATRIOT AND TORY:

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Tale of the Revolution,

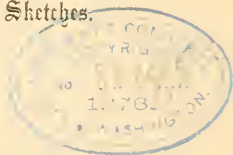
• EMBRACING

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE THRILLING INCIDENTS AND EXCITING
EPISODES OF THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE; GRAPHIC
SKETCHES OF REVOLUTIONARY CELEBRITIES; THE STORY
OF DEBORAH SAMSON, THE WOMAN SOLDIER; AND
A COMPLETE DRAMA OF AMERICAN LIFE
ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY

JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

Illustrated with authentic Portraits, Diagrams, and Sketches.



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PREFACE.



THE following pages are not a novel or romance, but a *Chronicle*, of the years from 1773 to 1784 inclusive. A chronicle, not only of public and historic deeds, but also of domestic life and incidents. Beside great events and fields of blood, lie homes and home scenes. There runs along by the wild tide of war, the calm stream of daily duties, the quiet toils of women, and the plays of little children. Here, not only are represented some—British and American, Patriots and Tories—whose memories are preserved only in the line of their own descendants, but others, whose names are of renown, and whose lives are an inheritance of the civilized world.

Certain facts about this work must be noted. It is intended to be, and is, a careful presentation—a photograph, indeed—of the manners, daily lives, style of speech, culture, dress, amusements, customs, housekeeping, avocations, reading, and habits, of Americans—one hundred years ago.

All the historic characters introduced speak, not words put into their mouths by a writer, but words exactly their own, that have come down as matters of historic verity. It might

Ms. W. V. 1. 1. 2.

have been thought that the care of a Dame Warren, the diligence of a Stark, the researches of a Bancroft, the comprehensiveness of a Ridpath, the aptness and assiduity of a Hildreth, the zeal of a Watson, and the lively gossiping of a Mrs. Ellet, must have already recorded every Revolutionary incident, and yet some events of the time were even by these omitted, and are in this Chronicle for the first time made public.

It is fitting that the story of our separation from the mother-country should be set forth without rancor or bitterness toward either side, and that the feelings, opinions, and arguments of those who conscientiously took different sides in that famous struggle should be explicated. A man was not necessarily a demon, because he was a Tory; nor a saint, because he was a Patriot.

Again, there were giants in those days, moral giants, not merely in the higher ranks of the army, but in the station of common soldiers; men who in their narrower spheres, showed the heroic virtues of a Washington, and of such we would preserve the portraiture.

Since that period of our nation's birth, our whole public and private life has undergone such a change, that these cameos of scenes of that time are more valuable as curiosities, than even for beauty. One who carefully reads this history of that epoch will have firmly fixed in mind the origin and causes of the difficulty between England and the thirteen colonies, the relation, weight, proceedings, life and death of many of the leading men of that day; a clear idea of our foreign relations;

of the sequence and bearing of public events; of the progress of the war in all the colonies; the victories and defeats, the sufferings and triumphs, the daily business, and pleasures, hopes, fears, losses, despair, and joys, of the people in their homes; a glimpse of the thousand sacrifices and conquests and martyrdoms that fell then to the share of private life.

The religious views, questions, and training which had a powerfully moulding influence on public opinion when differences arose between England and her Colonies, have been too generally disregarded. The Revolution of 1776 was the harvest of Luther's seed-sowing in 1521. The high hearts of Scotch Covenanters, and English Puritans, and French Huguenots, and Holland Beggars, wrought out the problem of national freedom, and laid deep and broad and lasting the foundations of republican institutions. Blood that had garrisoned Londonderry, leaped at the challenge to war for a principle, in Georgia and the Carolinas; and the followers of the conquering House of Orange shouted *Amen* to the Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence.

And yet, there were honest men to whose hearts and in whose ideas, England was indeed a mother; who felt that to sunder ties with her, would be foully unfilial; and who, like David, cried "Who shall stretch his hand against the Lord's Anointed, and be guiltless?"

While careful histories, frequently by eye-witnesses, of the public events of the Revolutionary War have been multiplied, a clear picture of daily domestic life, education, and views,

has long been needed. Such a knowledge of our ancestors is usually as vague as our views of the domestic manners of the Trojans or Carthagenians; or of the Egyptians before the tombs were opened; or of the Romans before Macaulay sang his Lays.

We know generally that our ancestors wore knee-breeches, and wigs, and powder; and we do not realize that they did *not* read daily the Times or Tribune, and that they had not Walter Scott and Washington Irving on their book-shelves, and friction matches in their kitchens.

To bring those to whom we owe not merely physical, but national and moral life, home to us, so that across the gulf of one hundred years we can shake hands with them, and be friends, as well as descendants, is one of the several objects of this work.

THE AUTHOR.

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Introductory Note.

IT was the vice of the old-school historians that they dealt only with the public affairs of nations. According to their philosophy, events were nothing unless projected on the heroic scale: and the difference between the heroic and the Quixotic was often undiscoverable. The most obscure annalist felt called upon to mask, mount, and marshal his characters, and set them all a-jousting. The world was a tournament and human life a ceremony. Here was a king, there a priest, and yonder a warrior. Here was a Senate debating, there an army marching, and yonder a city sacked by janizaries. The whole panorama was a thing remote from the real dispositions and purposes of life; a pageant of idealities rather than a drama of facts.

Not so with the historical writings of the New Era. History now hath its undercurrent, upon whose abounding bosom are borne the destinies of all men. Now have the lowly found a voice; the weak man, a tongue; the poor man, an oracle. The poets from Wordsworth down,

the great novelists, and the new-school historians have praised the common lot and made it beautiful. Everyday life has been crowned with all the beätitudes of letters and art. The discovery has at last been made that Manners and Customs are the vital parts of history; that what the people think about and hope for is more important in the records of nationality than the story of intrigues, debates, and battles.

The following work is a contribution to the history of the social life of the fathers. It aspires to be considered a special study made in the by-ways of the Revolution. The aim has been to preserve and present, in a compact and attractive form, the story of some important facts likely to be overlooked or forgotten in the glamour of the great Centennial—facts already but half discoverable through the shadows, and soon to be lost in oblivion unless preserved in some such record as this.

THE PUBLISHERS.

JULY 1ST, 1876.

PATRIOT AND TORY:

One Hundred Years Ago.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY'S HISTORY.

THINGS trifling in themselves, at the time and place of their origin, become of worth as curiosities when removed to a certain distance of space, or as antiquities when removed to a certain distance of time. In this centennial year of our Republic every relic of Revolutionary days has acquired an arbitrary value. What a treasure to the "Committee" would be that famous pie for which one hundred dollars of Colonial currency were paid! What a romance hangs about some idle letter, describing a party given to Lord Howe; or a fragment of a complimentary note bearing the signature of Martha Washington. This interest in all that belongs to our Revolutionary struggle has influenced me to present to the public a simple memorial of family life one hundred years ago, which until now would only have been interesting to the descendants of her by whom it was written. In editing this chronicle for the public I feel obliged to give an account of its origin and history. My paternal grandfather was a Scotchman

from Paisley. He left home early in life, and having settled in New York State, after some years married a maiden of mingled Scotch and Puritan blood. About a decade after the marriage, my grandmother's mother died, and among her papers was found a portly roll of yellow manuscript, written in a clear, bold hand. My grandmother at once recognized this as the record of her mother's early life—a bit of family chronicle which she had heard read in her young days, and which had been carefully preserved by its author, as a relic of happy and yet often anxious hours.

My grandfather had, with Scotch tenacity, clung to his home and kindred over seas. He had been often urged to bring his wife on a visit to the old country relations; but family and business cares had prevented him from accepting the invitation. Yet he was exceedingly desirous of making his large circle of brothers and sisters feel acquainted with their "American relative," and when he had read the story left by his mother-in-law he thought that if he sent the manuscript, with miniatures of the author and her daughter, his wife, it would serve to make the whole family feel less like strangers to him and his. His parents being dead, he very naturally sent his gift to his eldest brother John, with a request that he would "lend it around" among his family friends.

Now, my great-uncle John had made a good marriage, and prospered in his business; and, among other strokes of good luck, it had been his fortune to rent a historic bit of property—nothing less than the Grange, near Crookstown Castle, once a royal demesne, and belonging to Mar-

garet, wife of James IV. of Scotland, and daughter of Henry VII. of England. This *Grange* had been one of the homes of Mary Stuart, with her governess and nurse, before her departure for France. The Grange had fallen from hand to hand, the old dwelling still standing, until it was rented, with a mill property, to my great-uncle John. Success had made this worthy man a little arrogant: established in what had been an abode of royalty, beholding around him the oaken wainscotings and the tapestried panels which had graced the home of the luckless and ill-deserving princess, he began to feel himself in some occult fashion allied to the Tudors and Stuarts, and treated his own family in a lofty and dictatorial manner. Those canny Scots were unruffled by this style of brotherly kindness; they merely accepted it as “ane o’ Johnny’s ways”—all but my great-aunt Jean. Aunt Jean, eldest of her family, a spinster who had inherited several thousand pounds from a far-off cousin, deeply resented her brother’s assumption of superiority. Between John and Jean existed internecine war that nothing could placate.

When the errant Matthew sent from America his present of two miniatures on ivory, and an ancient chronicle, to the home of his fathers, and chose *John* as the recipient of his gift, great was the wrath that surged in the soul of Aunt *Jean*. She believed that the family had entered into a conspiracy against her—that Matthew was confederate with John to rob her of the respect due her. John, with much condescension, offered her the first reading of the manuscript after his own family had finished it. My aunt Jean scornfully rejected the proffer, and avowed she

“wad hae naething to do wi’t.” True to her chosen policy, when the story was in the hands of a niece, whom she was visiting, and was to be read aloud to the household, aunt Jean arose and left the room. (However, there was pretty good proof that she satisfied her curiosity by remaining so near an open door that she heard every word of all the readings.) My great-aunt could not be content without some more forcible manifestation of her feelings in this important matter. She cast about her for a fashion of punishing her delinquent brothers. Where should she find it better than in the making her will? Aunt Jean theorized in general that she should some day die, as did other mortals; but the prospect of death was not near enough to set her at peace with all humankind, brothers Matthew and John included. She summoned a lawyer and had her will prepared and duly signed, and took care to proclaim fully the manner of her last testament. She left to each of her brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews, twenty pounds to buy a mourning ring—*except* to the erring John and Matthew, and their children. The remainder of her property did Aunt Jean devise to the “Breetish Museum Library, whar (to quote her own words) nae doubt waur buiks enough to teach people hoo properly to respec’ their elders.”

Thus did Aunt Jean testify to her final rejection of her family, her native place, and all Scottish institutions.

Uncle John heard the news, and great was his disgust. It was now needful that *he* should make *his* will, and proclaim its contents, that Aunt Jean might find him even with her in the strife. Great was the debate in his heart

when he considered how he could outrival his excellent sister; he was almost ready to order his body to be turned into a mummy and devised to the Egyptian collection in that famous Museum! What should he do? Uncle John was resolved to leave his son and daughter "forehanded wi' the world," and he would not bequeath from them one hoof of his thoroughbreds, one horn of his choice cattle, one "pund o' siller." Day after day he pondered, and then the solution of his difficulty came in a great burst of light; he leaped up, snapping his fingers, and cried: "I hae it the noo! I will gie the *manuscript* to the Breetish Museum." Forthwith a lawyer was summoned, and a codicil added to my great-uncle's last will and testament—"The manuscrup sent frae America, to the Library o' the Breetish Museum." When I visited Scotland I expected to find this famous manuscript of my great-grandmother still in the hands of some one of the family, and trusted that it might be bestowed upon me, at my request. Uncle John and Aunt Jean had long been buried, and great was my chagrin to learn that the roll of paper, valueless to any one but myself, had been done up in a morocco case lined with silk and forwarded to the British Museum. A year afterward, I entered the famous Library as a constant reader, and when I had made acquaintance with the ways of the place I looked for the family manuscript; it was not down on the catalogue. I then applied to the Librarian. A little discussion and research served to recall the fact of Aunt Jean's legacy, but Uncle John's bequest had been quite forgotten. When I explained that the lost paper contained a bit of family history, with a

few hints of the public affairs of a stirring time, those most obliging of mortals, the Librarians, set themselves to hunt it up. Two months passed; I had quite given up all hopes of seeing the object of my desire, when one morning the oldest Librarian came to my desk and whispered triumphantly: "We have found that manuscript. We got hold of it yesterday morning, and have catalogued it properly. So if you will come and make out a ticket you will have the paper in a few minutes." Accordingly, within half an hour, that Revolutionary relic was laid on my desk. I turned over the yellow, faded, dusty leaves, and meditated. "My great-grandmother was remarkably persevering in journalizing." "They made wonderfully strong paper and good ink in those times." "Written with a quill." "Great-grandmother's chirography was of the very best." "What is given to this Museum is like time, or the spoken word, it can not be recalled." "What a work to copy all this, when surely it ought to be mine rather than the Museum's." I beckoned a Librarian: "Think I could buy this?" He shook his head. This is as the lion's den—all steps point in, none out. The manuscript would be valuable as a relic of antiquity in the year 4000 or 5000 A. D. The Museum must cherish it for the benefit of posterity. All readers at the Museum are pledged not to peculate—in other words, not to secretly borrow for indefinite periods—any of the books *or manuscripts*. Alas, that clause! It compelled me to copy my great-grandmother's history.

While I was thus copying, I laid on the manuscript those ivory miniatures of great-grandmother and her

daughter, which had been sent to Scotland and returned to me.

Pretty-faced great-grandmother! How strange that this manuscript which you traced under apple-trees, and in garrets, and by latticed windows; in joy, hope, fear,



GRANDMOTHER'S MOTHER.

wonder; in the din of arms, in the marvel of a nation's birth; in early love and mature knowledge, lies here! And here is the picture of your child; and you and she have grown old and wrinkled and turned to dust; and I, your descendant, after so many years, sit in this old-world temple

of learning and copy the story you wrote when you and the nation were yet young, and doubtful of your destiny!

“Grandmother's mother! her age I guess
 Thirteen summers, or something less.
 Girlish bust, but womanly air;
 Smooth, square forehead, with uprolled hair;
 Lips that lover has never kissed;
 Taper fingers and slender wrist;
 Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade—
 So they painted the little maid.
 What if, one hundred years ago,
 Those close-shut lips had answered *No!*
 Should I be I? or would it be
 One-tenth another to nine-tenths me?”

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

MAY 12, 1773.

HOW strange it must be to have lived one hundred years—a whole century! If great-grandfather lives until day after to-morrow—and of course he will—he will be one hundred years old. Suppose I should live that long, how would the world look, and how would people dress, and what would be going on, and who would be our king, one hundred years from to-day? Perhaps nobody would be our king. I hear very strange talk from those who come to see my grandfather. But how could people get on then? A nation without a king seems to me like a body without any head. To be sure there were the old Greeks, and the Romans of the Republic, and England in Cromwell's time—but it did not last so very long; and there is Holland—but that is the same. My uncle from Philadelphia and my uncle from Virginia will be here to-morrow, to keep great-grandfather's birthday. I have helped grandmother make good things all the morning. After dinner I came out under the big apple-tree in front of the house; it is so pretty here—the house with its nice little windows winking in the sun, and the high-peaked, mossy roof, and the bright red paint. I am sure it is prettier than any of the pictures in my grand-

mother's big Bible. The blue-birds are building a nest here in the apple-tree, and the redbreasts are back—one of them sits on the top of the well-sweep every day and sings for ever so long. Great-grandfather says he is praising God for fresh air and water, two things the dear old man likes very much.

When I brought my knitting out here, great-grandfather came and stood in the doorway, and he looked very beautiful with the sun on his white head. I brought his big oaken chair under the tree, and grandmother put her best braided mat beneath his feet, and laid the big wolf-skin robe over his lap; the skins are of the wolves my father shot when he was a young man. I think he must have been as great as Israel Putnam, whom my grandfather often speaks of. When great-grandfather was sitting here with me I began to talk to him. I know how to do so now; once I did not. I used to talk to him about the farm, and the school, and my uncles, and the neighbors, and Dame Meroy Warren; and he would say, "Who? What?" He has lived so long that he forgets yesterday and to-day, and only remembers a long while ago, unless you talk to him about the Bible, or the old country, or the good of the Colonies, especially this of Massachusetts. So now when I talk to great-grandfather I ask him about the old times, and the mother-country, and then he enjoys talking. To-day I said, "Grandfather, you have lived so long that the world must have changed very much since you came into it. Don't you wish you could remember way back to the time when you were a little baby?" Yes, he said he did.

There was many a scene he wished he could remember. And of course I asked him, "What were they, grandfather?" He said, "Child, ye have heard of the Solemn League and Covenant, signed by us Scots people on a stone in Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinboro'? Well,



THE OLD FARM.

child, when that was signed my father was a child in his mother's arms. When my parents were young they were of those who went by night to the conventicles, to worship God in the glens and forests; their friends were the good men who were hunted and killed like beasts on the mount-

ains; and when I was a child they oft carried me with them. I wish I could remember those times. Popish James fled over seas when I was sixteen, and I stood with my father and mother and elder brothers all day in the High Street of Edinboro' waiting to hear the decision of the convention upon the claims of James and William to the throne. I can remember, child, the great crowd in the street, and how children were set upon their fathers' shoulders to keep them from being crushed by the crowd. And then I remember a shout, that seemed to shake the very skies; and I saw my mother and other women crying and waving handkerchiefs, and heard my father and brothers cheering, and I saw the crowd divide, and the great nobles and the Lord Provost and the heralds passing along High Street. Ah, child, it was a grand sight, and a proclamation of liberty to the captive, and opening of prison to them that had been bound, and the coming of the acceptable year of the Lord. I would I had been a little older then, and able better to help on the good time, or old enough to go to London and get a look at William, of glorious and immortal memory!"

"But, grandfather," I said, "suppose that convention had decided in favor of King James?"

"The Western Covenanters were there," said grandfather, "and they would have risen to a man and led Scotland to religious liberty. Wonder it is that they saw the murderer of the saints, Dundee, daily in the streets and withheld their hands; it was God's grace in them. My own father had an account to settle with him, for he killed father's only brother; but he left it to be reckoned

for at God's bar, and that is well: it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"But, grandfather," I said again, "very many of the Scots were loyal to the Stuarts. I have read that Scotland was their hope and stronghold."

"Yes, child," said grandfather, "many Scots were loyal, to their own destruction, to the Stuarts—loyal to them rather than to God. But, child, *my* fathers were of a race who knew no loyalty to a king who was not loyal to God. We honor the king in the ways of righteousness. Kings are set to defend the liberty of subjects, and to lead nations in holiness and justice; and when they fail there they forfeit the crown. It was thus the Scottish Estates decided in the convention I told ye of."

"People could be loyal but to few kings, grandfather," I said, "if only to such as you describe. Dame Merce Warren said yesterday that kings generally supposed the people were made for them."

"Na, na," said grandfather, "kings are made for the people. The Princes of Orange have always held that doctrine."

"It is a pity, grandfather," said I, "that you Scotchmen had to go to Holland to find kings with right views. You have been unlucky in your kings, have you not?"

"Well, my girl," grandfather said, "belike it was to set our allegiance aboon all earthly princes, and fix our hearts on King Jesus. I have often thought of they old days when Jehovah alone was king over Israel, and I have wished that here in this new country such a government could be set up, with no king but Christ."

Grandfather had come out to see if great-grandfather were not tired of being under the apple-tree, and he said to this, "The world is too corrupt for that, father. If we had no king here we would have some other form of government tainted with human evil and avarice—the few strong lording it over the many weak."

And just here we heard a laugh, and that clear voice of Dame Warren, crying out, "But, sir, it would be as your cousin wrote us from London, that Sir Robert Walpole said we would 'be taxed more agreeably to our constitution and laws.' We might more peacefully endure our own errors in government than other people's."

Grandfather shook his head. I suppose all ministers should feel as he does. He quoted the Psalmist, "I am for peace; but when I speak they are for war." He then took great-grandfather's arm to help him to the house, and Dame Warren stopped to take the cushion and mat. She said to me, "Why so grave, Abbey—what troubles you?" I laughed, it seemed so foolish; but I can always speak to Dame Mercy Warren. I said, "It seems to me so quiet out here; life is as still as a mill-pond. We have only the change from the white snow that falls in winter, to the pink snow from the apple-trees in spring, and the brown snow of the dead leaves in autumn. My great-grandfather has been telling me about times when he was young, when great events happened, and even girls and children had a part in them, and there was something worth living for. I would like my life to be not like the mill-pond, but like Cape Cod Bay out here—sometimes bright and shiny with the sun, and sometimes wild and stirring and strong, as

when the storms are out and the waves beat against the coast!" Then Dame Warren looked earnestly at me for a moment, standing there; she was under the apple-tree, with the wolf-skin robe over her arms and grandmother's braided mat in her hand, and she said, "Child, if you were out on our bay in a storm you would wish for the mill-pond. So in the stir of war you may come to long for peace. Your great-grandfather lived in days that were wonderful and troubled and mighty in result, but you may live in days that are greater still."

I hardly knew what she meant, but I went on with my own thoughts. "And I can not get grandfather to tell me all about those days, nor how he felt and talked. I wish he had spent part of his time in writing a story for *me*."

"So Dame Warren laughed again, and said, "Child, the story of each generation will be history to those that come after. Do you in your leisure hours write a book of your days, and what you say and do, for there may be greater days than you imagine."

I replied, "Oh, I have written of my days often, and it is such silly stuff: 'The blue-birds are building their nest. The robins have hatched their young. The apples are ripe; and now the winter storms are all along the coast!'"

"Keep on," said Dame Warren, "and the little song about the birds may grow into the greater poem: the tragedy, as Shakespeare wrote, of life and death, and heart-break; or the story of a Milton, how angels fell from heaven."

Just then out came grandmother, crying, "Dame Warren! come in, will you, and have a e—some supper!"

I know why grandmother stopped. We had no tea. We used the last a week ago. Grandfather has scruples about using smuggled tea, for he says it comes like the water from the well of Bethlehem to David—at the risk of men's lives; and he will not use the taxed tea, for he thinks the tax is wrong.

MAY 13, 1773.

Last night as we were sitting by the door in the twilight I was thinking of great-grandfather, and all the wonderful changes that he could remember, and I said to grandmother: "I wonder how he came to live so long."

"Because he was godly, child," says she; "godliness is the best thing for preserving life that I know of."

"But were not my father and mother godly?" I said, "and they died young; and so did my mother's mother, and so shall I."

"Why, how is this?" said grandfather; "what is my little girl talking about? Your father, my child, died not in the course of nature, but in strife with the Indians in Pontiac's War. Your mother was born in England, and our climate in America doubtless shortened the lives of her mother and herself. But you are in your native land, and are not likely to be injured by causes which affected them. My little girl must not be melancholy. You are, perhaps, too much with grown people, and we are dull company. You must have young companions."

Grandmother said that there were few young folks near us, and she did not believe in girls running about.

"Then," said grandfather, patting my head, "I must cheer you up with a present. Once you could be made to

rejoice at a wooden doll or a ginger-bread horse; but you are too old for that now. What shall I give you?"

I said I wished he would give me some paper—a great deal of paper—so that I could put down all that I saw or heard. Grandmother said paper cost too much money to be used in recording nonsense. But grandfather said it was never nonsense to make people happier. Then he went to his desk and took out the package of paper which Deacon Dana brought him last month from Boston, and he gave me half of it. I think he is a very good grandfather! When I bid him good-night—it was almost eight o'clock, a little later than common—he said: "Cheer up and be hearty, my little Abbey. I have no doubt that you will live to be a grandmother"—but, of course, that is quite impossible. This morning as soon as it was light I rose, so that I could iron my white apron, which I am to wear with my new calico dress this evening when our friends come from Philadelphia. One has to be dressed pretty well to see people from such great cities.

Before I had heated the irons sufficiently, my grandmother beckoned me into the pantry, and said to me: "Abbey, your great-grandfather says nothing, but I know he is pining after his tea. A man of his age can not go without what he has been accustomed to without being hurt by it. I promised your grandfather that I would buy no tea when ours was gone, as I must get either taxed or smuggled, and both alike evil. Now I want you to run to the field for a horse, and before the others are up, ride over to Mrs. Brown's and tell her that I should like to make her a present of my red scarf from India, if she has

a mind to make me a present of a package of tea for grandfather's use, and that the flavor of the tea will be better the less I know about where it came from."

"It is sure to be smuggled or taxed," I said.

"Taxed or smuggled," said grandmother, "the rest of us will have only hot water in our cups; but the good old man shall not die for a spoonful of tea, while I can help it."

Dear me! I thought grandmother would die rather than ask a favor of Mrs. Brown, and that she would be cut in pieces rather than give up the India scarf which her only brother brought her the voyage before he was drowned. Well, grandmother is a very good woman, for all she is so sharp sometimes.

I ran out to the lot and caught old Maple, and put a halter on him, and with grandmother's big calico pocket hung at my waist, to carry the scarf and bring back the tea, off I went a little after sunrise, and it was as nice a morning ride as ever I had. As I rode along, I saw our neighbors out in the fields planting corn. Dame Warren said to me the other day that I might live in as great times as the old grandfather did; but it takes heroes to make great times, and these men do not look like heroes, only like every-day fathers, and uncles and cousins. It seems to me that the Covenanters of the west country, who stood in Edinboro' ready to fight or die, must some way have looked larger and grander than these men, out in the dewy fields with the early sunlight shining on their home-braided straw hats, with blue home-spun shirts, and gray home-spun trousers, and stockings knit of black yarn, and heavy shoes, all mud, and planting-bags hung at their waists. No one

need tell me; heroes are dead, and I live a long while too late, and all the men that do wonderful deeds, and that history is written about, are born no more, unless among the lords and ladies and counts and princes, in the old world. I shall never let Dame Warren see that line. As I passed Isaiah Hooper he was out in his field, and he called to me to ask if all was well; he thought old grandfather might be poorly, and that perhaps I went for the doctor. Isaiah Hooper is an every-day sort of man; he only thinks of plowing, and planting, and crops, and on Sundays of the sermon, though I believe he thinks of religion all the time, for he said he should come to see our grandfather on his birthday, and that a hoary head was a crown of glory if found in the way of righteousness. Then he told me he hoped the Lord would send heavy crops, for there might, before long, be fewer men to till the soil, and he added there was a promise of swords being turned into plowshares, but that was far away; and he thought that first the plowshares would be turned into swords.

I was sorry when I reached Mistress Brown's. She examined every inch of the scarf, as if grandmother would cheat her; and oh! how little tea she gave for such a scarf! I took pains to tell her that only great-grandfather would use the *bohea*, and that he quite forgot each day the controversy upon the tax. Said Mistress Brown:

"If it were not for folk like your grand'-ther and grandmother there would be an end to this trouble about tea and taxes and all that. I don't see how reasonable

folk with money in hand will sit and drink hyperion or go about in homespun. How many yards did your mother spin last year?"

Mistress Brown's little black eyes do vex me so. They bore into one just like a gimlet when she asks a question.

"She spins all we use," I said.

Then she told how Mistress Partridge had woven three coverlids and four hundred yards of cloth this year past.

"And how much did you say your people use in a year?" says Mistress Brown.

"All that grandmother spins," I told her, and made haste to get back to old Maple, who was biting the fence rails as if they were Mistress Brown. I was home by breakfast-time, and great-grandfather had his tea. Grandfather sniffed and smelled at the table; he caught the fragrance of that cup of *bohea*. I handed him my cup, and there were only raspberry leaves in that, and then grandmother smiled and held out hers. He came to the pantry after breakfast and said he hoped we had not been buying any tea. Grandmother told him no, and then concluded to let him know how she had traded the scarf. He shook his head a little doubtfully, but I think she did right.

We had dinner at eleven, and then grandmother put on her dark-red flowered satin gown with the Brussels lace in the neck and sleeves; she had it when she was married, thirty years ago, to grandfather; being his second wife, she is only ten years older than my father was, who was grandfather's only child. When grandmother is dressed in her satin gown with the string of gold beads

about her neck, and her pin of garnets and diamonds, I think she looks very handsome. Great-grandfather wore his damask gown; grandmother has taken out the silk lining and put squirrels' skins in instead. She made me a Sunday pelisse out of the silk. I think my grandfather is the best looking man near here. He wore the broadcloth coat and breeches that came, ten years past, from London, and a round velvet cap instead of his wig. Grandmother had embroidered his vest, and his ruffles were nearly a quarter of a yard deep.

But then our company came. Uncle John Temple and Uncle Matthew Temple; and with them a friend of my Uncle John—Mr. Seaforth. Mr. Seaforth wore his wig powdered, and gathered behind in a black-silk bag; but my uncles had theirs in a long queue, with a bow of black ribbon. Mr. Seaforth looked very splendid. His coat and breeches were of blue velvet; his vest was swans-down in buff stripes; and he had carbuncles set in his knee-buckles. My uncles wore brown cloth and figured satin vests. They had big pearl buttons on their clothes, such as I never saw before. James Warren, and Dame Mercy, and Deacon Dana, and Isaiah Hooper, and some others, came early, and we had supper at five, and drank great-grandfather's health in a big bowl of punch, out of the bowl that came from London. They talked about the cities, and Mr. Seaforth said that he paid thirty shillings for a ticket to a ball; and Uncle John said that his friend John Livingstone, of New York, merchant, told him it cost a thousand dollars to live there in good style. I do not know what we shall do if things become so ex-

pensive. After supper we still sat at the table. I suppose grandmother would have sent me away, only grandfather kept me by him. The talk was all about the *state of affairs*.

MAY 14, 1773.

I could not put down yesterday all that was said at the table about affairs in this country. I found that there were many opinions on the question of what we should do. My uncles, and Mr. Warren, and Dame Mercy are all agreed, but Mr. Seaforth says he will hold to the mother country to the last breath; and grandfather fears we shall be too hasty and not count the cost. James Warren, and the Dame, and my two uncles are for a republic, while Deacon Dana and Isaiah Hooper are looking for a Cromwell of the Colonies, and some think we shall find him in the Adamses, or in Otis, and others in Patrick Henry. I can not remember how the political talk began, but Isaiah Hooper said to my Uncle John Temple:

“What are you doing in Pennsylvania?”

And both my uncles struck the table hard and said, in a breath:

“We are preparing for *war!*”

Grandfather said: “My brothers, no man goeth wisely to war unless first he sitteth down and counteth the cost.”

“The balance of cost would be in our favor,” said Mr. Warren. “We would fight for our own hearths and families, *in sight of them!* And the king’s troops would be in a foreign land. We could fight for a principle to a man; but the hearts of many of the royal troops would be with

us, and many more would be indifferent. Again, we should be in the midst of our supplies, and the king must send clothes, and food, and pay, three thousand miles over sea. Chances are for us, minister."

"It was not that cost which I meant," said grandfather. "We should, if we went to war, be arrayed against our own blood. Wherever victory went, victory would be clad in mourning because brothers on either side had been slain by brothers. We should be armed against our best friends, for however the British Government may treat us, we know that that Government has never adequately represented the people, and the great heart of the Commons is with us; then we must turn against our best defenders, as Burke, and Walpole, and Pitt, and Barré."

"You touch the very root of controversy," said James Warren. "You say the Government has never adequately represented the Commons of England; how can it, then, represent the Commons of America? We are all Commons here. We have a different nationality, different objects, a different future; and we are to be governed by men who can not understand us, our country, or our future; men who have no sympathy with our feelings, no desire for our advancement; men for the most part totally opposed to the principles whereon our Colonies are founded. The Home Government is trying to keep a full-grown giant in swaddling-bands and leading-strings. Whatever we owed England we paid long ago."

"I admit all the misconception, all the arrogance, all the obstinacy that is charged on His Majesty's Government," said my grandfather. But I see in Britain the

great champion nation of Protestantism and education, and I look with horror on a war between ourselves and the one nation knit to us by blood, by religion, by all our past history. I fear that when we and England are weakened by a long, fierce war we shall be seized in our exhaustion and overcome by mutual foes, and that popery will regain its prestige by our strife.

“We must leave those distant results with God,” said Uncle John. “I believe that we shall conquer a peace which shall be lasting, and end in mutual respect. Released from those leading-strings which Mr. Warren spoke of, we shall become desirable and worthy allies of England, and shall present a solid front of opposition to superstition and despotism. After the affairs of the Gaspe and the Boston Massacre, and after such iniquitous legislation as gave us the Writs of Assistance, and the Stamp Act, and the contempt of our chartered rights of trial in our own country, what recourse have the “Sons of Liberty” but war? What pledge have we that, unrepresented as we are in the Government, and toys of foreigners’ will, we shall not find some day a re-enactment of Charles Second’s wild charter, and ourselves and our heirs condemned to be *‘let men forever?’*”

“We take our stand on this,” said Uncle Matthew Temple: “No taxation without representation! If taxes are a favor bestowed by British Commons on the King, why are they a tribute demanded and wrested *volens volens* from the American Commons?”

“The fact is,” said Mercy Warren, “the Colonies have grown into a powerful and distinct nation, and the mother

country does not know it, nor are we half conscious of it ourselves. The ties that held our grand-parents to England hold us to this land of our birth. Three millions of people, a country unlimited in resources and of almost incalculable extent, and an army of two hundred thousand men, can not be treated as a mere handful of slaves, governed by foreigners, taxed by foreigners, legislated for by foreigners. The need and ability of self-government are in us."

"Madame," said Mr. Seaforth, "it pains me deeply to hear you call the English *foreigners*. They are our kinsmen in the flesh and our brethren in the Church."

"That is all true," said Dame Warren, "and yet, to all intents and purposes of government, they are foreigners, just as the French and Germans are."

"I hope and pray," said grandfather, "that England will yet be brought to a right mind in these matters, and that to us of the Colonies will be given a spirit of peace and conciliation, and that riot and bitterness will be unknown."

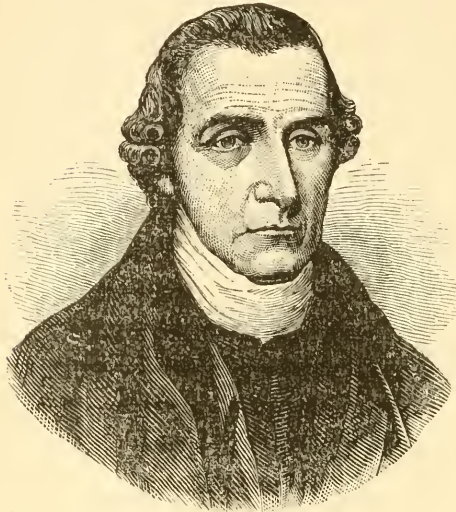
"Sirs," said Isaiah Hooper, "we have lost faith in England, and in the promises of our king. New England is as keen of wit as Old England. Why are British soldiers left here? To coerce us! Let us meet distrust with distrust. Why was Boston blockaded in time of peace? We asked of our fatherland bread, and we have been given a stone. We see that a North can succeed to a Chatham. If we would be well governed let us govern ourselves! Our future wealth will lie in trade, and in trade we are limited and hindered. We are to have no market but

England, purchase no goods but from England. Let us break loose from England, and the world will be our market!"

"Sir," cried Mr. Seaforth, "you do not speak for us all—not for me. I may have lost some faith in the wisdom of my king, but I have not lost my loyalty. His Majesty may not be doing all the part of a beneficent sovereign, but that will not clear me from doing all my duty as a subject. Two wrongs, sir, will not make a right. I believe that if there is any erring in our king, it is in his head and not in his heart. He may be mistaken; he is not corrupt. Do you feel sure that in rejecting the present government we should make a good exchange? The English Parliament has been for centuries the world's noblest exponent of government, and what improvement on that will be an unlettered mob? If we cut ourselves loose from England, our future government may be led, as was the Boston mob of 1770, by a mulatto, whose only advantage was muscle. I, sir, come of a family which survived the persecutions in the Wealden of Kent, and came out of them loyal, although we had members who perished at the stake. Men may err, but monarchy is divine. The history of the world shows that monarchy is the only fit and stable form of government."

"For my part," said Uncle Matthew, "I hold that this is the proper land of free speech, and I honor the man who speaks out his honest mind. I respect your opinions, though I do not share them. Virginia, sir, goes with Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. All the Colonies are a unit, though in all there are many honorable men of your

mind, whom we regret do not think with us. I was in the House of Burgesses in Virginia when Patrick Henry cried, 'Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles his Cromwell, and George



PATRICK HENRY.

the Third—may profit by their examples!' Ah, sirs, all our hearts went with him."

"It is true," said Mr. Seaforth, "that Cæsar had a Brutus, but—the Romans raised a pillar to Cæsar, inscribed 'To the father

of his country;' and after him came Augustus. Charles had a Cromwell; but after Cromwell a second Charles. What did it profit? 'The powers that be are ordained of God.' True, primarily they are ordained for a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well; and frequently they come short of this, but that does not release subjects from duty nor justify anarchy and regicide. David's cause was righteous, but he would not lift up his hand against the Lord's anointed, *nor will I!*"

There was a silence all around the table. Then Uncle John reached over and shook Mr. Seaforth's hand. He said:

“Old friend, here is the bitterness of civil war: that brothers in heart, like you and I, find their consciences placing them on different sides of a question. Yet, Harry, however politics may divide us, personally you and I will be David and Jonathan, as we have ever been. I shall never forget that when I and mine lay as dying from yellow fever, you stood by us night and day. ‘Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman.’”

Mr. Seaforth shook my great-uncle’s hand heartily, saying:

“Nor shall I forget that you, John, risked once your whole fortune to save mine.”

Dame Warren wiped her eyes, quite secretly, and grandmother looked away for several minutes. Then great-grandfather stood up, and taking his velvet cap off his bald head, lifted both hands to heaven and said:

“Thou, Lord, dost know that from a child I have lived in wars; but now am I very old. Bring out of these controversies the advancement of Thy holy kingdom; and if wars must come, let Thy servant be taken to Thee before that evil day when the brother shall deliver the brother to death, and the father the child.”

After supper the day was so fair that the company went on the porch before the door. I stopped to help grandmother; but she said I was in her way, and that Pompey and Nervey were all the help she needed, so I went with the rest, and found Mr. Seaforth taking a brighter view, and saying that the London merchants would never permit war, for that the Colonies owed

them five millions of pounds, and that trade with the Colonies was their greatest source of wealth; therefore, all their influence would be for a recognition of Colonial



THE THIRTEEN COLONIES.

rights and for peace. He appealed to great-grandfather, but he shook his head, saying:

“God has given me a century to watch the progress of ideas, and I see plainly that as this nation was planted in a spirit of independence and self-government—on the idea of popular

privileges and restriction of royal prerogative, it will carry on its views of national and chartered rights to the entire independence of the Colonies.”

CHAPTER III.

MAY 21, 1773.

IT took me one or two days to write all the talk about politics; and indeed I carried my paper once or twice to grandfather, to see if I had it quite right. I wanted to put something *solid* in my journal. That day after dinner Dame Warren said to me:

“You are a good listener and a close observer, Abbey. Are you putting down what goes on day by day?”

I blushed quite red as I was obliged to answer:

“Yes, Madam Warren. But—oh, dear!—it is all about dress, and so on.”

She laughed, saying:

“Well, even our dress may be historic. Keep on, Abbey. Perhaps I shall write a history of these days, and who knows but I may come to your journal for information!”

She never will. The idea of Dame Warren, forty-five years old, and so very wise, ever asking information of little Abbey Temple! However, I shall put down all the great things that I hear; and this talk among our guests is better than all that about their clothes. Grandmother is fearful that I spend too much time with books and paper. She says that I do not spin and knit and weave enough. Now that we are pledged not to use English

goods, we women and girls must supply our own markets, and grandmother has been talking with my uncles, and she, and Isaiah Hooper's wife, and other women of grandfather's congregation, are going to weave quantities of blankets. I wish they would not. I hate to spin. When I am walking up and down in that long garret, by the wheel, how I envy every spider that is making a web out of doors, and all the birds, and all the boats—tiny specks, dancing far out on the Bay. But there is no use of saying any thing if grandmother has once made up her mind. However, there has been no time for spinning and weaving while our guests have been with us. On the day after grandfather's birth-day I went out quite soon after breakfast with my knitting to the apple-tree; and I sat so deeply thinking that I noticed no one near until a bunch of leaves hit my cheek; then looking up I saw in the boughs Thomas Otis, a far-off cousin of Dame Warren's, who is passing the Spring at her house. Thomas had been sent by the dame to say that we should all take our supper with her on the morrow. I went with Thomas to speak with grandmother, and then he said he was to stop all day. Thomas is the only young person who comes here, except the two small children of Isaiah Hooper, and Hannah, the daughter of Deacon Dana. I do not love Hannah very greatly, for she feels older than my great-grandfather, and always watches for opportunity to reprove me.

Grandmother would not permit so dreadful a creature as a boy to be around for a moment did he belong to

any less a person than Dame Warren. Thomas is so funny; he pretended that he thought grandmother was very pleased to have him come stay. He offered to help her get the vegetables ready for dinner; and he made Pompey and Nervev laugh so much by telling what the boys did in school at Hartford that grandmother said we had better go off somewhere. I seldom get a chance to go out of the house-yard except to church. We went to the fields to see the sheep. The flock is now getting quite numerous; for, as the Assembly have recommended that we use no sheep for meat, but keep all for wool, we are raising more lambs. We then went off to the coast. The mile seemed very short, we enjoyed the walk so much. We rowed out on the Bay and fished, and when we came in-shore we caught three lobsters on the rocks and took them home for Mr. Seaforth, who is fond of such things. When we got home dinner was cleared away, for grandmother says a table should never be kept waiting for young folk. We would have gone hungry after our long walk, but for Nervev. She said to us:

“You chilluns run see ef dem pesky hens nebber laid nuffin to-day up de mow.”

She rolled her eyes so funny at me that I pulled Tom's sleeve, and off we went. We climbed up the mow, and there was the nicest place made, and a clean cloth spread, and a dish of fried chicken, custard pies, and biscuits. My, they tasted good! And out of the window where the sun came in we could look over to the porch of the house; and there sat grandmother knitting,

with her head held very high, thinking, I dare say, what a good lesson on punctuality she had given us children. We did not talk very loud, but Thomas told me how, if there is a war, he shall go, and how he will fight and never fly, and rush into battle shouting "Victory or death!" I think it is horrid to be a girl and able only to stay at home and spin. Thomas said he never should forget me, and when he went to war I was to give him a lock of my hair, and if he was found dead on the field it would be with that in his hand; and I might be sure about it, for he never would take any lock of hair but mine. He stood upon the mow (after he had eaten all the dinner), and was just showing how he would order the British troops to surrender, when he stepped too far over and fell into old Maple's stall below with such a crack that he broke the manger. We then went into the orchard, and Thomas put me up a swing. Grandmother was especially vexed about that when she knew it. She said that I was not half womanly enough, and that she knew not whatever would become of me. Mr. Seaforth took my part a little. He is such a gentleman! He said that his wife thought it not well for little girls to grow up too soon, but liked for them to get health and good spirits in their young days.

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," quoth grandmother; "and if we would have women we must have womanly little girls. The world would soon go a begging for lack of such women as Dame Warren."

"Forsooth, so it has always," said Uncle John, "there are not many like Mistress Mercy Warren, nor many

men to match such women; for the most part the world is made of poorer stuff than the Otis family."

The next morning, after worship, while Nervev and Pompey were bringing in breakfast, they spoke of going to Mr. Warren's, and lo! grandmother said I was to stop at home. "She did not favor girls gadding about." Oh, I felt like crying, yet was ashamed; still the cry rose in my throat and made a great noise therein. I sat behind great-grandfather. He has his second sight and second hearing too; and he caught the sound I made in my throat striving not to cry, so he said.

"Na, na, my daughter, it is nae gadding aboot to go wi' her forbears like we, to see the dame. Let the lassie go; she is fit company for an auld man like me."

Sometimes great-grandfather talks very broad Scotch. So grandmother said:

"If you want her along, father, that is another thing. Children should ever pleasure their parents."

Great-grandfather said to me softly:

"The grandmother does not remember what pleases a child, because she is old, yet not old enough for second childhood, like me. Come with us then the day, lassie. You will be lonely enough when the old man is taken away. But dinna greet, lassie, I'll speak a word for you to the grandfather before I go home." Then, as if he feared I would think hard of grandmother, he said: "But the grandmother is a woman among a thousand, and has a heart of gold." He would say so all the more if he knew about the scarf and the tea; but I dare not tell.

We had a very nice day at Dame Warren's, and there

was much talk about the mother country, and all wishing for peace and just views, but my uncles and the Warrens, doubting that the Parliament and the King would yield the claimed right of taxing, and would put us all on the same footing as people at home—I mean in England.

Mr. Seaforth stopped till after Sunday to hear grandfather preach. Mr. Seaforth goes to Mr. Duche's church



GRANDFATHER'S CHURCH.

in Philadelphia, but says he likes to hear Mr. Wither-
spoon preach, and he liked grandfather. The text was:
“Thou hast trodden down all them that err from Thy
statutes;” and the subject was: “The law of God con-
tained in the Scriptures indispensable to the prosperity
and perpetuity of a nation.” Grandfather always expects
me to give him text, subject, and heads of all the sermons
on Sunday. When he has twelve or fourteen heads it is
very troublesome to remember them all; but Sunday he

did not have so many, and it was easy to remember, for all that he said was so very good. Grandfather said that the foundations of this country were laid on the Bible as a corner-stone; that our Pilgrim Fathers came here to be able to worship God in freedom of conscience, enlightened by His Word. He said that only by adhering closely to Bible principles could we be able to have a clear path and an honorable record in the troubled times we are entering; that only as we held to the teachings of the Bible could we expect the blessing of God; and that if we cut loose from the Bible we would fall into anarchy and be a mob of desperadoes, and not a nation of patriots. He said there was no true patriotism except in Bible Christianity. All that was called patriotism in irreligion was selfishness and private ambition. He said the Bible must be the instructor of our children, the guide of our youth, the staff of old age, the law of lawgivers, and the rule of rulers, and that it must be first in the pulpit, first in the school, first in legislation; and if it ceased to be that, infidelity, and superstition, and party corruption would destroy the land. If we yielded one jot of the prestige of the Bible, or in the least despised its claim as the man of our counsel and the protector of our liberties, then we would be ungrateful to God, who had led us in this New World's wilderness, recreant to the teachings and example of our fathers, and forfeit our future prosperity. Every body said it was a very good sermon. But what else could my grandfather preach?

Mr. Seaforth went to Boston on Monday. He has business there. Also, my uncles left for Cambridge, but will

be back again before they return home. Before they left they all went to great-grandfather to say good-bye, and they asked him for his blessing. 'T was a very solemn sight I thought—those three gray-haired men (I would call them old anywhere but by great-grandfather,) bending their heads for his blessing. They are tall men enough, but great-grandfather was taller—he seems almost like a giant when he draws himself up—and he rose to his full height, and spread out his hands, and said, like old Jacob: "God, who fed me all my life long until this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads, and let them grow to a multitude in the midst of the earth." From that great distance of his century, my great-grandfather looks at all of us as about of one age, I think. I am sure he talks with me just as with the others.

JUNE, 1773.

One day goes by exactly like another. I have my lessons with grandfather, and Nervey, our black woman, teaches me to cook and bake. I am raising forty chickens, and I work in my garden every day. Pompey made me a border for flowers when he made the vegetable garden, and I have marigolds and sweet-pea, hollyhocks, and pinks, and violets. The rose-trees that climb on the front porch are all in blossom; the bees are very busy, and Pompey has braided four new straw hives. The blue-birds have hatched their young, and a lovely wood-pigeon has made a nest in the apple-tree, and sits all day with her pretty little brown head rising out of her rough nest.

Great-grandfather likes more than ever to sit talking to

me under the apple-tree, and that gets me free of many an hour's spinning. I see a change in his talk. He tells more and more about his early days. Yesterday he told me all about the battle of Bothwell Bridge, at which his father was present; and about Aird's Moss, where his cousin was killed beside Richard Cameron. He told me also about the repeating of the Sanquhar Declaration, when James Second came to the throne; and about Mrs. Mitchell, whose husband was executed for his religion; and as he told of one and another who fought and died, and of the pitiful defeats, out of which came final victory, and described the little band of Covenanters advancing boldly to meet great hosts of enemies, his voice rose; and when he pictured the charge at Bothwell he sprang up like a strong young man, and caught off his velvet cap (which he will call his bonnet) and waved it over his bald head, and shouted: "Christ's Crown and Covenant!" so loudly that it brought grandmother to the door, and the dove, disturbed, lifted her pretty head with a soft "coo." So all the time, while grandfather is describing to me those days of dread: the field of battle, with the crash of guns, the clash of sword on sword, the shouts, the cries, the groans, and the awful night coming down over the dying and the dead—beside this talk runs the soft monotone of the brooding dove, and the sharp "chipper" of the little blue-birds, waiting to be fed. I wonder if, when war is in the land, and the sun is shining on such fields of blood, and great events are taking place, there can run along by the wild tide of war the calm stream of home lives, and daily

duties, and the quiet toils of women, and the plays of little children?

JUNE 20, 1773.

To-day we had a letter from Cousin Bessie Warley, of Boston, and a package of newspapers. The *Massachusetts Spy* and the *Boston Gazette* had letters from Mr. Quincy and Dr. Warren, and the Widow Draper's paper, the *News-Letter*, had more of what grandfather calls *gossip*. The papers gave us the Whig views, and Cousin Bessie's letter the other side. Cousin Bessie is the only child of grandmother's youngest sister. Her mother is dead, but her father is living, and she is with him in Boston. My grandmother never liked Mr. Warley, for she thinks him a sly, unscrupulous man. This farm where we live belongs to grandmother, and will go to Bessie, as the only one left of that family. Grandmother loves Bessie, but she does not take any comfort in her. Bessie hates the Whigs; she never gets done talking about the wicked riot in '65, when Governor Hutchinson's house was burned, on the North Square, in Boston. That was a shameful work, but grandmother says there are evil men and evil deeds in all causes, even in the best; and moreover, things would not have been so bad if the mob had not been given a whole barrel of rum—the drink, given to satisfy, only made them more fierce. I shall never forget what Deacon Dana said, not long since, when grandmother said that drink would make our soldiers demons rather than patriots, and that rum in the mouth put reason from the head and religion from the heart. Said the Deacon:

“Aye, aye! royalty, rum and Rome are like to be the

ruin of this country, and we and our children for many generations are certain to see sore fight with them."

Well, in that riot Mr. Warley's roof got on fire and his windows were broken, because his house was near the Governor's. She ridicules the Boston "Daughters of Liberty," with their spinning, song-singing and hyperion-drinking, and says that the reverend gentlemen, Cooper and Mayhew, are only fit for hanging. (My grandfather says those divines are somewhat hasty of counsel.) Cousin Bessie ended her letter by saying that she was to come to stop with us for two months. She is seventeen, three years older than I am. I am glad that she is coming.

JUNE 26, 1773.

Cousin Bessie came to-day. She came to Plymouth by coach, and Isaiah Hooper being in with his wagon brought her here. She had a trunk covered with cow-skin with the hair on, and set with large brass nails. It is the biggest and handsomest trunk I ever saw. Cousin Bessie wore a green cloth dress with a hoop, and a beaver hat with a plume half a yard long. Her shoes had high red heels and pointed toes, and, altogether, I never saw a *young* lady so gay; she is gay as my grandmother in her very best, which she only puts on once or twice a year. Cousin Bessie traveled with a matron of Plymouth; but two British officers were in the coach, and she talked of them much, in a manner that frightened me, and for which grandmother at last reprov'd her sharply; but Bessie laughed, and said she would marry one day a British officer, and he would be knighted for reducing these rebellious Colonies to submission, and then she would go to

London, and be presented at Court, and live a lady. It quite took away my breath to think of any one whom I know doing such wonderful things! Cousin Bessie is not one bit afraid of grandmother. She will not spin, but she knits lace stockings and mittens for herself; and she works worsteds and embroiders ruffles—not for her father, but to give to some officers in Boston.

JULY 2.

Grandmother keeps me at all my duties, I think, closer than ever, by way of setting example to Bessie. This morning we heard that Mistress Brown's child is not like to live, and so grandmother went to her for the day. She left me a large task of spinning, and since Bessie could not spin, she bade her reel. As soon as grandmother was gone Cousin Bessie came to the garret, but not to reel. I set open all the windows and began my work. Bees and butterflies swung in and out on the sunbeams, and I walked up and down by my wheel. Bessie went for some flowers and dressed my hair, and tied a ribbon on my neck; then she trimmed herself all up with flowers and true-love knots. I do not deny that she looked very pretty. And then she got out three pictures of gentlemen, who, she said, were her lovers, and she said she liked one with a sword best of all. She read me some verses another one (a student at Cambridge) wrote to her. They praised her eyebrows, "arched like Cupid's bow;" and I told her that was evidently not true, for her eyebrows are quite straight; and she was vexed and said nobody wanted love verses to be true, so they sounded well. But I should want them to be true. For instance, if Thomas Otis wrote



"She read about the Lady Clementina, Harriet Byron, and Sir Charles Grandison."

me verses I would not thank him to call my eyes blue, because they are not blue, but gray.

Then Bessie went and brought a book to read. She read a long time, all about the Lady Clementina, Harriet Byron and Sir Charles Grandison. I thought it beautiful at first, until I found it was a *novel*. Grandmother has told me that novels are dreadful books, inspired by the Evil One. And this, to be sure, was very bewildering—all about love and marriage, and various things which girls should not think of. Grandfather gave me "Thompson's Seasons" for my birthday. I think it very nice, and I read it for hours underneath the apple-tree, or on the hay-mow. However, Bessie would read on, until she was as hoarse as a crow; and we both agreed that we would never, never marry a man not as perfect as Sir Charles; but Bessie says all the British officers are just as good; and I know James Otis, whom Mr. Adams called "a flame of fire," is just as noble—and—all the Otis family are alike. After dinner I returned to my spinning, and Bessie went to our room. Presently she came up to me, and I fairly held my breath to look at her. Her hair was in scrolls, powdered white. She had a gauze head-dress a foot high, and a blue satin trained gown, with a cream-colored satin petticoat. She had a gauze kerchief on her neck, and her arms were in long embroidered gloves. So dressed she made me a curtesy—like those made in Court, she assured me; and danced me a minuet. She offered to teach me, but I feared grandfather's roof might fall as it was—with novels and dancing under it. Then off went Bessie, and came back in a peach-colored brocade, with a

white petticoat and wide hoop, and a lace kerchief, and a fan from Paris. She stood so in the sunshine, telling me what compliments were paid her in the winter, when she went to the Governor's ball in this dress; and I stood by my wheel, forgetting to spin, and feeling very shabby in my unpowdered hair, my home-spun dress and linen apron of grandmother's bleaching, when lo! there stood grandmother in the door. I was dreadfully frightened, but Bessie laughed and swept a curtesy, saying:

"So I shall look when I am presented to His Gracious Majesty the King of England."

Grandmother said sternly:

"You look fitter for such a court than to appear before the King of Heaven. Go lay off those trappings, child, and do not strive to pervert Abbey with your nonsense. The land will be ruined for want of good, plain-hearted women. I feel sure of it."

JULY 26, 1773.

Whatever is going to happen! I am at Dame Warren's, to stay for two weeks! How it came about I never could tell, only, the evening before last grandmother put my silk pelisse, my straw hat, and my nankeen gown in a box, and bid me wear my calico dress next day, for I was to go on a visit to Dame Warren's. Cousin Bessie smuggled me in a pair of gloves, a muslin neck-kerchief, and a ribbon. At Dame Warren's I found Doctor Joseph Warren, one of the Sons of Liberty, and a member of the Assembly. Mr. James Otis was there—a little better than usual, though never to get well. How awful it was of that vile man to beat him on the head in

that coffee-house, and spoil what my grandfather says was the finest brain in America! He talked in Latin with Doctor Warren. There was a thunder-storm a few days ago, and he said he always asked God to let him die by lightning. Thomas Otis was there too, and also a Mr. Richard Reid, a graduate of Harvard College—a very grave man, who was studying for the ministry, but has left it to busy himself in politics, feeling that the country will soon need her young men for soldiers; and so he is captain among the Minute Men, and spends much time drilling his company. He knows Israel Putnam, and has visited him on his farm.

It was here at Dame Warren's house that, in 1764, the idea of a General Convention of delegates from the Assemblies of the Colonies originated. The Dame's father and brother were visiting her, and together they thought of this plan. It is always the same here; all the talk is of great plans, and of preserving our liberties. At home I suppose the same idea is in grandmother's heart, but she says nothing—only spins, and knits, and weaves more than ever. I said something of the kind to Dame Warren, and she replied:

“Oh, child, no amount of talking will do our soldiers so much good when war comes as your grandmother's big warm blankets and thick socks.”

Mr. Richard Reid was sitting near; he seldom says very much, but now he did venture to open his mouth; and he remarked that while it was the part of men to go forth, arms in hand, and give perhaps their lives for their country, it was the part of women to send them forth

cheerfully, and to provide for them food and clothes, and keep up their hearts with good words. This was woman's proper work, and they who undervalued that were not likely to do any patriotic work at all—and he looked quite savagely at me. I replied quickly that I only got my ideas from the Bible, being allowed to read few other books, and that therein I found war and women but seldom mentioned together, and when they were so mentioned it was to show Deborah leading an army, and Jael driving a nail into a tyrant's head.

Dame Warren laughed heartily at my spirit, and Thomas said he was glad I answered so smartly.

"What right," said Thomas, "has he to be sitting by you and talking all the time?"

So I think.

In the evening we got on well, for we sat by the harpsichord singing the "Massachusetts Song of Liberty," written by Mrs. Werran. Richard Reid hath a very fine voice. We all came out loudly on the chorus:

"In freedom we're born, and like sons of the brave
Will never surrender
But swear to defend her,
And scorn to survive if unable to save."

Dame Warren also read to us in the evening some of her dramas and poetry. She has many books from England, and I have been reading some in the "Feiry Queen," "Chaucer" and "Dryden;" also in "Shakespeare," which I doubt my grandmother would quite approve, at my age. This afternoon Thomas invited me out to the barn for something that was going on there.

We found the floor swept, and bundles of hay for seats, and some dozen lads from Plymouth prepared to act Dame Warren's drama of "The Group." I never was at a theater, of course; but Thomas says he went once in Boston—boys go to such fearful places—and he assured me that this is exactly like. I am glad I know, for I always had a vast curiosity about it; and I suppose my grandfather would not object to my seeing in the barn how a play is done. A number of the maidens and children of the neighborhood came to see. Thomas had a sheet for a curtain, and some boards laid over barrels for a stage. They had also a drum, a cow-horn, and a big conch-shell in the orchestra, whereon some little herd boys played; also a pine-tree flag, and a big scroll with the "Colony snake" and "*Unite or die*" upon it. This was the *scenery* of the play, and very appropriate, Thomas said. All went well, except once the curtain fell—and generally it would not draw—and the lad who acted Brigadier Hate-all—who means Timothy Ruggles—stamped so hard that he broke his end of the platform, and fell into a barrel. However, they played beautifully, flourishing swords, and making a terrible noise, and we all clapped, making so much ado that Richard Reid came in, and sitting by me said that making theatrical representations of such awful things as war and rupture between kindred countries was ill-advised. Quoth I, "the play is the Dame's," and sure enough beside us stood the Dame who had come in unperceived. "Is it so?" said Mr. Reid; "Well, good friend, if you would write a treatise on nursing the wounded, and on the proper stores to send to camp, and on the danger of rum-drink-

ing to our soldiers, and the duty of mothers and maids at home to provide things needful, and to urge the men to temperance while on duty, I fancy you would be giving us what we much need. Here Thomas came out and announced that he had an address to deliver, and rather roughly bid Richard Reid "be quiet." Then he made a very good speech—at least it had a deal of noise, and gesture, and big words in it; and he made us all laugh in speaking of the change in the ministry in the mother country, and twisting Shakespeare :

"Now is the Summer of our vast content,
Made grievous Winter by this Lord of North."

Richard Reid went off after this and was gone until bedtime. Thomas told me that it was understood that Mr. Brown and his wife are opposed to the Colonies, and are saying and doing what they can against the "Minute Men" and the "Sons of Liberty," and that Mr. Reid went to warn them to do no evil, if they were not of a mind to do good. The next day I was greatly surprised to see Cousin Bessie riding up to the gate of Mrs. Warren's house. I knew not that she had been invited here, and indeed I do not think that she had. She was very lively and pleasant, said she missed me, and that she desired to see so famous a woman as Dame Warren in her own house; in truth, she was so delightful that she was made welcome. Mr. Reid seemed much struck with her, and as he came in he asked me who that beautiful girl was. I heard him also say that it must be the same lovely creature whom he met riding away from Mistress Brown's

last evening. "Yes," said Thomas, who hates Bessie for hating the Colonies, "I dare say. Birds of a feather flock together."

"Fie," replied Mr. Reid; "no doubt her errand was the same as mine, with a difference. I went to threaten them for disloyalty. She doubtless went to entreat to loyalty."

"Aye, to the King," said Thomas Otis.

Richard Reid looked vexed and went to talk to Bessie. All that she said fascinated him. I thought her so un-maidenly that I blushed, and the Dame shook her head; nevertheless Bessie sang, very sweetly, "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;" also, "There eternal Summer dwells," from Comus. Richard Reid, who reproved me for wanting higher work than spinning, and all of us for that drama in the barn, heard Bessie singing love-songs and saying how she hated all work except embroidering ruffles and making rosewater; and the more she jested the better pleased he was. I think men are such deceitful creatures! Even when Bessie said she was for the King, and that the Colonies would be beaten if they fought, and that they were a mob of boors compared to the British army, he would believe that she only talked so to draw him out and give him a chance to defend the patriots. It made me think of Job—"When I laughed on them, they believed it not."

Mrs. Warren was not half pleased, and we all retired about eight o'clock. When we were in our room Bessie told me she spent the previous day with Mrs. Brown. By some ill luck grandmother sent her, a fortnight past, to Mistress Brown with herbs for the sick child, which

is recovering, and from a similarity of sentiments they got up an intimacy, and as a result Bessie went off to spend the day.

“But grandmother must have disapproved,” I cried, astonished.

“Pooh! I could not help that,” said Bessie. “How can she be so very inconsistent? She demands liberty for the Colonies, and that they should judge for themselves, and not be hindered of their rights; and yet she would refuse me liberty, and not permit me to judge for myself, and would hinder me of my right to choose my own company. Your grandmother has very few jewels, and consistency is one of those that she lacks. Am I not as good as the Colonies? Have I no rights, no liberties, no judgment? Truly, I shall free myself of the yoke; and, as a testimony, off I went to see Mistress B.; not that she is congenial: her shoes are of cowhide, and she is given to devouring onions. I went to vindicate principle. Well, as I was about to return home, and galloping along in my best hat, I met this Mr. Reid, and the bumpkin gazed as if I were an angel or a sweet-cake. I saw that he had fallen in love with me, and I stopped to ask a cow-boy about him, and heard that he was here. For this I came here to-night.”

“Why, Bessie,” I cried, “you pretended never to have seen him, and not to know visitors were here.”

“Goodness, child! that is company manners,” she said.

“But it is not *truth!*” I protested.

“Bless the baby—not to know that truth does not go in good society,” said Bessie. Then she went on: “I am

wholly devoted to doing good, and I felt that to fall in love with me and enjoy my society would refine and civilize this country fellow and make a man of him."

"Why, Bessie Warley!" I said, "he graduated at Harvard, and has studied for the ministry, and is Captain of Minute Men, and knows Israel Putnam!"

"All of which proves him a Colonial lubber, unused to and unfit for good society," said Bessie. "However, I will improve him."

Bessie soon fell asleep, but I lay awake pondering her motive. Was she secretly attracted by this Richard Reid, who is a marvelous handsome man? or, did she simply want amusement such as she has in Boston? or, does she want to use her power in drawing away one patriot from the cause of the Colonies? She shall not do that. But if she just makes fun of him I shall not mind. How dare he speak like a teacher to me! Only, after all, I would be sorry to see a Tory like Bessie making a fool of a Whig, and a friend of Putnam.

Bessie was not urged to stay with the Dame, but she did remain three days. The first day there was a meeting of the Sons of Liberty in a field a mile from James Warren's, and we all went to hear the speaking. They sang the Dame's song, and pledged themselves to dispute British right of taxation, and to demand continuance of charter, and trial at home by jury. The women had brought cider and baskets of cake; and they fired a cannon when the meeting ended. I never heard a cannon before. Bessie made no end of fun of the speaking, and of the homespun dress, and said the Colonies were all playing Shake-

speare's drama of "Much Ado About Nothing." The next day a hundred Minute Men were to be drilled on a farm ten miles north of us, and we rose at four o'clock, and Thomas took Bessie and me and some other young folks to see. Richard Reid had gone off at three o'clock on horseback. We took baskets of provisions, and had enough to eat ourselves and share with some of the men; so did others, and all feasted. On the way home Bessie ridiculed the clothes and the poor guns and the awkwardness of the militia, and said they would run from the sight of the red-coats, and that such plowmen could not withstand British discipline. I think she made Richard Reid angry. He told her that of these very plowmen heroes would be made who would live in fame so long as the world stood; that God would be with these men who fought for a principle, as He was with Gideon's three hundred; and he told her the days were like to come when Britain would admit that the Colonies were doing the best thing for her, the world and themselves, and would be as proud of these rough-clad, honest, manly souls as we ourselves. He said little to Bessie after that, and the next day she went back to grandmother.

August 30, 1773.

Bessie has gone home to Boston. She worried grandmother dreadfully by refusing to spin, by visiting Mistress Brown, and by talking about lovers. Bessie says if the Colonies fight, when they are beaten Government will take away rebel's property, and then we will see that she and her father were on the safe side, and we will be indebted to her for a home. She will find that grandmother and I

can earn a home by our own hands if it comes to that ; and we are working for a principle, not property. Sometimes I love and admire Bessie ; other times I can not endure her. Grandmother says all her faults arise from having no mother since she was ten years old ; but I have heard that her mother—grandmother's younger sister by many years—was a very foolish woman. Nervev told me so. I miss Bessie ; but it is well for me that she has gone. I am so weak-minded I do not stand by what I know to be right. I let Bessie read to me all that dreadful novel, and another beside ; and she taught me to walk a minuet. We took occasion for these things when I had hurried through my spinning in the big garret. Certainly it was very wicked, but I find it so dull here when I can do nothing but spin ; and grandmother will not let me outside of the yard lest I get "gadding habits." It has been a busy summer—fruit and grain plenty, a heavy fleece at shearing-time. Pompey catching and curing many fish, and grandmother making much yarn, and drying bushels of fruits. We are to cure much bacon, and make more cider than usual.

CHAPTER IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1773.

THE country is in a most troubled state. Letters from Dr. Franklin, from England, are very discouraging. The Doctor sent to Rev. Mr. Cooper, of Boston, some letters that have turned the people more than ever against Governor Hutchinson, and it is thought he must leave the Colony. Josiah Quincy has been through all the Colonies conversing with the leading men, and he finds they are all of a mind; to stand together and resist oppression. It is said that the East India Company has seventeen millions of pounds of tea in store, and are pressing the Government to remove the tax. I thought that would make it all right; but yesterday I heard James Warren and grandfather saying that it was not the tax, which is small, but the principle of the thing, that was cause of contention. The question is: has Britain a right to tax the Colonies without their consent—to make laws for them without consulting the Colonies? Americans say *no*, generally; but some, like, Mr. Seaforth, hold that this is a less evil than war; that rebellion, even to an earthly government, is as the sin of witchcraft; and that if we are patient more and more, enlightened counsels will prevail. I know more about these questions than I did, on account of great grandfather. There is a strange change in him lately; his body

grows weaker, but his mind seems to get stronger and stronger; he takes even more interest than before in public affairs. I have to read all the papers to him, and all the letters that come to us or that Dame Warren sends over, and these must be read many times, so that I have come to know how affairs stand.

My uncle Matthew writes from Virginia that Governor Dunmore is not popular *officially*, though personally well treated, and great changes are talked over in the Apollo Room of Raleigh Tavern. Uncle John writes that Pennsylvania is resolved to stand by the Colonial cause; and the leading men, as Morris, and Witherspoon, and others, are great patriots. They are resolved to import nothing from England, and have constant meetings of the friends of liberty. Grandfather says this can not long continue; our land of harvests and minerals, lumber and harbors, was made for commerce, and we must have imports and exports, and it can not long be that we will be content merely with refusing English articles; trade we must have.

News has come from South Carolina that they have a Vigilance Committee, and meet at Charleston under a tree, called, like that at Boston, "Liberty Tree." Gadsden and Samuel Priolean, and Pinkney, are of the leaders there. In Georgia there is a strong Royalist party of very worthy, honest men, and there is also trouble from the Indians; so that the "Sons of Liberty" have much ado to hold their own. The Presbyterians in the hill districts are very strongly in favor of breaking with the mother country, and having here a Republic. 4

I read all these things to great grandfather, and we talk

of them hour after hour—not under the apple-tree now. The birds are gone, the leaves are falling, the apples are gathered, and grandfather, feeling the chill of autumn and the chill of age, sits mostly by the wood-fire in the common room, and I usually sit near him, because he likes it, and lest he might need something.

Great-grandfather has been in this country seventy-five years; usually he has spoken without any Scotch accent; indeed, he has been thought a very able and eloquent man; but when he talked to children, or in tenderness, he fell back on the old Scotch phrases. But now he uses that way of speaking more than formerly; grandmother sometimes shakes her head when she hears him. The other evening several of the neighbors came in, the Danas, and Isaiah Hooper, and after much talk they all seemed to think that this country would divide from England. Said grandfather, “it is to this separation that our history points; for this end were we planted and thus far nurtured, but the day is coming when the child grown to man’s estate must set up his own household.” Then they talked much of how this would be accomplished. γ Grandfather hopes for a peaceable parting, but no one thinks that possible. Grandfather said that if to set up a separate nation here meant to always be enemies of England, allies of her foes, haters of her government, and watching for her ruin, then he hoped there would not be a separate nation, for it is ill for children to despise their fathers, and for nations to hate their ancestors, and it is from the old country that we get our sturdy race and our ideas of freedom, and all our education in liberty until to-day.

Deacon Dana says lasting enmity is impossible. A little bitterness may trouble us for a time ; but our language, our traditions, our kinship, our similar institutions will bind us together closer than other peoples. X

Isaiah Hooper said that the feeling between us and the old country, after we became independent, would be like that between Deacon Dana and his son. The Deacon said that Joseph was rash and vain and overgrown, and that his pride would go before a fall ; but secretly he thought Joseph a remarkably smart and well-grown lad, and rejoiced in his prosperity, though he felt it his duty as a father to snub him betimes. Joseph declares that his father is behind the age, is too sharp with him, is opinionated to a degree ; but Joseph is privately very proud of his parentage, thinks the Dana family the best in the world, and boasts aside of his father's industry and good judgment.

We all laughed at that. Then great-grandfather began to speak very earnestly. He seemed to take the separation of these Colonies from the mother country as a thing already finished, although hardly any one ventures to speak clearly of it. He then went on to speak of the dangers of America. He spoke of party feeling and political strife, and personal envy, and he feared the desire of power and gain would corrupt our leaders, so that instead of a monarch, hedged round by a Constitution, we would have a venal mob at the head of affairs. Immigration would bring to us the worst men of many lands, despisers of the Bible and the Sabbath ; the idea of liberty was in danger of being carried too far ; toleration would be shown where

toleration was a crime against God, the State and humanity—there were some things, said grandfather, that were not to be tolerated: clerical dominion and intemperance were of them. The spirit of Romanism drove our ancestors from the old country, said great-grandfather, and if permitted it will follow us here, and like a cuckoo in the nest, will drive us all out. “You may talk,” said great-grandfather, “of extent and resources, and commerce, and allies, of patriotism and education, and all that, but if there is a Republic in this country, it will only last so long as it is God-honoring, as God’s glory is compromised with it, and would suffer loss, if the nation that trusted and served Him should perish. But if this country forgets God, holds His day, His name, His Book, lightly, then it will begin to die just in proportion as it is so corrupted, and the greater its glory, the more terrible its fall; the only hope for America is in the Church of Christ.”

Grandfather held up his head, lifted his hands, his eyes flamed, his face was bright, and his voice strong. Our neighbors said it was quite equal to his best day. They were all so taken up with what he said, that it was nearly nine o’clock before they left; a wonderfully late hour for us, though Bessie told me she often staid up so late as that. I said to grandmother next morning: “I am almost ready to think our grandfather a prophet, he speaks with such power.” But she said: “Child, people have been supposed to be gifted with the spirit of prophecy, merely because they were close students of their times, and of God’s word, and so discovered whereunto things would grow, which meant nothing to other people. Of such

were good Bishop Usher and noble John Knox, and certain of the Covenanters, as Welsh, and Brown, and others." I do not wonder that Dame Warren calls my grandmother "a woman of much judgment."

SEPTEMBER 28, 1773.

Isaiah Hooper brought us a rumor from Boston of news from England that ships are on their way here with tea. Lord North has removed the duties on all other articles, but holds to this on tea as a token to the Colonies that they must submit to the mother country. Meanwhile they favor the East India Company so that the tea can be offered here at a low price, and so they expect to tempt the Colonies to buy. I wish tea had never been heard of; but grandmother says that is folly: the question of *right* lay between us, and if there had been no tea some other thing would call it up. As Isaiah Hooper says, "it is the principle, not the pence," we are standing about. However, Boston vows not to receive the tea, and so also Charleston, Savannah, Philadelphia, and other ports. In all these things great-grandfather sees God's hand, and seems to know the end as if he stood in the light of heaven. I said to grandmother to-day:

"Do you believe in second sight?"

"Be sure I do," says she. "Your great-grandfather sees better than he did twenty years gone."

"But it is not second sight of the body I mean," I said, "but of the mind. I mean Scotch second sight that knows the future—the *taisch*, that tells of death; the wraith—"

"Nonsense, child!" cried grandmother; "you read too

much folly in your grandfather's study—poetry, and the like. It is my opinion that a girl of your age should read nought but her Bible, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' a cook-book, and *possibly*, 'Hervey's Meditations Among the Tombs,' until she has reached an age too discreet to be beguiled with fancies. Hannah Dana reads nothing else than these."

"Well, grandmother," I said, "our Puritan fathers believed in some of these supernatural things, and—and I believe great-grandfather holds to them a little; and I feel very afraid that he has had a summons—he's not like he was, grandmother," and I began to cry. Grandmother was mixing bread; she looked puzzled.

"Well, of all things! Having had no children of my own, I was glad you were a girl, for me to bring up; but, Abbey, you are as perplexing as a boy. I doubt not you've been in the house too much, and are nervous, and nerves I can't abide." So she called to Pompey, and bid him put a saddle on old Maple, and said I was to ride over to Deacon Dana's to spend the day and cheer me up. I dared not say I did not like Hannah Dana, so off I went. Hannah gave me a new pattern for patchwork, and taught me a new stitch in knitting. She wore all home-made clothes, and says she shall wear no other until the Colonies get their rights. She told me—I think in confidence, at least I shall not mention it—that if there was war she should go to the army. I asked her, would she carry a gun; she said mayhap—at least she was now learning of Joseph to load and fire, and that women would be needed to cook, and nurse, and help, and she should go. I came home liking Hannah Dana better

She is stern, sharp, rude, and harsh, perhaps—she caught their black boy torturing a mouse with matches, and she made no ado, but held him by the collar and thrashed him soundly—but she is true and strong, and I like people strong of heart, and mind, and body. To be a day with Hannah Dana made me feel as if I had been a day by the sea, or on the mountain-tops. I wish I could find a woman so strong, and with so deep a heart, and yet one who was gracious, like an angel, and fair to look upon.

OCTOBER 10, 1773.

The harvests are all gathered, and Pompey and I have been for quantities of nuts; the cider is made, and the wheels are brought down now to the common room. The winter clothes are all cut out, and the shoemaker has been here and made us all shoes for winter. Grandmother is like the notable woman in Proverbs—"She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed in scarlet." Ours is blue, and gray, and black, mostly; but grandfather says that "scarlet" referred more to warmth and goodness of quality than to color. I think sometimes if I could paint, I would paint our common room in the evening. There is the big fire-place, where Pompey piles logs of wood, and on one side great-grandfather in his high oaken chair, with a plaid, which he brought from Scotland, thrown about his shoulders, and his white hair coming from under his close black-velvet cap. Before great-grandfather's feet lie our cat and dog; near great-grandfather I sit knitting; in front of the center of the fire is a table

with some books, and grandfather in his dark, damask gown, his round cap, and his gold-bowed spectacles, always reading. On the further side of the table is grandmother, at her wheel; she sits so straight, her eyes are so bright, and the linen kerchief on her neck is so fine and snowy that I often think she would look as well in a picture as Cousin Bessie. Beyond grandmother, in the further side of the fire-place, is a settle, painted blue, and there sit our



"POMPEY AND I GATHERING NUTS."

three black people—Pompey, Nervey, and their boy, Peter; Peter nearest the corner. I never heard of such a boy as Peter; he must always have his head or his feet about into the fire. Peter is always making wooden bowls, plates, pudding-sticks, or something of that sort. Pompey sits mending farm tools, or the colored people's shoes, or the harness, and Nervey always knits or sews

for the three, so we are constantly employed, and indeed very happy. Sometimes grandfather reads aloud, or great-grandfather tells some of his tales ; and Pompey, too, has odd stories, which he ventures to relate if he gets a little encouragement. We usually have a can of cider heating on the hob, and a row of apples set to roast. Thus it is from five to eight. Then we have prayers, and go to bed.

OCTOBER 30, 1773.

The towns in every direction are holding meetings, and appointing committees, and sending messages to each



SAMUEL ADAMS.

other, encouraging to stand by the Colonial cause. Samuel Adams is here the leading spirit. James Warren is at the head of the movement in Plymouth; but he is very greatly discouraged — it distresses him to think of civil war—of war with our relatives over seas, as we

may say—and of sending his sons forth to be soldiers. Samuel Adams wrote to him the other day: “If there is a spark of patriotic fire we will enkindle it.” Mr. Warren brought the letter to read to grandfather, and he said grandfather must preach a sermon especially to the men

capable of bearing arms. Grandfather agreed to do so. Mr. James Otis is just now in a sad state; often nothing will quiet him but Dame Mercy's voice. There is much suspicion against Mr. Brown and his wife. A Royalist like Mr. Seaforth, who is such from principle, who would give his life for the cause which he believes to be righteous, and whom no bribe could buy, I can love and respect; but these Browns are folk of another strain; they hold to the royal side because they think that side will win the day, and that they will be paid for adhering to it. They are spies on their neighbors, and volunteer to the Hutchinson men the information which they steal, and then ask pay for service which they have offered unrequested. The Browns are lazy, and their farm is ill-kept; but they expect to get rich out of their neighbors. Mistress Brown met me going into Deacon Dana's lane yesterday.

"A fine farm is the Deacons," quoth she, "but his children will not inherit it. All your farms about here will be confiscated for your rebellious doings, and my children will each have choice of them.

I was very angry.

"Look you, Mistress Brown," I said, "when the children of those you call rebels are honored for their father's patriotism, your children, instead of farms, will only have room for graves, where they shall be forgotten; traitors are not worth remembering."

"Why, you saucy magpie," said she, "when you beg a crust at my door you'll not get it, nor your lofty grandmother, nor Dame Warren."

I made no further answer; and when I told grandfather he said I was wrong to say any thing as I did, to one so much older. However, the Browns have got into trouble, for a letter from them that they sent to post was dropped by their servant lad, and being found by one of the "Sons of Liberty" it was seen that the Browns were sending word to the Governor's party that the Warrens and my grandfather and some others were the ruin of Plymouth Township, and that there would be no loyalty here to the king until they were carried to jail. The "Sons of Liberty" then sent the Browns word that for a like evil deed again, they would be harried out of the township.

NOVEMBER 5, 1773.

Grandfather has preached his sermon to the patriots. His text was: "And the people repented them for Benjamin, because that the Lord had made a breach in the tribes of Israel." He showed how civil war is sometimes justifiable—is a remedy for evils that can be cured by no other means—and is a messenger of righteousness. But he also showed the great danger of such war—that it be filled with human bitterness—that it may pass from righteous zeal to deadly wrath, and to that vengeance that is not for man but for God to execute. He showed, then, what might be our full justification for a war with England, but also how we should only look to war when all else had failed, and that reasonable and peaceable measures should be tried, and that we should cast out all malice from among ourselves. Then he bade the patriots, if war came, to go forth boldly in the name of the

Lord, looking for deliverance to the arm of His strength, and to be valiant in fight, and gentle in victory, and patient in defeat. After the sermon a meeting was called at Deacon Dana's for all the women of the congregation. Grandmother was at the meeting. She told me that they resolved to be on the watch and ready at any moment to send supplies to a camp if war broke out; and that they should prepare stores, and cloth, linen, socks and shirts, and bottle up home-made wine for the sick, and make up their minds to give their sons, brothers, and husbands, and their time and property, to the cause of their country. Dame Warren came out and made a speech to them, and grandmother wrote out an account of the meeting.

NOVEMBER 24, 1773.

The post from Boston came to Plymouth last night. We sent Peter for our letters, but he must needs delay at every shop-window and blacksmith's door; therefore, while Peter was yet gone Dame Warren rode up to our gate. She has a letter from Mistress Abigail Adams, and she read us part of it. After, while she was speaking to my great-grandfather, she allowed me to copy this bit:

"You, madam, are so sincere a lover of your country, and so hearty a mourner in all her misfortunes, that it will greatly aggravate your anxiety to hear how she is now much oppressed and insulted. The tea—that baneful weed—is arrived. Great, and, I hope, effectual opposition has been made to the landing."

After Mistress Warren had long been gone, Peter came idling back. He had a letter from Bessie, and some

newspapers. Tea! tea! tea! is the cry. The papers tell of the meeting at Liberty Tree, the address to the consignees, and the adoption of the "Philadelphia Resolves." The pilots have been warned not to bring up the ships beyond the Hook, in New York. Bessie writes that the foolish Colonists are running their necks into a halter; that Franklin is in disgrace abroad; that Gov-



WINTER AT PLYMOUTH.

ernor Hutchinson will have his place as Postmaster-General of the Colonies; that a number of the ringleaders of mischief will be sent to England for sedition; that half the people of Boston are for submission to Government; and that the patriots are a mob, and that they are on the eve of riot, and came near throwing Richard Clarke and some others out of their windows the other day. The winter is coming on with great bitterness;

already we have had deep snows; and, moreover, it is a very evil winter for disease; fevers are abroad, and grandfather is much by the sick. Great-grandfather is failing very fast; he does not now walk much about the room, and he scarcely eats any thing. He sits musing for long whiles, and then he breaks forth into words of how God has led the Church of Scotland through many years of trouble and conflict, and then he predicts that so these Colonies will be led out of war to lasting peace.

DECEMBER 27, 1773.

It is a long while since I wrote in my journal. I was telling last about great-grandfather. He got feebler very fast;—no disease, only a sudden breaking up of the life that had held out so long. We were much alone. Mistress Dana was very ill of a fever; Mr. James Otis was worse than usual, and one of Dame Warren's sons was very ill also, and thus Mistress Warren might not come to us; moreover, the roads were almost impassable from deep snows. In this trouble, on the 19th of December, grandfather was sent for, to go twenty miles back into the country, to the funeral of his only sister, married to a minister, who has ceased preaching because of feeble health. Grandfather thought he would return next day, but he was kept to the fifth day by an awful storm, which seemed as if it would destroy all Plymouth Township. And what did we pass through in that storm! At the very hour of grandfather's going, Pompey must needs, in chopping wood, chop his leg, and would have bled to death only that grandmother had skill to tie up his leg and put a plaster upon it. We saw a change in

great-grandfather that evening, and grandmother wished much that grandfather had not left us, but expected him next day. Next day the old, good man would be placed in his chair, with a stool to his feet and his plaid about his shoulders; and so he sat, saying very little, all day, and grandmother close by him, talking now of the Saint's Rest (whereof Mr. Baxter wrote so much), and again reading from the Bible. At night Peter was to stop with his father in their little cabin behind our kitchen, but Nervev was to stay in the common room, where we were watching by great-grandfather. While I helped Nervev wash the dishes she told me how she had long seen winding-sheets in the candles, and coffins jumping out of the fire, and asked me if I heard our dog howl all last night. I said no, for I am a sound sleeper. Nervev told me all these things meant death, and she thought there were too many signs for the death of one man so old that it was to be expected. As grandfather had not come, Nervev felt sure he had perished in the snow. I shook like a leaf in the wind, and I felt like screaming and crying, but I dared not disturb great-grandfather; and surely grandmother had her own fears and enough to bear. Then that dreadful dog began howling. I went and coaxed him, gave him a bit of meat, and then beat him; but still he would howl. After that we heard a noise in the house-side, which Nervev said was a death-watch. I bid her be quiet, for grandfather tells me all these superstitions are wickedness. What I cared for was not so much Nervev's talk (but that was eerie enough), but the awful thought of my grandfather

buried under the snow and freezing to death. At last Nervey went and sat on the settle, sighing and shaking her head. The house was terribly still, but the storm outside was furious, and so the hours grew on to twelve, one, two. I wonder if it is always so cold and solemn and ghostly all these long hours when folk are in bed and asleep. At two, great-grandfather, who had been napping, awoke, quite bright; he took a little wine and beef tea, asked the time and after grandfather, and then said, very confidently, that no harm had come to him. He then desired worship, and asked grandmother to read and pray. She woke Nervey and had worship, while I sat at great-grandfather's feet, and he laid his hand on my head. After grandmother had read a Psalm and prayed a most strong and wonderful prayer, which seemed to me to open the door of heaven and set us all in the presence of God, great-grandfather said:

“I shall this night pass over Jordan.”

Then said grandmother:

“Dear father, is your soul in perfect peace?”

He made answer:

“Aye, aye! After a century of living I can say that the Lord's way with His people is a good way, and He makes all right at last. As to this Jordan, I shall not so much as wet the soles of my feet, for Christ, the Ark of the Covenant, has gone over before me, and the stream is dried.” Then he held out his hand to grandmother and blessed her, saying: “The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel.” And to me he said: “Grow in grace, and in the knowl-

edge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." And he bade Nervey, as she was a good servant to us, to be a good servant to God. Then he folded his hands and made a prayer for the nation. Doubtless that caused him to recall the old days and the scenes of his early life. He talked rapidly for some time of his parents and of the Covenanters, and their sore troubles, when, after a pause, he passed suddenly to speaking a language which I did not understand. I wondered if he were already speaking the tongue of heaven; but I thought not that there they used so rugged a speech. I looked at my grandmother; she said:

"It is the twenty-third Psalm, in Gaelic, as he learned it at his mother's knee. Behold, he is entering heaven as a little child."

But when he had said this Psalm and the Lord's Prayer, strangely he gathered all his strength, and he who had been weak as a babe for days, sprang like a strong man to his feet, and shouted: "Forward, men of the West! Christ's Crown and Covenant!" And then he sank back in his chair, and with a smile on his face as one who had obtained a victory, he went into that city where they wear white robes and have palms in their hands. That night and the next day, until Peter brought us some neighbors about noon, we were alone with our dead, and sore was our distress about grandfather. The day following we had great-grandfather laid ready for burial, when grandfather should come home, and certain of the young men of the congregation went to seek him. On the morning of the 24th they returned, bringing grand-

father. A grave had been dug and covered over in our church-yard, but the snow had fallen again to a weary depth. The funeral set forth about noon, young men on horses and with ox-teams breaking the way before us, and the gathering was not large, owing to the sickness and storm, and the uncertainty of the time. The storm died away, and the sun shone out from behind very glorious clouds as they filled up the grave; then we turned and went slowly toward home, buffeting the winds and the drifted snow. We were well on our road, and were passing the highway toward Plymouth, when a man on a huge, wild, plunging horse, came spurring toward us with great leaps, in a wonderful manner. He took off his hat, and waved, and shouted, while we halted in the road and waited for what news he brought. He called out:

“On the evening of the sixteenth there was in Boston a meeting of seven thousand patriots. They took possession at night of three ships, and emptied into the bay the whole of the tea that had been imported!”

We heard the news in silence, and without a word we went on through the snow for some while. Then Deacon Dana said:

“This is the beginning of very great things. We must stand by Boston, come what may.”

Isaiah Hooper said:

“Now at last they will know that the Colonies mean what they say and have a principle stake.”

But my grandfather said:

“I see strong reasons to condemn this destroying of private property.”

Every one felt as if a very important step had been taken, and that henceforth affairs in these Colonies could not move on as they had before. When our neighbors had taken us to our home, and grandfather had thanked them for helping him to bury his dead, many of them turned and rode to Plymouth, to hear the rest of the news from the mail-carrier. The next day some of those who had been to Plymouth came in to tell the news, and on the morrow James Warren came, bringing a letter which he had from Samuel Adams; and from hearing all these people talk I gathered what I set down herein of this matter. The Boston people wanted to send back the tea as it came, and waited nineteen days so to do. The captains of the vessels agreed to return to London with their lading, but the Custom-house would not clear them, nor the governor give them a pass to get by the Castle. All this trouble has risen from an evil governor. The patriots waited until half-past six of the last day's grace. In a few hours the tea must pass into the Admiral's hands. Governor Hutchinson gave his final refusal to allow it to return. Josiah Quincy then told the meeting to consider well what they did, for one step further would bring them into such a struggle as this country never saw. Then Samuel Adams rose and said:

"This meeting can do nothing more."

He meant that the time for submission, for yielding principle, had come—or, the time for action; the hour of talk, of resolutions, had gone by. Then an Indian war-whoop sounded at the porch of the Old South Church, and fifty men and lads, dressed as Indians, passed the

door, went to the docks, boarded the three ships, threw the three hundred and fifty chests of tea into the bay, touched no other particle of lading, and went silently back to the city; and there was a hush through all Boston as if it had been Sabbath. Many people of Boston are willing to pay the East India Company for the tea if it will be only understood that we have the right to tax ourselves, and no one else must tax us.

JANUARY 15, 1774.

We have heard that all the Colonies approve the course of Boston. The tea sent to Charleston was landed, but put in cellars because there was no one to pay the duty. Paul Revere carried the Boston news South. From Philadelphia we hear that the tea ships returned quietly to England. We got a rumor from England that Dr. Franklin is being badly treated there. The King and his ministers misunderstand us—and no wonder, for we are misrepresented by such men as Hutchinson, who live among us and are supposed to know all about us. We are told that many people in England think that we Colonists are black, or Indians, and do not speak English; that we all carry tomahawks, and amuse ourselves by scalping each other. Even our King thinks that in Boston they have a regular committee for tarring and feathering people! My grandfather says it is such a terrible pity that some unguarded acts of “lewd fellows of the baser sort” have given a foundation for such ideas, and that the inhuman deeds of the few are charged to us all. So it is, grandfather says, we can not do evil for ourselves alone. If they would only let our great and noble Franklin—

who loves the Colonies and loves the mother country, and knows both—act as a peacemaker, then we might all be one happy people. But now, doubtless, war must come. Grandfather spoke very sadly of it last night. War, he said, meant houses and towns burned, husbands, sons and brothers slaughtered, widows, families, babes unprotected, civilization rolled backward, the demon in the hearts of men and women let loose to do deeds that, in days of peace they would shudder to think of. And yet war, horrible as it is, is sometimes needful, like a red-hot iron or a physician's knife. Joseph Dana was in here, and he said he guessed we'd see the war out by the end of the year; but grandfather said for him not to think it; if we fought Britain it would be different work from fighting Indians, and we would not see the end under two, or more likely three, years. Grandmother said that a long war would ruin us; but grandfather replied we did not know what we could endure until we were put to the test. Our neighbors were talking of our country last night, in our common room, where they often gather. They say by its charter Connecticut goes west even to the Pacific, and that, wild as are the mountains, deep the rivers, and terrible the plains of that unknown extent of territory, it may some time be explored and its wealth of furs, and perhaps minerals, be in our hands. Massachusetts has sent emigrants toward the great river, and grandfather says if things prosper with us as they have since the Puritans landed, in fifty years there will be towns far out by Fort Duquesne; and in a hundred years from now we doubtless shall have settlers and villages, and also

school and churches, so far off even as the banks of the Mississippi! This country is capable of having a commerce as great as England, and we may reach a population of ten millions; and for such a country and future, and such a great population, we must provide impregnable Constitutions for the Colonies, a firm spirit of union, just principles, equitable laws, thorough education, a living Christianity, and these we must purchase by our lives, if need be. This seems very wonderful to me. Grandfather is a very wise man; but when he talks in this way of the future of America it seems more like a dream, or a fairy tale, than what will truly be. What! all those thousands of miles of lumber cut down, those hosts of Indians scattered, millions of miles of roads made, so many millions of houses built, great grain-fields where are now swamps and thickets—and all in a hundred years! I can not believe it.

FEBRUARY 20, 1774.

I have been to spend the day at Mistress Dana's. Hannah had a "quilting," and I went early, to take Mistress Dana—who is still feeble from her fever—some calve's-foot jelly, of my grandmother's making. As Mistress Dana does not yet leave her room, I sat with her much of the day, that Hannah might be with the quilters in the common room. Mistress Dana told me of her early life in these parts, and more particularly of the young days of her mother, when Indians and wild beasts were plenty hereabouts. This good dame knew well certain folk who had spoken with the Pilgrim Fathers—at least with some of the longest survivors of them. Mistress Dana says

that Hannah is like this excellent grandmother, who feared nothing but sin, who was as a tower of strength to her family and neighbors, a most worthy nurse in all diseases, and who had been known to shoot a bear and three wolves with her own hands. Mistress Dana bid me go to a certain drawer in her press and bring a framed silhouette from the left-hand corner. I went as she said, but she had told me wrong, for when I carried the picture, without looking. She said:

“Ah, that was Hannah’s drawer. Carry the picture back quickly, and say nothing—that is of Jonas Hooper. My mother’s is in the drawer above.”

After, she told me that Hannah had been betrothed to Isaiah Hooper’s brother, Jonas, but that the poor young man was killed by the falling of a tree on the day before that set for the marriage. She said:

“Hannah takes her trouble in a different mood from many. It has shut her up to herself—made her silent and stern. She lives now only to do her duty; and I dare say she would be thankful any hour to be called out of this life, only that she now expects a war, and desires to be of some use to her country.”

Poor Hannah Dana! Little did I think she had had her history, much more touching to the heart than those novels which my Cousin Bessie read to me. Hannah is so plain, so sharp, so quiet, I did not think that she had a story of her own. Perhaps—it might be possible—that Isaiah Hooper might be a hero, or that there are very great men living to-day, and that if we had a war it might be a war as great and wonderful as those of Greece, or

Rome, or France, or the Wars of the Roses. I have just heard from Dame Warren that Tom Otis ran away from his school, dressed as an Indian, and tried to join the "tea-party," but was left on the wharf. I think that was very bold of Tom.

CHAPTER V.

BOSTON, MAY 2, 1774.

WHAT a long time since I wrote in my journal, and how little did I think that I should be writing in *Boston!* After our cold winter, spring came early: in April the grass was green along the roadsides, the birds were twittering, the flowers sprang up, the farmers were busy in their fields. Following our excitement and expectation of immediate strife came days of quiet. About the 10th of April, Pompey dug my flower-border for me, and I went out to set some seeds and roots. While I was so busied grandmother called to me from the garret window. I went up to her. She was kneeling before an oaken chest, which my mother's mother brought from England, and on the chest and floor were lying dresses and other clothing that had been my mother's. I stood silent, feeling solemn, and wondering how my mother had looked in these gowns. I have very little recollection of my parents, and have grown used to orphanhood; yet frequently I long for a mother of my own. Grandmother said:

“Abbey, I shall now make up some of these clothes for you.”

She laid out a chintz gown, a muslinet figured, a gauze kerchief with satin stripes for the neck, a fan, two pairs of embroidered gloves, a ribbon for a hat, and blue satinet for a cardinal; also, a silk apron. I was much surprised at this, and finally I said:

“I did not know, grandmother, that you thought me old enough to wear such clothes; and these are much finer than our neighbors have. I fear they might esteem me proud, or that I should be gazed at too much in meeting if I should wear these things.”

Grandmother looked better pleased with me than commonly, for she considered girls very silly, and she replied:

“That is sensible thinking, Abbey, and gives me hope of the stability of your character when you are grown up. Before your father went out to the fight in which he was killed he wrote to your grandfather that if it pleased God to make you an orphan he wished you to come here. He also bid your grandfather educate you with the very best of the time, as much like the girls of the old country as possible. Your grandfather has taught you well, as much as, I think, girls should know—too much books, I think, may turn your head. However, the grandfather desires you to learn French and drawing, and tapestry-work; and, by Dame Warren’s advice, the harpsichord; though I fear that is dangerous. Our Puritan ancestors esteemed that a profane art; but we are departing from their ways. To have masters in these lessons you must go to Boston; and as Dame Warren is traveling thither in ten days, you

are to go with her, and be put at the house of Doctor Cooper, who, though he is hasty of speech, and overzealous for war, is a godly man. You can see Bessie at times, but Mr. Warley's house is not a fit home for a child of the Puritans. These clothes will be made ready for you to wear in Boston, but I hope you will not be carried away by the vanities of this world. Attend to your lessons, for your time at them may be short; read your Bible and pray every day, and do not neglect the house of God. While Mistress Warren is in Boston, consult her in all your affairs."

I do not remember that grandmother had ever said so much to me at one time before. I carried the articles which she had laid out down stairs, and spent most of the day ripping and pressing, under grandmother's orders. I felt afraid to go to Boston, among strangers, and feared that, as I am so weak and easily led, I might get astray and do things which my grandfather would disapprove. Grandfather, I knew, would miss me much; grandmother would not. She likes me, but she only really loves grandfather; if she has him she is content—indeed, she would rather have no one else to disturb them. Her whole life is in grandfather. He loves her much—as he ought—but his life is wider than hers. He has his church, his people, his friends, public affairs, his brothers, and even me, to share his thoughts and his heart; but grandmother puts all else aside and has only grandfather. Grandfather said often to me while we prepared for my journey, "I shall miss thee, my good little maid," and I fancied it troubled grandmother a little. She never

misses any one when he is there, and she desires the same feeling in him; but it is grandfather's nature to have a heart for many.

Before I went away grandfather talked long with me one day, telling me to read no idle books, to beware of choosing Bessie's friends for mine; bidding me praise God on the harpsichord and not sing silly songs, and by no means to be persuaded to go to the theater. He said I was yet a child, and must live as a child, obey my elders, go early to bed, rise early, and mind my books. I hope I shall do all these things and not disoblige my grandfather.

I traveled with Mistress Warren and her son, in a coach. I slept at Dame Warren's in Plymouth, the night before we set forth, and she showed me the beautiful card-table which she has wrought from patterns of real flowers, and the dress of rich brocade, embroidered, which she wore the day after her wedding. To beguile the tedium of our journey Mistress Warren read to us some of her dramas: "The Ladies of Castile" and the "Sack of Rome." It would be worth while to study hard to be as wise as Dame Mercy Warren.

At last we reached Boston, and I was set down at the house of Doctor Cooper. The Doctor is a grave and learned man, but much more bitter against the mother country, and much more zealous for war, than my grandfather. I had no idea how great and wonderful Boston would seem to me after living all my life on a farm. There are six thousand inhabitants, or thereabouts; also, there is a marvelous maze of streets, houses, shops, ware-



"I traveled with Dame Warren and her son in a coach."

houses, wharves, churches, and a commotion of people fit to turn one's head. My grandmother bade me not to gad about the streets—she need not have feared, I dare not step out alone lest I be run over, or lose my way. But Bessie, who has been twice to see me, tells me that this feeling is but nonsense, and will wear off betimes. Richard Reid has also been to call on me, to make inquiries about my grandfather I suppose. Cousin Bessie was here when he called, and jested freely with him, not to his distaste. He is still drilling Minute-men, and Bessie told him that when next news comes from London, and the Government takes it in hand to chastise rebellious subjects, all the manual exercise practiced by Minute-men will be that of heels. About that coming news we are very anxious. We look daily for a ship, for the weather of late hath been most propitious for sailing. We have heard that in New York, on the 19th of last month, a tea ship which had arrived the day before was sent home, and eighteen chests of tea found on another vessel were cast into the slip. Thus England will have more than Boston to deal with.

Meanwhile I am busy following my grandfather's directions. I practice on the harpsichord three hours daily; also read French two hours, and have one hour for household work, and an hour for learning all kinds of mending; also, I sew embroidery one hour, and in the evenings I write a letter, or my diary, and read in "Raleigh's History of the World," as Dame Warren bade me.

MAY 20, 1774.

These have been terrible days. Early one morning

a ship was reported entering the harbor. Doctor Cooper, Samuel Adams, Mr. Savage, Mr. Hancock, and others, were at the wharf at daybreak for news. And what news was there! The Parliament, on the 13th of March, passed a Bill called the *Boston Port Bill*, designed quite to destroy this noble city. Boston is regarded as the head and center of rebellious America, and for its part in the "Tea" business is to be ruined. This Bill is to go into effect on June 1st. No merchandise is to come or go from this port; no ships to leave or enter; customs, courts, officers, and trade of every kind, are to be taken to Salem. Boston is to be starved out—must be depopulated; grass must grow in her streets. Doctor Cooper says that the object is to reduce Boston to the misery of London in the days of the plague. The publication of this news caused every heart for a time to stand still. Then some began to say that for this disaster Governor Hutchinson was responsible, and most likely his house would have been mobbed, and he might have fared ill, had not a rumor risen that he had been removed and would be superseded by General Gage, who would at once arrive. Indeed, the poor Governor had received his dismissal, and in great turmoil of spirit he fled that very evening to Milton, where he hath a country-seat, there to tarry until he finds an opportunity to return to London. About noon General Gage arrived at the Long Wharf. Many of the best people went down to meet him. He was attended by his staff only, and being welcomed with due respect he was bidden to a dinner by the magistrates and others. Doctor Cooper and some of his

friends were at the dinner. He tells us that albeit a great decency and courtesy were shown, a gloom rested on all, and there were frowns and whisperings, not only because of the *Port Bill*, but because it was known that four regiments are ordered here from New York to keep this proud and rebellious city in order. And are we Colonists to be kept in bondage by the bayonets of hired troops? The temper of the city is not to be thus coerced. While the company were just parting after their dinner, a great crowd of men and boys passed with the effigy of Governor Hutchinson, which they burned on the Common, exactly in front of John Hancock's door. Of all things it seems to me that burning an effigy, or an unpleasing book, is the most idle and ungracious. My grandfather has told me that in such riotous proceedings a little vain bravado exhausts itself; righteous zeal and true patriotism turn not to these doings. But Doctor Cooper says that lads, and the unlearned, must have these methods of expressing their feelings, where others can fight, or speak, or write.

The next day a meeting of grave citizens considered the *Port Bill*, and Paul Revere was forthwith sent by Boston to New York and Philadelphia to ask advice, sympathy and aid. Paul Revere had been up all night engraving on wood a cut to head the copies of the *Port Bill* which were printed for distribution. The cut is of a crown, a skull and cross-bones, and a liberty-cap. Paul Revere went thundering out of town on a great coal-black horse, and all the boys shouted and cried "Long life!" and "Good speed!" as he passed. After him

“ Paul Revere went thundering out of town on a great coal-black horse.”



rode several gentlemen, and members of the Masonic fraternity, of which he is Grand Master. However, the feelings of all the citizens do not go with the patriots. One hundred and twenty of the best merchants, lawyers, magistrates and gentlemen of Salem and Boston signed a letter of sympathy, approval and good wishes to Governor Hutchinson. Doctor Cooper says that many of these are unreliable men, who will turn their party when gain lies in the change; and others, like Mr. Warley, are King's men from bribes and petty spite; but many others are honestly loyal to the King, and would lose their fortunes or die in his cause, as their conscience so dictates. Now such men I honor; and surely it must be a comfort to the Governor in his mischances to have their counsel. Doctor Cooper has been reading to us a book, brought by the same ship which carried our bad news; it is written by Josiah Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, and Doctor Cooper says that he never thought to find a book that he liked so heartily, written by a churchman and an Englishman. The Dean reasons, and clearly shows, that England should permit the Colonies to set up for themselves as an independent nation; then, as allies, each country would grow stronger, and a most notable commerce would spring up. Peaceable separation is what the worthy Dean demands. Oh, that his voice might be heeded. The Doctor had also a letter, published by one John Cartwright, on the 27th of March last, which pleads in the same fashion for American freedom as a means of glory and advancement to both England and America.

There is great bitterness against General Gage because he is known to have promised the King "that he would keep the Colonies quiet with four regiments;" and moreover it is known that he hath orders to arrest Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, and John Hancock, but he dares not lay a finger on them, knowing that the Colonies would rise at once in their defense. In view of the sad condition of the public affairs, the people have asked Governor Gage to proclaim a fast day; but he refused, saying that "it would be but an occasion for the pouring forth of sedition from all the pulpits of the land." Samuel Adams and Mr. Hancock came the evening after this refusal, to call on Doctor Cooper and talk about our present troubles. I was greatly struck with the words and manner of Mr. Adams; he seemed to me like the grand men of old, of whom I have read in history. Doctor Cooper was for proclaiming the fast from every street-corner, in defiance of the Governor, but Mr. Adams replied:

"Let us wait. Patience is the grand characteristic of the patriot."

Bessie and Mr. Warley were present, having come in to see me. They are full of confidence in General Gage, and say that presently "these ringleaders" will be "sent to England for punishment, and their estates confiscated." Mr. Warley said very rudely to Mr. Adams:

"I can not see why you men will persist in running your heads into a noose. You have now reputation and good fortunes, why not live content? But no, you must expose yourselves to the name of rioters, and sacrifice all your goods. Sirs, you will be reduced to beggary!"

Mr. Adams kept his temper well in hand. He stood leaning on the mantel, and looking down on Mr. Warley, who is but an insignificant-looking man.

“Sir,” he replied, “we do not expect *you*, a man who came here but for gain, to sympathize with us, whose fathers laid the foundations of this empire in the interests of freedom. Our fathers lived content on clams, muscles and wild fruits while they planted these Colonies; and we, their sons, are emulous of their sacrifices. For my own part, I have been wont to converse with poverty, and if those who are unaccustomed to her company think her ill to endure, for me, I can live happily with her until my days end, if so be thus I can serve my country.”

I remembered what says my grandfather: “How honorable is that man who fears naught but an evil conscience.”

Bessie tarried all night with me. She talks very freely; says that her father has lived beyond his fortune, and is deep in debt, and that she is only like to get what my grandmother will leave her. She says if her father had property like Adams or Hancock nothing would persuade him to risk it as they do—not for a thousand kings or countries; and that now his sole hope is that the fortunes of these rebels will be confiscated, and that by some means he may get a share out of it. I told Bessie that it seemed shameful for a man to stand by seeking the ruin of neighbors who had never harmed him. But she only replied all was fair in love or war.

JUNE 12, 1774.

Governor Gage has vice-regal powers as commander-in-chief of all this continent; but men who know how matters stand say that he is quite unequal to the task of dealing with America. The other Colonies have been heard from. New York has come nobly to the help of Boston. They recommend a General Congress, and bid Boston stand firm, and all the Colonies would come to her help. But since this was done a new meeting has been called, and the Royalists, the merchants who fear to ruin trade, and the careful men, like John Jay, have proposed great caution, and repress any further movement of the "Sons of Liberty." Philadelphia did not respond to Paul Revere's news as warmly as did New York. Farmer Dickinson is there at the head of affairs, in Franklin's absence. He proposes a Congress, but expects representations to the King to set matters right, and feels that Boston has been over-hasty, and is like to drag the whole country with her to ruin.

On the 1st of June Governor Hutchinson sailed for England, and at noon the closing of the port took place. Not even a row-boat can pass from pier to pier. Not a bundle of hay or a sheep can be carried from the harbor islands. All is silent here; and at once work is stopped, and starvation seems to approach. But Boston does not suffer unheeded. At the hour when our port closed, all the bells in Philadelphia tolled, the flags were at half-mast, the houses and shops were shut, the people repaired to the churches to pray for us in our calamity. When he heard of this, Samuel Adams said:

“They mourn for us as for a dead city; they shall behold our resurrection.”

Connecticut and Rhode Island, and all the Massachusetts towns, send encouraging letters; also from Maryland' has come such a word of encouragement as has made all our patriots here glad. Grandfather sent to Dame Warren a letter which he had from Uncle Matthew Temple, from Virginia. Patrick Henry, Lee and Washington take our part. They have appointed a day of fasting and prayer, and all go in mourning to the churches. Beside this, from all parts of the country food is being sent to Boston—rice, corn, fish, wheat, meat, vegetables—from every poor little mountain village and fishing station, from every planter in the lovely South, we are getting help for this time of adversity. England now will see that the Colonies are one. Dr. Cooper preached a very good sermon on the text: “And whether one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it.” I would it could be printed in England, perhaps then we would be better understood. But of all comfort that has come to us, I think the patriots here most prize that offered by Georgia and the Carolinas. Of all the Colonies, South Carolina has most ties with England. Carolina, Mr. Adams says, has derived more profit and protection from the mother country, and has met less restrictions than any other Colony. In fact, it is said that Carolina has no private cause of complaint, and if any Colony is to withdraw from the American cause and hold to the mother country, Carolina would be most justified in so doing; and if Carolina cleaves to the Continental side it will be pure patriotism

and self-sacrifice on her part. And yet from Carolina comes a letter which has made our stoutest hearts shed tears of joy, and has been handed from one person to another, that all may read the good words. Dr. Cooper had it, and I copied this bit:

“The whole continent must be animated by one soul, and all must stand by each other unto death;” they “remembered that the happiness of many generations, and of many millions, depends on their spirit and constancy.”

I think the souls of these good men must be as beautiful as their land, where winter never comes, but flowers bloom and birds sing all the year, and they put at stake this good inheritance for our sakes, who dwell by stormy seas among the snows.

JUNE 26, 1774.

Grandfather has written for me to return home. He had meant me to stay here a year, but he finds the state of the country so unsettled, and the city of Boston in such a degree the center of the distress, that he desires to have me under his own roof for the present. Grandfather says the war will be ended in two years or so, and then I will not be too old to learn, and can return to Boston to finish my lessons. I am glad to be back with grandfather. People are kind here, but no one loves me. Moreover, I fear I shall be lead to do wrong. I do not suppose it was wicked to read Mr. Pope’s “Rape of the Lock,”—and, indeed, Belinda is so like my Cousin Bessie that I laughed all the time I was reading it; but reading that poem was not the worst of it, for Bessie brought me a book of plays, and I was so fond of reading, that, like a silly girl, I be-

gan at once upon it; but, as good luck would have it, Doctor Cooper came in as I had read but a page, and he took it away, and said he knew not as any soap was strong enough to cleanse the hands after touching the covers of such trash. Yet he made up to me the loss by giving me "Froissart's Chronicles," on my promise to read no books until he had passed opinion on them. I also allowed Bessie to dress my hair in a tower, after the English style, with powder; and Doctor Cooper seeing that, did hand me the Bible open at Isaiah iii. 16: about the daughters of Zion who are haughty; and thereat I blushed, and tears came into my eyes for shame. I know Doctor Cooper thinks I am dreadful, and he would think me worse if he knew what nonsense and compliments were talked at Mr. Warley's the last time I was at tea there, and a foolish British ensign gave me a rose; and I was quite pleased at their gossip. About 7 o'clock Richard Reid came in, and before long he said he would take me back to Doctor Cooper's—not at all as asking my leave, but as giving his orders. Still I rose and got my hat, though Bessie bade me not, for I feared if I did not go with Mr. Reid, Bessie would manage to send that ensign instead of her maid, as she promised, and so Dr. Cooper would be angry indeed. Richard Reid said nothing, but walked by me as if on guard, until we reached the door-stone, when he said:

"Those were not companions such as your grandmother would approve, Miss Temple."

The thought of his reproving me, the great cross creature!—and only a matter of ten years or so older. I will never speak to him again.

And so I am going home, and am very glad of it. I shall go as I came, for Dame Warren returns to Plymouth sooner than she thought.

JULY 6, 1774.

I am at home with my grandfather. He thinks me improved. I try to keep up my French and drawing,

though grandmother approves neither. The harpsichord I must forget, as I have none to play upon. I miss great-grandfather so much; he and I used to talk by the hour under the trees, and he loved birds and flowers as simply as a child. Grandfather is always busy at



"I am at Home with my Grandfather."

his sermons, and grandmother sits by him knitting; there seems to be no one just for me, yet I will say it was very good of Pompey to keep my flower-borders all in order

while I was gone; he and Nervev are right glad to have me back. Again I am learning to make pies, and butter, and cheese, and am rearing fowls, and spinning endless skeins of yarn in the garret. Thomas Otis is back at Dame Warren's, and sometimes he comes here for the day, and then we go to the shore and fish, and find shells, and sail boats, or row out in a boat ourselves; also, we go to the pastures after strawberries. Thomas tells me that several of the lads in his school are ready to go the defense of their country as soon as they are needed. They have all muskets and powder-horns, and have melted all the lead which they could get, and have run it into balls. All these requirements are kept for them by a negro man living near the school, and when men are called for, off they will go. After one of our talks, Thomas reminded me of the lock of hair which I was to give him, and asked for it then, as perhaps a call might come any night, and he might go off without seeing me. I gave him a good lock (I know grandmother would not like it), and I promised him I would give none to any one else. But Thomas might know I would not!—whom should I give it to, pray?

James Warren hath a letter from Boston saying that a gun-ship lies in the harbor, four regiments are landed, and the town is in a ferment; but into the city are coming constantly trains of sheep and beef cattle, and wagon-loads of flour, fish, and so forth.

AUGUST 20, 1774.

Grandfather had a letter from Doctor Cooper. He said that Israel Putnam rode into town the other day, bring-

ing an hundred and thirty sheep as a gift from Brooklyn Parish, and the streets were lined with crowds cheering the old hero. It was under Israel Putnam that my father was fighting when he was killed in Pontiac's War. Israel Putnam went to Doctor Warren's for dinner, and even some of the British officers came to see the old hero. Major Small said to him :

"If Boston does not submit speedily, twenty ships of the line and twenty regiments will come from Britain."

Said Putnam :

"If they come I am ready to treat them as enemies."

Also the Delegates to the General Congress in Philadelphia have set forth, and were escorted by numbers so far as Watertown. They are accompanied by the prayers of good men like-

wise, and so many like my grandfather are praying that wisdom, and gentleness, and patience may be given them, and judgment, and kindness may be in the counsels of England, that surely we shall have peace and not war.



CARPENTER'S HALL.

(Where the first Congress met.)

And yet it is not peace with slavery that we want, but peace and liberty! There have been times, both in the meeting-house and at home, when, as my grandfather has stood praying for the success of the cause of liberty, he has been as one inspired, and has seemed, like the prophets of old-time, to have his face shine with a light from heaven. Then all who hear him hold their breath in awe and wonder, that so a man can talk with God. Richard Reid was in our church last Sabbath, when grandfather was uncommonly fervent in prayer. After the preaching, he said to grandfather:

“Sir, such prayers must conquer victory for the Colonies.”

But Richard Reid tells us very sore tales of the troubles about Boston, and indeed in all the Colony. All the King's mandamus councilors have been intimidated, so that they dare not serve. The “Sons of Liberty” have dealt in such fashion with one after another that they will venture to give no advice; and now General Gage, who came here promising to “play the lion,” is becoming alarmed. He has neither been so wise as a serpent, nor so harmless as a dove. The Governor has also begun to fortify Boston Neck, fearing to remain longer in Salem. Yet though the artisans of Boston have been all this while without work, and are dependent on the charity of neighboring cities for food, they will not labor for the Governor on works which shall be used against their towns people.

This disturbance at Boston sends a troubled feeling into all our villages. Men leave their work early to go and

drill in the fields and by the road-sides. Every one has his sword and musket bright and ready for use, and not a day passes but one hears the sound of fife and drum. Yet, as the little dove cooed on her nest when grandfather told his tales of war, and rang out his cry for a charge, so alongside this stream of public trials, of arming and drilling, of alarms, and wrath, glides the quiet current of



“This disturbance sends a troubled feeling into all our villages.”

life at home, like some slow stream that scarce disturbs the leaves of its water-lilies. I do not see that flowers bloom less bright, nor birds are less glad, nor bees less busy, than before these troubles came. And when, hour after hour, in our long garret, grandmother, and Nerve, and I are each busy at a wheel, we hear Pompey and Peter singing in the field, and see the yellow grain stooping under the breeze, and far beyond the harvest fields that lie in the broad sunshine we catch the glimmer of

the waters and the white shine of foam-crests that curl on Plymouth Bay.

On some days we get a very fair escape from the garret and the monotonous hum of wheels. Such an escape we had this last week. The blackberries are very fine and plentiful, and grandmother said it would be well to make large quantities of wine and cordial of them for the sick; as, in case of war, there would be much demand for such things. She bade me go and invite Mistress Hooper, and Hannah Dana, and their servant lads to go with us, and we would take our wagon to bring back the pails. I was to carry my knitting and tarry with Hannah until milking-time. Grandmother has a great idea of my being with Hannah. I was glad to go. All the world looked very lovely, and I went slowly along knitting, so as not to lose any time. I went to Mistress Hooper first, and then to Deacon Dana's. I had not been long with Hannah before a tall, strong, rather handsome girl came in. She had a pleasant face, a neat dress, and a bold, daring look, as if she feared nothing. She went to her wheel, and as I sat knitting on the doorstep by Hannah, I asked her who this girl was. She said:

"It is Deborah Samson, who was indentured to old Mistress Hooper. She was free last spring, and came to us to work half times for her board, and so be able to go to school."

"Can that be Deborah?" I said. "Deborah was generally sullen, and rough, and untidy. I remember her when I was a little child going to the district school. She was wont to wait for us at the yard gate as we returned

of afternoons, and with an odd leaf or bit of newspaper ask us to tell her letters or words. Grandmother bade me give her my horn-book when I had done with it, and after a spelling-book, and then a Testament. Grandfather had much controversy with Mistress Hooper because she so seldom took the girl to church; but she said she was needed at home Sundays to mind the place while others went to meeting. I often sat with Deborah beside the stone wall for half-hours teaching her to read. But it is some three years since I saw her, and I had forgotten her."

"Mistress Hooper gave her a pretty good setting out of clothes, because Deborah had nursed her so faithfully through the fever," said Hannah. "Indeed, the old woman bid her stay for wages; but Deborah turned her back on all offers and came to us, requesting to work for her board and go to school. Father said we owed it to the poor, friendless creature to help her so much as that, and she has improved every hour. Her very looks have altered, and the mistress and children at school say they never saw such progress. I thought she would give up, being a woman among children; but no, she rises by day and toils at her book."

As we talked we saw Deborah, who was at her wheel at the end of a long porch, casting sundry glances at the black boy, who is an evil, idle imp. Presently she went to him where he was cutting wood, seized him by the collar, and flung him one side, took the ax and hewed the wood with right good will, with strong, rapid strokes, like a man.

"There!" she said, giving back the ax, "work like

that—as if you meant something! A despiseable boy you are, with your slowness!”

I have never seen a woman half so strong; she is far beyond Hannah. Hannah looked after her well pleased, and said:

“I could almost love that girl.”

“And why not love her?” I asked. “Poor soul! no one has ever loved her, or had an interest in her.”

And then I went to Deborah, who was at her wheel, and giving her my hand, I said:

“You are so changed I did not know you.”

She replied:

“I can never forget how good you were to me. I think I would never have learned to read but for you. You were my only helper.”

I could do no less than bid her come to us if she wanted a book or any help in her studies and she should have what we could give. I then asked her to go next day with us for blackberries. She said no—she had only time for work, none for play. But as I explained the plan of my grandmother her face changed; she looked full of eagerness, and said indeed she would go and pick with a will—she would do any thing for her country.

When it was milking-time I set out for home, and Deborah and Hannah went with me along the lane with their pails in hand. Deborah talked earnestly about war. She said she hoped war would come, to show what Americans could do. For her part she wished she might go to battle, and hated the thought that she was but a woman and could do nothing worth while for her country. I told her

what my grandfather says of the horrors of war, but she seems to think war and battles are something grand and splendid.

When I reached home Pompey was mending the gate, and looking after several of our young neighbors, who had just come by from a training. Pompey said to me:

“Missey Abbey, wonder what white folk made of dat ’em likes guns and fightin’? Nobody nebber ketch Pomp doin’ dat.”

“But it is not because they like it, Pompey,” I said; “but they are preparing, like honest men, to do their duty.”

“Hoh!” said Pompey, “dis nigger honest ’nuff, but nebber see it him duty to fight. Why, folks gets *hurt* fightin’, missey!”

“Well, can not they suffer for their country?”

“Mebby dey kin, ef dey has one,” said Pompey; “but Pompey nebber hab no country. Africa ought to bin Pomp’s country, but missed it somehow; and now nebber fight nohow.”

“But suppose people come here to attack us in our house, would not you and Peter fight for us then?”

“No; run and take care ob own skin.”

“But there is Nervey, your wife—you would protect her.”

“No; let Nervey look after self—plenty big ’nuff, missey.”

“Oh, are you not ashamed to be such a coward? I should think you’d blush at such ideas?” I cried, angrily.

“Can’t blush; brack folks don’t blush. Like to be a coward, missey—coward save a whole skin.”

“And you would not try to defend the people who have taken care of you all your life? What would you do, pray?”

“Holler and beg, and promise anyting, do anyting, say anyting, tell anyting, and run away so fast as can, missey.”

“I am disgusted with such a coward!” I said.

“Can’t help it, missey. Coward sleep, eat, get warm, hab tings taste just as good as nudder man. Better to lib long like coward dan to die pretty soon cause he mighty brabe.”

And so this is the home-guard we should have if the war came this way! Grandfather, old and not very strong, having all his life been a student; three black people to shriek “quarter” and run away; and grandmother and me. Still, a war like this which we dread, would not be like Indian wars, with barbarous murders of women and children, and scalping, and burning, and torture.

OCTOBER 1, 1774.

Perhaps I must take back those last lines that I wrote. It is said that Governor Gage has threatened to hire Indians to fight against the Colonies! Grandfather says that there will be as great indignation at this in England as here, and that every right-minded Englishman will detest the spirit that would set barbarians to murder and pillage Christian people. But more than this, there has been a terrible excitement because the Governor, on the first day of September, took from the magazine at Temple’s Farm, Charleston, two hundred and fifty barrels of

powder and two field-pieces. This so exasperated the people that thousands of men seized their arms and marched forth, and were hardly persuaded to go home. Again a rumor was that Israel Putnam had been captured in Connecticut, and another that British ships were bombarding Boston. In less than thirty-six hours all this region of country was in arms, and companies of militia were crowding all the roads. Full thirty thousand men rose at each call, and without tumult, but without hesitation, directed their steps to what they thought the point of danger, and only returned when assured that the alarm was false. A company who had been marching since midnight in cross-roads came through our farm, and they halted while grandmother gave them breakfast. Grandmother made two huge kettles of mush, and Nervey and I milked all the cows, and then we passed the mush and milk about in all the bowls, basins, pans and kettles which we could find. Then grandfather made a short prayer, and they went on much refreshed. At night this same company were returning, and they stopped and gave us three cheers, but would take nothing. Pompey and Peter vanished at the first military sounds, and did not return for twenty-four hours; they came very hungry, having hidden in fodder-stacks in a distant field. They said they thought the "sodgers" were going to cut off our heads, and so they ran to save their own. I should think Nervey would *hate* Pompey for that; but she seemed to think it very funny of him to take such good care of his skin.

CHAPTER VI.

NOVEMBER 20, 1774.

WINTER has come upon us, and we are, for the most part, shut up from the outside world. We have been waiting with some anxiety for letters from Uncle John



“Grandfather and I went for letters.”

Temple, on whom we rely to supply us with news of the Continental Congress, which met on the 5th day of September. At last the post has come. Grandfather and I went for the letters and brought back two, one from Uncle John Temple, one from Uncle Matthew, in

Virginia. We sent word by Peter to some of our neighbors, and next day they came about 12 o'clock, to hear what

had been done. Grandmother had a quilt on the frame in our common room, and Hannah Dana and Deborah Samson came over offering to quilt; but that was only an excuse to get opportunity to listen to the great news. Just as grandfather took out his letters, up rode James Warren, covered with snow. He also had a letter; his was from Samuel Adams. From hearing these letters, and what was said, I gathered what I here set down: and I am quite sure of being right, for I took the pages to grandfather to be corrected. There were fifty-five members at the Congress. Patrick Henry was the great orator; Rutledge stands next him in debate; and for judgment and authority Colonel Washington stood before them all. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen President, and one Charles Thompson was Secretary. Samuel Adams suspects that they had a traitor or two among them from the start; but that is not to be marveled at, says grandfather—Judas was of the twelve. The Congress—for this name they took—was opened by prayer and reading of the thirty-fifth Psalm by Reverend Mr. Duché, an Episcopalian clergyman—the pastor, as I remember, of Mr. Seaforth. The whole desire of this Congress seemed to be for peace, and they were willing to make many concessions to obtain the favor of the king. Farmer Dickinson drew up a petition to the King full of wishes for conciliation, and enumerating only recent acts of oppression, and asking only for peace, liberty, and safety, with a righteous regard for our charters. Nevertheless, on the motion of Mr. Adams they recommended the Colonies to prepare arms and ammunition, and study carefully the art

of war. The Colonies also prepared an address to the people of Quebec Province, and to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They approved the opposition of Massachusetts to the tyranny exercised toward her, and promised to stand by the people of the Bay until death. They also agreed, after the first day of December next, to stop entirely the slave-trade. The neighbors all said that this was a good motion, and like, in the event, to end the system of slave-holding bestowed by Britain upon us, but contrary to the laws of nature and conscience, and also contrary to those principles for which the Colonies avow themselves ready to fight. Grandfather said a word which explained our Pompey to me :

“Slaves have no country. A man without a country is bound to be a coward and a traitor. When political storms arise he is like a ship without anchor-hold, dangerous in its drifting to any fleet that it may be lying with.”

This Congress also addressed itself, not to kings and councils chiefly, but to the commons, to the people—the people of Great Britain, the people of the Provinces, the people of the Colonies. Said James Warren :

“It is not the favor of lords and princes, but the popular heart which will carry our cause to triumph.”

The Congress adjourned to meet May next. It had been said by some that jealousies and enmities between the Colonies and between the members, would sow discords and make this meeting but a brawl. Instead, it is declared that the whole Congress was conducted with a kindness, a generosity, a dignity, and a deep earnestness which all ages must admire ; and James Warren said a

correct record of such an assembly, and such discussions, must enlighten the people of England concerning us, and convince them of certain mistakes they had fallen into.

After reading the letters about the Congress, my grandfather read that from Uncle Matthew Temple. He has been on business to Annapolis, and while he was there the brig *Peggy Stewart* came in from England with two thousand three hundred and twenty pounds of tea. The owner made haste to pay the duty thereupon, and so deeply offended the public. A committee kept constant watch to prevent the landing of the tea, and great meetings were held, so angry in temper that the owner of the herb saw that he had made a sad mistake. He sent written regrets and apologies, but they were not accepted—these would not atone for an act that might involve the whole Colony of Maryland. He, then, seeing no escape, said that he would burn the tea; but still the people did not esteem this meet compensation. Finally he declared he would burn brig and tea. This offer was accepted. The sailors came ashore with their effects, and the owners and importers went aboard the doomed *Peggy Stewart*, set her sails and left the colors flying, then set the fire blazing and came back to the wharf, where an immense crowd stood to see the ship burn at anchor, until she was fully consumed.

I felt sorry for the owners, poor men; but then they should have remembered that the Colonists have a great principle at stake, and can make no concessions.

From Annapolis Uncle Matthew, his business there being finished, went to Philadelphia, which he reached

after Congress had adjourned. He went with Uncle John to a meeting of some gentlemen, and there the talk turned on the acts of the Congress, and on the declaration that they had made that Massachusetts Bay folk were right, and should be maintained to the death by all the Colonies. Mr. Seaforth was there. He wished much that Boston had been bidden to submit and pay for the tea, and apologize for her contumacy. Said Mr. Seaforth:

“The king will never forgive Boston, nor forgive Congress for supporting the acts of that city. It is true the king is not heeding his best councilors, but as he lists he will do, and he will turn all the power of Britain on these Colonies, and crush them as one would an egg-shell.”

Said Uncle Matthew:

“You reason like one who leaves God out of account. God will maintain our cause and plead for our rights, and one thousand shall flee at the rebuke of five.”

Mr. Seaforth replied:

“I prognosticate failure, just because I take God into account. He will not prosper the rebellious people. He will fight against the Colonies as He did against Absalom and Benjamin.”

Mr. Reid was present, and he said he trusted that the two countries would yet make mutual concessions, and that peace would be more firmly established than ever before.

“No,” said Mr. Seaforth, “you do not comprehend the temper of our king and his present ministers. They will not yield one iota of their authority.”

Uncle John spoke up:

“And we will not yield one tittle of our rights.”

Mr. Seaforth looked at Uncle John; his faced worked; tears overflowed his eyes; he held out his hand:

“My friend, my friend, you are rushing on your own doom! But, John Temple, when your cause is lost, and the vengeance of England falls on such stalwart Colonists as you are, I shall stand by you; and if my intercessions and all my fortunes can buy your pardon, all shall be yours. Depend on me to stand by you when the consequences of this work are heavier than you can bear alone.”

The two men shook hands heartily, and Uncle Matthew says that every man in the room seemed deeply moved.

DECEMBER 1, 1774.

Winter brings little variety in our lives. Grandmother and Nervev and I have been busy at the looms. Our flax was very good this year, and our linen is truly beautiful—the best in the neighborhood. We have also woven some dresses for grandmother and for me; they are of cotton, with a narrow silk stripe. We got silk for the stripe by raveling out a silk shawl of grandmother's. We have also woven a blanket for my room. Deborah Samson came to help us weave the blanket; she is so grateful to us for lending her two or three books, and for helping her on with her lessons. Grandfather says Deborah has a wonderful talent for learning. I offered to teach her what I knew of French and drawing, but she said no, she had no need of fine studies, for she was not like to be reckoned a lady; what she wanted was ciphering and reading and such other studies as should make

her, in my grandfather's opinion, fit to teach the district school. She reads aloud to me sometimes, to practice; and when she is moved or agitated she has such deep, peculiar tones to her voice as I shall never forget. The other day, as she was working out a long sum which my grandfather had given her, she pushed back the thick black hair which she wears always oddly pulled down over her ears, and I saw that a piece had been cut out of the rim of her right ear, making a queer mark. I did not mean to look curiously at any personal defect, for that my grandmother has taught me is a rudeness; but Deborah felt her ear uncovered, and suddenly pointing to the place, said:

“That is all that I have to remember my mother by. She threw a hatchet at me and cut that. That was the final reason for the township taking us children from our parents. I was one of the youngest. My eldest brother and sister died; the next brother went South; the youngest girl was carried to Canada by one who adopted her, and I fell to Mistress Hooper, who was neither good nor evil to me, but only judged that I had no brains for study and no soul for religion.”

She spoke so earnestly that I grieved for her, and for her pitiful fortunes and bitter memories. I said, gently:

“Well, Deborah, you have proved your brains by taking now to your studies; and as to the religion, you have your Bible, and grandfather asks you to meeting far oftener than you come. Your past is done; let it be as if it had never been; but your future is yours: to be a wise and Christian woman, if you so will.”

Poor Deborah shook her head.

“Abbey Temple, you at fifteen, having parents and grand-parents to thank for it, are a little lady, and a Christian, and a pretty scholar; and I, at nineteen, am a big, rough lout, puzzling my brains over sums, and with nothing to boast of but muscles. The child of drunkards, Mistress Hooper’s bound girl, can not be what you point out. But my future *is* mine; I see it lifting up great and dim before me sometimes; and I *will* make it such a future as many shall hear about.”

Then she went back to her slate and would talk no more. I wonder what she has it in her mind to do? In Boston a colored woman named Phillis—one who was brought a slave from Africa—has become quite learned, and a poet. I wonder if Deborah means any thing like that?

JANUARY 2, 1775.

In winter here it seems to me that we are like sailors, of whom I have read, who are locked up in Northern seas. By some of our storms we are cut off from our nearest neighbors; the snow drifts in at doors and windows, and lies, day and night, a little white frilling (which the blaze in the fire-place does not reach,) about the sills. The fences are buried; the corn and straw stacks show like white hillocks; the outbuildings are lost, and Peter and Pompey are all day cutting out paths to the barn, and from their cabins to the house; indeed, I often think that the cabin will be quite buried, and that grandfather and grandmother and I will be obliged to go and dig our servants from a mound of snow, as I

have heard the Swiss dig out huts that have been covered by avalanches. This is our case in stormy winters. At other times it is not so bad, and we are able to see our neighbors and to get our letters from Plymouth town. Being for so many weeks in a state of siege from storm makes a guest very welcome, and we regard strangers as the old patriarchs did: as having not only a claim on our hospitality, but on our gratitude, for coming to our doors. This morning we had two such guests; and though we had never seen them before, and though they do not quite share my grandfather's sentiments on many matters, still we were very glad to see them; and my grandmother set her table with the linen her mother spun, and with our best willow pattern blue-and-white china, and with the silver we have had for two or three generations. Grandmother also put on her silk gown in the afternoon, and Nervey mounted a splendid turban, which Mr. Seaforth fetched from England on my uncle's order twenty years ago; so Nervey's turban is older than I am, but looks quite as fresh as I do.

Our guests are two English officers, a captain and an ensign; and very pretty gentlemen they are, and so well read that my grandfather took much satisfaction in their company. My grandmother also was well pleased with them, and questioned them much about the dress and manners and ways of English women; and when the ensign complimented her, and told her she was like a London lady—in fact like his aunt, whose husband is a counselor-at-law—my grandmother took it not amiss. However, the ensign proceeded yet further, in making

himself agreeable, to flatter me; but my grandmother checked him, betimes, short and sharp.

“Abbey,” quoth she, “is but a child, although she is well grown, and she knows not what to make of your compliments, nor am I desirous that she should learn. The world is over-well provided with women who have not tarried sufficiently long in girlhood.”

These two officers are traveling about Plymouth Colony, and are to go as far as Taunton and Providence, in service of General Gage. Theirs is not a public mission, nor, in truth, a secret one. The Governor, feeling uneasy, has given these officers leave of absence for a journey, and they are to visit the prominent men in the towns—as James Warren, and the ministers, as my grandfather—and get a view of the state of mind of the people in the country and towns of lesser note than Boston and Cambridge. Our gentlemen had been for a day and a night with Mr. Warren, and are vastly pleased with Dame Mercy, although they think her tone to the mother country is too bitter.

At dinner the captain asked my grandfather did he and his neighbors intend to sustain the course of Boston.

“Sir, we do,” said grandfather.

“And on what grounds?” asked the captain.

“On the ground that Boston has been treated with tyranny.”

Then quoth the ensign, pettishly:

“You are a good man, and must be ruled by righteous laws. Where find you a law for resisting tyranny, granted, even, that there has been tyranny?”

“Sir,” said my grandfather, “the law of resisting tyranny has from time immemorial been written upon the hearts of Englishmen; and you are not to think that, being transplanted to this country, we lose the characteristics of our old stock.”

Indeed I think my grandfather was more than equal to them both, for further on they said:

“You talk of charter in these Colonies; but in sooth you are going beyond chartered liberties.”

“Sir,” returned grandfather, “our charter was not meant to supercede any of our natural or divine rights. We hold those on higher authority still. Charter says nothing about rights to air and water; and there are liberties as wide and inalienably ours as our atmosphere.”

Grandfather had in Deacon Dana and Isaiah Hooper for the evening; also, he told the officers that the Brown family were not of our way of thinking, and sent Peter with the captain to show him the way to their house, that he might talk with them. He returned betimes, and said he to my grandfather:

“Do not disgrace honest Royalists by ranking such people with them. Those are but Royalists for spite and gain. They would be treacherous to either party for money.”

As these gentlemen were leaving they shook hands with grandfather and said:

“No one hopes more than do we that this dispute will be peaceably settled. We belong firmly to our King’s cause, but we are loath to fight with you Americans.

You have, indeed, very much of right and justice on your side."

So they rode off, with grandfather's blessing.

APRIL, 1775.

At Boston, they have commemorated the massacre, Joseph Warren being orator. Marblehead, Danvers, and Salem have been ransacked by British troops for stores. The soldiers at Boston have emulated our worst deeds, and have exasperated the people by tarring and feathering a country fellow from Billerica. Over all the country the fires of revolution seem bursting up. In Virginia, Patrick Henry inspires all men by his oratory; and along our stormy shores the fishers are arming to protect their right to the produce of the sea. . . . At last war has broken out, blood has been shed! Eight hundred British troops marched for Concord on the 18th, to capture the stores and cannon. But Dawes and Paul Revere rode off from Boston to rouse the country; from the North Church tower the beacon streamed the signal to the watching towns near by; and as Paul Revere rushed through the farms and hamlets in the clear night he called all men to arms upon the way to Lexington. Young men and old, farmers, and pastors, went out with powder-horn and gun, and so, early on the morning of the 19th, the Minute Men made stand at Lexington. Trained troops well armed, and countrymen half prepared, were illy matched for fight. It was only for a little while that guns were fired and shots were heard; and then the regulars had all their own way, and the country people fled, and seven of the Minute Men were lying dead

on the common; and, however much men may now talk of reconciliation, all know well that hopes of peace are gone, and war has begun.

The troops then went on and partly plundered Concord, and then strove to tear up Concord Bridge. The Minute Men were too quick for them, fired, drove them off, and held their bridge. At noon the British troops drew back toward Lexington. The Minute Men lay in ambush at every wall and tree, followed their way, and so pushed their enemies into a rapid retreat until two. Then the battle was renewed by Percy's men, and lasted all day, until eighty-eight Americans and two hundred and seventy-three Britons were killed, wounded, or missing. After this terrible day the post-carriers and messengers rode day and night, carrying the news, and calling the country to arms, and bidding men, and arms, and stores be sent forward to Cambridge.

To our house came a messenger by day-break. He was covered with dust, and his horse with blood and foam. He told the terrible story while I ran for a bowl of warm milk, and Nervey and grandmother flew to the stable and put saddle on our one fleet horse, Prince Charlie. They were obliged to do this, for at the man's first shout, and at the beat of hoofs, Pompey and Peter fled, as if the whole British army were on us. Grandfather stood as a man stunned at the news. As the messenger leaped on Prince Charlie, and Nervey led away the poor, tired-out roan, grandfather paced up and down our common room, crying; "Lord, pity us. This is civil war. Ah! all that tide of brother's blood." And

so he wrung his hands, and tears poured over his face; for he has so long prayed for peace, and now here is war! My grandmother went about collecting clothes and stores to send to Cambridge; and grandfather, after the first burst of sorrow, went to bid his neighbors good-bye. I ran over to Isaiah Hooper's, and found him dressing quickly, and his wife helping him, while she sobbed aloud. The eldest little girl was putting him up a small sack of food, and I set at aiding her; but I was blind from tears, and the three little ones were clinging about their father's knees, praying him not to go and be killed; and I thought of my poor father, who went to Pontiac's war, and never came back.

MAY 10, 1775.

From all parts of the country we get news of the arming, and of troops setting forth for Cambridge. There is terrible anger at plundering and murder done by Percy's men; and yet it is quite true that he sought to restrain them, and could not. This, as my grandfather says, is one of the great evils of war. It unchains the demons in men's hearts, and they go to excess that in peace would seem to them impossible. Massachusetts calls for an army of thirteen thousand six hundred men. When the news reached Connecticut, Israel Putnam was plowing. He left his plow in the furrow, and set forth to Cambridge. John Stark was in his mill sawing logs, and went off in his shirt sleeves, so great was his haste. But why do I only think of those distant? Our neighbors are gone. At Deacon Dana's they sent off Joseph as if each instant's delay had been a crime; and since he went the house is

like a funeral; they speak only of duty and the patriot's glory, and at each sound turn pale, as if they heard men carrying home Joseph's corpse. Mistress Hooper being alone, and help very scarce in the fields, Deborah Samson went over to bide with her; and she will take no wages, as Isaiah is in camp; but Deborah does a man's work, and is up betimes, plowing and planting by daybreak. Also, she keeps the two servant lads well in hand, as Mistress Hooper would not be able to do. Deborah has also come to my grandfather, asking him to examine her fitness to have the school this summer, and I think it will be given her.

Many companies of militia have passed us, coming up from Barnstable, Yarmouth, and Sandwich, and our farm lying fronting the road which is their straightest route, we have seen much of them. My grandmother, and Nervev, and Hannah Dana are constantly making bread, and boiling beef and bacon, and setting out cheese; and many hungry patriots have we fed in this way. Grandfather going among them as they halt to eat, gives them baskets of bread and other food, and therewith much good exhortation and counsel.

JUNE 1, 1775.

I knew not what was taking place when I wrote my former date. On that day Ticonderoga, a fort on Lake Champlain, was captured by Ethan Allen, a rough but valiant man. Strangely enough, though this fort was most important, and had cost Britain eight millions sterling, it was taken in ten minutes, without bloodshed—"in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress,"

as said Ethan Allen, calling on Commander Delaplace to surrender. Grandfather says this is truly like Ethan Allen, whom he knows well. He is no Christian man, such as my grandfather, but he does believe in two things—Jehovah and Congress—and about equally in both; and grandfather is only surprised that he put Congress last in his summons. My grandfather says if indeed our trust would be first in the Lord's arm, and then in our righteous cause, as represented by our Congress, then truly victory would soon be ours, at little cost. But doubtless we shall suffer much, because bitterness and trust in the arm of the flesh will be in our hearts. Meanwhile all the Colonies are rising to arms, and ready to sustain Massachusetts; but some still hope for peace and for a reconciliation to be effected by this present Congress in Philadelphia. We are likely, so we hear from our friends in camp, to suffer from a lack of supplies, from lack of discipline in our men, from want, also, of unanimity in counsels, and of proper leaders.

Our neighbors have made up three wagon loads of stores—clothes, food, powder, and the like—and have added all the lead and pewter that we can find, and have sent these on to Cambridge. Grandmother says if the trouble continues the pewter spoons and dishes and pitchers must be melted for bullets. How hard that would be for grandmother, who had her pewter from her mother, and values it so, keeping it bright as silver! but she speaks calmly of melting it.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

JULY 26, 1775.

Once I wished greatly to have something to write about other and greater than the changing of seasons, the coming and going of birds and flowers, and the tasks of home work, which are always the same. Now, when I seem only to have war and bloodshed and sorrow to write, I can not set it down. Thus, Dame Warren told me, it is ever with us human beings, who never are satisfied.

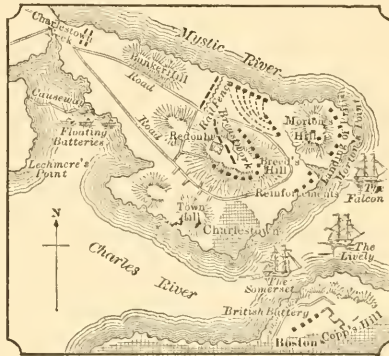
On June 15th the Continental Congress, sitting in Philadelphia, recognized the existence of an army called the Continental Army, and unanimously chose Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, as commander-in-chief. On him, as the foremost son of the most powerful of the Colonies, as brave in war, wise in peace, reserved in counsel, the hearts of all the people seem to be set. My grandfather paid him the highest compliment that *he* can bestow on living man, when he heard of his election to the command of the army. He said:

“This is the man likest William the Silent of all men that ever were born.”

From this choice of George Washington, and the appointment of a day of fasting and prayer, to be kept in all the Colonies, entreating God to preserve our liberties, and reconcile us with the mother country, we might have hoped much; but before news of these things reached us, we of Massachusetts heard again the awful sound of war, and buried the dead of Bunker Hill.

On June the 17th a dreadful battle was fought between the Regulars and our poor half-armed Colonists. Charles-

town was burned. Twice our men drove back the King's troops, and then only failed to complete the victory because their powder gave out. From what we hear, the King's men were bold indeed, and did wonders; but that only shows more marvelously the courage of our farmers, who fought so well. Oh! what a grievous sight was that, when wives and children stood to see our patriots falling; and the ground was covered with dead British, whom once all we Americans loved so well as if they were our brothers. And that good town of Charlestown was burned. And when the fight was done there



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

were found of the American loss, all counted, 450; and the English loss was 1,050; for three times the English marched up that hill, while our guns poured their fire on them. But we lost Moore, and Gardner, and Parker, and, worst of all, that best of our patriots, Doctor Joseph Warren. When Warren went to the field, Elbridge Gerry, so they say, met him and begged him to save his life for a more hopeful day, but he replied:

“It is pleasant and becoming to die for one's country.”

The terrible news came to us the afternoon after the day of battle. As the messenger stopped by our gate grandfather ran forth bareheaded to hear the news. He listened until the words came, “and Joseph Warren was

killed, the last in the trenches," and then he turned about, unable to hear more, and went into the house; for he loved Warren, not only as a patriot, but as a friend and son—for my grandfather was his teacher long ago, before Warren went to Harvard. We did not see grandfather until prayer-time, but we heard him pacing his room, mourning and crying, "Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son!" At worship-time he composed himself and came out, and opening the Bible he read from Samuel, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places; how are the mighty fallen;" his voice trembled, but he kept on until he reached the words, "I am distressed for thee, my brother," when he broke into sobs, and could read no more. All night he remained walking up and down the common room, praying for the wounded and for prisoners, for widows and orphans, and for the afflicted land. Grandmother says she fears grandfather will die of a broken heart for these things; and truly he has aged very fast—eats but little, and sleeps poorly.

We heard that Isaiah Hooper was wounded, yet slightly, and not enough to send him home. Joseph Dana sent home a letter a week after the battle, giving us a full account. Deacon Dana hath broken his leg by a fall from the haymow, and Hannah has now to manage the farm, and is most of the time afield. Were it not for this she would, I think, go forward to camp to tend the sick and be of what use she might. I hinted as much to her, and she retorted somewhat savagely:

"The war is not done yet. Quarrels like this last longer than bone-breaks."

Deborah Samson has gotten the school from my grandfather, and teaches well, besides being the mainstay of Mistress Hooper's forlorn house.

DECEMBER 5, 1775.

Woe is me for the words I have to write. The judgments of God have fallen heavily on our house; or perhaps His mercies to my grandfather come in the light of judgments to grandmother and me. The Lord is doubtless angry with an unforgiving heart; but still I can not forgive the Brown family! In all our sorrows they rejoiced; they exulted in Warren's death; they gloried in our defeats and in our errors; and when my grandfather prayed for Colonial success they would no more come to meeting, but reviled him to his face, and said he should rue the day. Thus they turned on themselves the attention of the Minute Men, and they were watched. Now, on the 29th of October it was known among us that at James Warren's, in Plymouth, would meet, in a few days' time, several notable patriots, to take counsel, especially about provision of balls and powder for our army. The Browns were perhaps allowed to know this, to try them. In truth they sent a messenger to have a half company of Regulars come and surround James Warren's, to have him and his guests—my grandfather among them—captured as rebels. This messenger was seized on the 30th of October, and carried into Plymouth and made confession. Deborah Samson had ridden to town after school to see to some matters for Mistress Hooper. A pelting storm came up, and in this Deborah stopped at our gate as she went home, to leave a letter, and she cried to me: "Those

Browns will get their deserts this night!" and she told the tale, saying: "And now twenty Minute Men are starting from Plymouth town to burn the Browns' house and barns and bid them speed within Royalist lines; or, if they be caught among us in forty-eight hours they must see to it—and good enough for them."

So my grandfather having come to learn the truth, he said:

"'Tis an evil deed."

But Deborah cried out:

"Minister, the Browns are fierce to get you a halter!"

"Love your enemies," quoth grandfather, as Deborah rode on, saying she was "right glad spies would be dealt with, and the worse the night the better for their deserts."

But my grandfather was already preparing to go out, and bid Peter saddle him old Maple. Says my grandmother:

"The night is too wild, and you are sick and feverish; do not go out; let the Minute Men settle with spies."

"So much the worse night for a woman and children to be out."

"But 'tis their deserving," said my grandmother to this.

"God deals not with us after our deservings," he replied.

"And you are one whom they most hate," said grandmother.

"Then I must the more forgive them," said grandfather.

"But the Minute Men will have their way," persists she.

"Look you," said the goodman, "these men are most

of them from my flock; and if I go not to hinder them I shall be like Eli, whose sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

And now the horse was ready; and wrapping great-grandfather's plaid about him, my sick grandfather rode off in that storm of sleet and wind, and reached the Browns' home just as the Minute Men were giving them ten minutes to leave. And in sooth it was a sore deed, for the younger children were innocent, and Mistress Brown not a strong woman; and no one about would like to take them in, when, wet and beggared, they were turned into the stormy night. My grandfather rode up where the light streamed from the open door, and cried out: "Sons and brothers, what are you doing? Are you trying to draw down God's curse on the cause of liberty?" And then he so plead with them, and laid down God's law, and threatened them with God's anger if they thus avenged themselves, that they agreed to leave the house; but they brought out the Bible and made Mr. and Mistress Brown swear on it that hereafter if they desired to help the Royal cause they would not act as spies, but would openly remove themselves and their belongings within the lines of the Governor's party. Mistress Brown and her younger children were shrieking and praying for mercy; and they clung to grandfather—the man whom they would have had seized as a rebel—and begged him to stay all night to protect them; but he, having taken a promise from the Minute Men, told the Browns that they were safe, and so rode home in two hours' time wet to the skin. Grandmother had hot cider and a supper ready for him, but he appeared

greatly chilled and depressed. The next day being Sabbath, he preached; but he seemed to feel that he might stand in his place no more, and so he preached and so plead with his people that all were in tears; and after two hours' speaking—for he was as one who had all his last words to say—he fell in a faint as he came from the pulpit, and was thus carried home.

From the first my grandfather felt that he must die, and he sent for Mr. James Warren, that he might make known his wishes. He told him that after his own death my uncle John Temple, in Philadelphia, was to be my guardian, and I should go to him when he ordered it; but so long as I might be left to comfort grandmother in her loneliness I was to stay. As for grandmother, from the moment my grandfather fell ill she had neither word nor sigh nor tear. I do not think she knew when she ate nor when she slept, doing both sparingly and unconsciously, and keeping her place as nurse by grandfather without laying off her clothes day or night; and it seemed that she begrudged any of us the privilege of so much as bringing him his medicine. And so our weary days wore on; and I am sure grandmother wanted to die with grandfather, and I know I do—for who will love or care for me after him? This world is no place for orphan girls. And now I shall never be happy again, for grandfather has gone, and yesterday we buried him; and coming back here it seemed as if all the world were dead. I made sure that he would live to be an hundred years old, like great-grandfather, and that I should make his old age so happy; and now he has gone, and these dreary snow-flakes are

falling on his grave, where, last evening, we laid him, while all his people wept and mourned like children bereft of a father. Grandmother has said no word, shed no tear; she has put his empty chair opposite her own, and there she sits, looking at it hour after hour. It seems to trouble her for me to be crying. I wonder does she think I have lost nothing in grandfather? And so I wrap my shawl about me and stay much in my own room, or with Nervey in the kitchen. No one to teach me; no one to say a kind word and call me "little maid." Oh! how can all the world go on as before, when such a good and lovely life has died out of it!

JANUARY 30, 1776.

The day after that last writing grandmother called me to her and bid me take from the presses and chests, blankets, sheets, socks, woolen cloth, linen, dried fruit, bottles of wine, until all the floor of the common room was covered. Then she laid down all her pewter—the plates, the pitchers, all the shining store that she had cared for. She had sent Peter to bid Hannah Dana come to her in a wagon; and Hannah came in with a sad face, for she much loved grandfather—and there sat grandmother, white and haggard and trembling, with all these goods laid about the floor. She said to Hannah, quite calmly:

"These goods all belong to my country. You are to take them to your home, and send them forward with your own gifts as they are needed; for those who follow me here will not be loyal to the cause of the Colonies."

When she said that, I could not stop a scream, and I

rushed out into the kitchen to cry. When I dropped down on the hearth, and hid my face in a chair to cry, Nervey said to me:

“Dere chile, you knows it all now. Missey hab got her call sure, and you and me be lef’ alone. You see, chile, one-half a body can’t lib in dis yere ebil worl’ when odder half gone to heaven; no, can’t no how.”

When I dared return to the common room Pompey and Peter were carrying all those things out and packing them in Hannah Dana’s wagon; but Pompey did hate to carry out the pewter. Then Hannah bid Pompey drive to her house and unload, and grandmother signed to Hannah and me, and went to the garret. She tottered as if she would fall, but would not be helped. She opened a big blue chest full of linen, and said to me:

“Abbey, you have been a good child; this is my gift to you.”

She locked it and gave me the key, while I kept on crying. And then she sealed up the key-hole, and fastened into the seal a paper with “Abbey Temple: her property,” and signed her name, and Hannah signed her’s. She did the same with the oaken chest with my mother’s things, and a smaller box holding silver and other property that had come to grandmother’s with me; then she said that grandfather’s books would be packed and go to Deacon Dana’s, to be kept for me; and after that she went to the common room, and grandmother not wishing to talk more, Hannah went home. How can I tell of those pitiful days! Poor grandmother sat by the chimney-place, sometimes reading her Bible, and then for

hours looking at that empty chair, as she knit and knit socks for our patriots—knit with hands so feeble that she could hardly hold the needles, but scarcely noticed any one as they went and came.

On Christmas night I left her knitting and went to try and make some dish which would tempt her to eat. When I returned she had fallen into a pleasant sleep, with a smile on her face, as if she dreamed of grandfather. So I sat to watch her until she should wake, and Nervev coming in, I beckoned her to keep quiet, whispering that now grandmother would be better. Nervev stood by me for a few moments, looking at grandmother, then she stepped over and felt her forehead and the hand from which the knitting had fallen, and she said to me:

“Chile! she better now forebber; nebber hab no more heartache. Missey done gone where de good man went to.”

Oh, me! oh, me! I had been sitting there to watch the dead.—And she was indeed a good grandmother; and there are few so faithful hearts to love and break.

We buried grandmother beside the other two. Our lot in the churchyard is fuller than our home. Hannah Dana came to stay with me until Mr. Warley and Bessie, and Mr. Warren, who has gone to Cambridge, might be written to. The answers have come. Mr. Warley says that he and Bessie will come at once to take possession. Mr. Warren writes that, as the season is so bad, I had better tarry here with Bessie until traveling is good, and then, with the black people, I will go to my uncle John Temple, in Philadelphia. I look for Bessie and her

father to-morrow, or any day soon. I will see changed times here in this house, where love of God and love of country have ruled. I would it were spring, and I might get away to Philadelphia. And yet, how can I leave this best and only home that ever I have known!



BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH.

“Our lot in the churchyard is fuller than our home.”

And now, in turning over these pages, I see that I have, in our home and heart troubles, forgotten to tell of what has passed in the country these many months since the terrible day at Bunker Hill. But now I shall have time to write it all, for I shall not care to be very much with my gay cousin, who has not such sorrows as I have to make her grave of mood.

CHAPTER VII.

FEBRUARY 3, 1776.

THE roads are very good now for runners, and all our neighbors are sending supplies to camp. Three large loads start to-morrow, and Nervey and Hannah are busy preparing food to send. Hannah says no help will go to patriots from this house again, and so she shall make the best of her last chance. I am by the fire in the common room writing, and now I shall try and recall some of those things that happened while our home troubles were driving every thing else out of my mind.

The Congress did much the same as last year except that General Washington, four major-generals, and an adjutant-general and eight brigadiers were appointed; also, a battalion of riflemen were raised in Pennsylvania. Richard Penn went to England to seek peace, and Congress prayed the king for reconciliation.

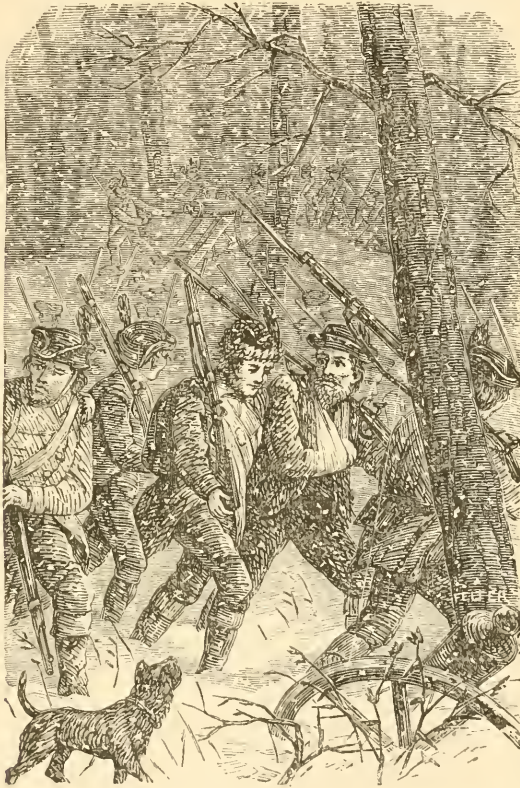
It is said that General Washington has about double the number of men that the British have, but our men are ill-armed, half clad, and without training or supplies, or fit officers, while the English troops are the flower of the army, perfectly appointed for war. James Warren writes that the trials of the General are bitter indeed: without money, food, powder, tents, or any authority except what resides in his own power over men, and his

skill to guide ; and yet our people are liberal, and feed and clothe the troops, and the men are passing brave. From every cellar and farm-yard supplies go to camp ; and many, like my dear grandmother, cheerfully melt their domestic utensils to make bullets. Money is wanting, and I often hear our friends say that the paper issued by Congress will be worth nothing.

Doctor Franklin has come back, and has visited the camp. He says there is no hope of peace but by war, and that the Colonies—now thirteen represented in Congress, for Georgia has come in—must firmly unite and set up a government, and declare independence. All summer, and until now, there have been skirmishes, and burning of houses and towns, and capture of men ; also, fights on the sea, and taking of small ships. Meanwhile some of the Colonies have armed ships of their own, and talk of a navy. General Gage is gone home to England, and is succeeded by General Howe ; and every one thinks it a shame that an Irishman should lead an attack on America while Ireland is a colony like ourselves, and there has always been such friendship between us—so James Warren says.

An answer came to the petition from Congress to the King. He refuses all conciliation. We must give up all our liberties or fight until we conquer what we claim. These are dreary times, for now those whose friends are in camp know not when to look for them home. Dame Warren showed me a letter from Mistress Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams ; indeed from my heart I pity her. She hath a family of young children, her farm is left to

her to manage, and their poverty is sore; also, a dread fever hath been among them, and her mother is dead, while her son had almost died, also; yet still she hopes



RETREAT FROM QUEBEC.

that her husband will tarry at the front post of duty so long as the country is in need. Ethan Allen has been captured at the Island of Long Point, and is sent in chains to England; 'tis said he will hang at Tyburn, and so we lose a right brave man. Nor do we lose him alone.

Montreal has been captured, and that is a small gain compared to our loss at Quebec, where fell young MacPherson, and Montgomery, who was as a mirror of every virtue, for whose loss, as for Warren's, the heart of the whole country was broken. Oh! who shall fight our battles now that the good and brave are gone?

In Virginia, Governor Dunmore has proclaimed martial law, and has freed all convicts, debtors and slaves who will join his standard; also, the Regulars have armed the Indians. I had a letter from Uncle Matthew, from Virginia, last evening, and he said that Norfolk was cannonaded and fired on New Year's day; and not only were some people killed, but nearly all the town was reduced to ashes. On that same 1st of January, as we learn from Joseph Dana, the new American flag—a tricolor, with thirteen red and white stripes and a blue ground in the corner, was unfurled over our army at Boston. We hear that the King is hiring foreign troops, Hessians and Hanoverians, to fight against us. And so this is our state in these Colonies; and I suppose this year of 1776 is the most miserable and unpromising that ever has been since our Puritan fathers came hither to found a country.

FEBRUARY 10.

Bessie Warley and her father came soon after my last writing. Bessie seemed a deal moved when she reached here. She kissed me and lamented over me, and said that the house looked like a grave or a prison, and that she wished that people never died. She moped a deal that day; but the day following Hannah Dana went home,

and Bessie unpacked her boxes. She wore a black gown, and as she put her gayer clothing in the press she said black did well enough where there were none to see; and presently she wished there were no farms, and that a law were passed making it a capital punishment to live away from town.

“In truth, Bessie,” I said, “I am surprised that you, who delight in society, have come to this farm to dwell.”

Bessie sat on the bed-side, and throwing up her hands she cried:

“Is the child a natural! Surely you know it is not choice, but need, sends us.”

I did not see the need, and I remarked as much to her.

“Why, child, did I not tell you that the father is in debt; and in Boston he is set on for payment night and day. Also, he can hardly get credit for fuel or meat. Therefore, to escape from his creditors to a house with a full cellar, albeit it is in the back woods, is much to his mind, and we shall stay until our creditors, who are patriots, are harried out of Boston. Again, Abbey, this farm and its belongings are like to be my sole dowry, for if father got ten thousand pounds sterling to-morrow he is capable of spending the same in a year. But as your grandfather and grandmother were patriots the place is like to be confiscated as soon as this rebellion is put down, and I come to secure my own by taking possession before the royal cause triumphs. 'Tis not from toleration of the country, for in sooth I might as well be dead and buried as be here, where not an officer nor a pleasing young man is to be seen.”

And so much as Bessie railed at the country, so did her father revile country fare, and the fact that there was no wine and no better drink than cider in the cellar. The two kept up such a din of complainings at low ceilings, and small windows, and blue paint, and the coarseness of the furnishings, that full often I ran to the kitchen, where it was far pleasanter to hear the black people bemoaning their "master and missey," and telling of all their life-long goodness.

After the third day Bessie and her father got out a pack of cards and sat playing with each other, the stakes being pence, or pins, or toothpicks. They entreated me to learn; but I told them roundly cards were the devil's playthings, and I would not touch a hand to them, whereat they were angry; but I have often heard my grandmother say it. The fourth day Bessie would examine her new possessions. She was quite anxious at the sight of the three chests sealed up, and called her father to look at them; but he, knowing grandmother's signature, and Hannah's name as witness, bade her let them be, as they were none of her's. Bessie searched grandmother's wardrobe, and declared it old-fashioned trash. She deeply hurt my feelings by the way she flung things about. Then she ended by saying grandmother's goods were no use to her, except the lace and jewelry, which she carried off, telling me I could have the rest. So I cried over the things, and packed them in my box. While I was so doing Bessie called me loudly, and I ran to her.

"Where is the pewter?" said she. "Is that in your box, too?"

“No,” quoth I, roundly, “’Tis sent to camp to run into bullets.”

“What! not all the pewter gone to be melted by rascal rebels!”

Yes; my grandmother sent it, before she grew too ill to do so.”

“Sent it away! What robbery! what shameless robbery of me! She had no right!—and sent it to rebels!—for shame on her!”

I had never seen Bessie angry. She is merry, careless, and witty. But now her eyes flashed, and she was in a fierce rage. Her father sat by, saying nothing, but up I spoke with spirit:

“Shame to you, Bessie Warley! Was it not her own? and had she not a right to give it to a holy cause?—and God’s blessing will go with it. Nor is it just nor decent for you to revile the dead!”

And with that, bursting out crying, I rushed off up stairs, and putting a shawl of grandmother’s about me, I sat in the window looking over the snowy fields, and crying, and bemoaning grandmother, and pitying myself, until up came Nervey, who had heard all.

“Nebber min’, honey,” says she, “don’t cry for dat ebil chile. Dis nigger nebber git her no dinner, see ef I do. I don’t ’long to her, an’ I nebber do one han’s turn more for no such ebil-minded trash.”

But before I could reprove Nervey, as my grandmother would have done, we heard Mr. Warley’s voice raised high:

“Have done fretting about that pewter! You can’t

gather spilled milk. And when these rebels are got under, you can have your pick of what silver belongs to John Hancock or the Quinceys. But I tell you, daughter Bessie, it is always well to have two strings to your bow; one never can tell what may turn up. If this rebel side *does* get the best of the quarrel, what will you do unless you have friends among the rebels to say a word for you or take you into their houses? Now, your only chance of that is in these Temples. I beg you treat your cousin Abbey with more respect. Go, and apologize. A few words are a small matter to waste, and you may see the time when those few words will be all your chance of a home."

Just here Nervev heard a squalling among her chickens, and ran down to them; and before long I heard Bessie coming. I looked out of the window; she stood in my door, saying, in a cold tone:

"Cousin Abbey, perhaps I was over hasty."

It was as the voice of Mr. Warley, counseling her to apologize for selfishness' sake, and I turned to say, angrily, that she need not give herself the trouble, when suddenly Bessie relented on her own account, and, springing to me, she clasped me in her arms, kissed me, calling herself all manner of names for having hurt my feelings, and bidding me never heed, for hereafter she would be the best cousin that ever could be heard of. Now this was not Mr. Warley's policy, but my own fickle, easy, kindly cousin Bessie; so I made friends with her, and went and persuaded Nervev to get dinner. Bessie was very good until to-day. She talked nicely about

grandmother, knit, reeled while I spun, and did not say a word amiss about the Colonies.

To-day she looked into grandfather's empty study, and said she was glad the books had been carried off, for doubtless they were full of hobgoblins, and awful threats to the wicked, and doleful tales of Cotton Mather. I told her they were good books indeed, and grandfather could have given me nothing I liked better. I was spinning, and Bessie ran to her room and came down with a book, in marble paper covers. She bid me knit, or do something quiet, and she would read to me, for she was like to die of *ennui* in this waste of snow. The book she had in hand was called "Amelia," written by one Mr. Fielding; and she had not read above three pages in it when I begged her to stop, saying it was not such a book as my grand-parents would have allowed me to read.

"True," said Bessie, "'tis a novel; but why so fastidious all at once? Did I not read you two novels when I visited here?"

"Yes," I said; "that is so; and I know it was wrong in me to hear them. But though I did thus deceive my grand-parents while they were alive, I am sorry for it, and I shall not disobey their rules now that they are dead. What would a young maid, left alone in the world as I am, come to if she despised the teachings of those who had been her only friends and guides?"

"Dear! dear!" cries Bessie, "what an old-fashioned creature you are! Surely I do not know what you wanted with a grandmother, being quite capable of being grandmother to yourself."

At that I burst out crying, and Bessie wished herself in Boston, and Mr. Warley said we two were the plague of his life; so I came here to the kitchen fire to write this diary, and Mr. Warley and Bessie sit in the other room playing cards. Ah! what a changed house is this! I used to think when we were all here, before great-grandfather died, that surely those angels whom Elisha's young men saw at Dothan must be encamped in shining ranks about this long, red farm-house, with its high roof, its sheltering trees, its peaceful fields—for here were always love to God and love to man, and good works, and days begun and closed with prayers. But now—now it is always quarreling and card-playing, and Bessie sings French love-songs, and her father says very swearing words, like “bless my soul,” and “confound me”—which I ought never to have written, only they got down before I thought; and as for me, I quarrel with Bessie, and often hate Mr. Warley, and think myself very much better than them both! How I wish it were spring, so that I might go to my Uncle John. But Mr. Warren is away, being Speaker of Assembly, and here I must stay for a time.

APRIL 28, 1776.

Only the day after that last writing we got in this house such a change for peace as I would not have believed possible. A new minister had been got for this congregation, and being a young man and a bachelor, the deacons asked that he might have his home here with us, and Bessie bid her father agree. He is indeed a godly young man; also a learned and a handsome; and such a

change as he wrought here is most marvelous. The minister is a great patriot; he is named Bowdoin; he is from the old Bowdoin family. Of course Mr. Warley, who is ready to take precautions in case of the success of either side in this war—who says he must have two strings to his bow—will not resent and contradict any thing that Mr. Bowdoin may say or do. I am not surprised at his polite silence. But Bessie puzzles me. She does not come out fairly patriot, but she talks about loyalty, and conscience, and duty, and both sides being her brothers. But she has stopped the French songs, hidden the cards, sews, and knits, and talks of housekeeping; and she has also changed to me. She is very kind, but she always calls me “child,” and says I grow too fast. She affects to be very much older than I am; and whereas once she would have me set up for a young lady, now she says my gowns are too long, and will not have my hair done like her’s; whereof I am glad, for she tortured me fearfully with pins and powder. Bessie also began at once to go regularly to church, and I think the sermons did her a world of good, for soon she would have morning and evening worship, and read her Bible of Sundays; so I would not wonder if Bessie became a very good woman now that she is away from the temptations of Boston.

I liked Mr. Bowdoin very much also. He talked to me of my grand-parents, and I know he is a godly and patriotic man. I think Mr. Bowdoin is much in love with Bessie; but though she is so very lovely to him, and in all ways tries to please him, I make sure it is only the pleasantness of her disposition and not a love for him;

for Bessie has often told me she has set her heart on gayer life than here in a country parish.

Thomas Otis came to see us. He has at last left school and got leave to join the army. He talks much of what he will do; he will be as valiant as Samson or David. He spent the day, and we went to all the places where we have been together—to the orchard, the barn, the mill, the swing, the shore. He went away at dusk. I went with him to the gate, and gave him a bunch of violets, and he kissed my hand, and said we would never, never forget each other. When he was gone I went up stairs and cried, for fear Thomas might be killed, or lest he might forget me, as would not be wonderful. The second day after came Richard Reid. He has been long in the camp, and told us all about the taking of Boston. The British officers had no idea of losing the city; they relied on the superiority of their troops and on Washington's lack of powder. Many people had been allowed to leave that city on account of the scarcity of provisions, but very many who wanted to go were obliged to remain because General Howe would not permit any valuables, nor more than five pounds in money, to leave the city. I had asked Bessie how they managed, and she told me easy enough; their money was all gone, their plate had been seized by their creditors, and she quilted her jewelry into her petticoats. The Royal troops had showed no respect to the good city. The South Meeting-house had been turned into a riding-school. Brattle Street and Hollis Street churches were used as barracks; the best houses were burned; Crean Brush had been allowed to



THE OLD MILL.

"We went to all the places where we have been together."

pillage all houses and stores not belonging to Royalists; Liberty Tree was cut into firewood, and Faneuil Hall was converted into a neat theater. Some of the officers got



FANEUIL HALL—BOSTON.

up a burletta to ridicule the Americans. It was called "Boston Bombarded," and was jesting at the idea of the patriots getting the city. While they were playing it, and the people were applauding, in ran a sergent, crying:

"The Yankees are attacking our works!"

The spectators thought this a part of the play, and clapped and shouted at the man's fine acting, but stopped short when General Howe started up, roaring:

"Officers! to your alarm-posts!"

That broke up the play, and they never had a chance to finish it. General Howe found that he could not hold the city, and he and General Washington being equally desirous to avoid bloodshed, the Royalists went out, one Sunday morning, and the Americans then came in. There was great joy in all Massachusetts, and soon great sorrow, when people found their homes and public buildings ruined, and the North Chapel, the West Church steeple, and the Prince's Library used for fuel. But this is war! I said to Richard Reid:

"But how did you know all these doings in the city?"

“I was there,” he replied.

“You? Why, you endangered your life?” cried Bessie.

“As well mine as another man’s,” he said, coolly. “I am old enough to die; and General Washington needed some one there.”

He then turned the conversation, for Richard Reid neither talks about what he has done, nor what he will do. He told us much about General Washington, and we agreed that he must be the man of all others worth the seeing. Mr. Reid quoted from the address of the Legislature to the General:

“Go on, still go on, approved by heaven, revered by all good men, and dreaded by tyrants. May future generations, in the enjoyment of that freedom which your sword shall have established, raise the most lasting monuments to the name of Washington.”

Mr. Reid says that under the General’s direction Boston, within a week, returned to peace, and order, and industry; wrecks were cleared away, trade was resumed, provisions came in, the churches were opened, the Thursday evening lecture was recommenced, and the General attended.

Bessie seemed much interested in all that Mr. Reid said—as Desdemona, she asked this Othello to tell his story again and again; so gracious indeed was she that Mr. Bowdoin looked hurt. After Mr. Reid was gone Bessie was very unkind. She said:

“Our Abbey is a sorry coquette for her age. There is Mr. Reid, her admirer—”

I cried out: “Oh, Bessie! how can you say what is so very untrue?”

“And Thomas Otis, her sweetheart this three years”—so I ran crying out of the room; and after that Mr. Bowdoin was more pleased with Bessie.

MAY 10, 1776.

By this time I was to have started for Philadelphia; but yesterday I had a letter from my Unele John Temple saying that one of his servants had been taken with small-pox, and that I was not to come to him until all danger of that disease had passed, so I am to wait longer. But things go on better here since Mr. Bowdoin came. He helps me with my studies; and I suppose it is being in the lonely country that makes Bessie so industrious, for as soon as I began with my books she began also, and Mr. Bowdoin takes great pleasure in helping her.

I can scarcely realize that it is three years since I sat here under the apple tree, where I am sitting now, and great-grandfather was with me, and the uncles were coming to keep the birthday, and grandfather and grandmother were alive and well. But now they are all gone, and I am sixteen, and alone in the world.

All the Colonies are declaring themselves independent, or intend to do so at once; and doubtless the Congress in Philadelphia will announce an American nation—at least Mr. Bowdoin says they will.

The Colonists have had some great success. In Carolina, in February, they routed the Regulars; and got fifteen thousand pounds sterling, in gold, just from England, and two chests of medicine, besides wagons, and horses, and arms. New companies are being enlisted, although the men are sure of hard fighting, poor fare,

almost no clothes, and scarcely any pay. General Washington says it is this heroic self-sacrifice which assures the triumph of the cause of freedom.

Last evening I went to see Hannah Dana. The Deacon was feeble all winter, but his leg is mended at last, and the rest has done him good, for now he is heartier than ever. After I had spent some while with Hannah I prepared to come home, and she walked with me until we came to the Deacon's last field, lying next Isaiah Hooper's. Says she:

"There is my best black hen! I know she is stealing a nest."

"Then it is on the top of your fodder-stack," I replied, "for I saw her there as I came by; so, Hannah, do you stop here and I will climb the stack and bring you the eggs. How does the silly bird expect to bring chickens down from such a place?"

As there was no ladder nigh, we laid two fence-rails against the stack, and I, being nimble at climbing, essayed to go up, when we heard Deborah Samson crying to us, and saw her beckoning us.

"Let her come," said Hannah, and as I climbed the stack she signed to Deborah, who ran over the fields at a great pace. I found no eggs; but as I searched the top of the stack I found a bundle done up in a square of unbleached linen, and forthwith I threw it down, and, coming after it, undid the knots, and lo! a man's new suit of coarse fustian, some shirts, socks, and kerchiefs; also a powder-horn and belt—and all the articles were new. Hannah cried, "What's this?" And just as I

said, "I saw exactly a bit of this fustian lying on the floor of Deborah Samson's room last week," Deborah herself had climbed the last fence and stood by us. I cried, "Just look!" But Hannah suddenly picked up the coat and held it up by Deborah, then said, "Oh! *that's* it, is it?" and I, turning, saw the two looking into each other's eyes—Deborah with her lips firm set, but unabashed, and Hannah nothing reproving. I blushed in Deborah's behalf, and screamed:

"Oh! you can not mean it! Never do it!"

"When is it to be?" asked Hannah.

"To-morrow night," said Deborah. "And now, as you have found me out, you shall cut my hair like Joseph's. And promise me, both of you, that no matter what stories rise about me—no matter how evil or how false—you will neither of you open your mouths to tell where went Deborah Samson. You stole my secret, in a way, now keep it!"

We promised; but I essayed to beg her to alter her mind.

"Talk to yon setting sun!" said Deborah.

"And what name will you have?—trust me with that," said Hannah, "so that two at least may weep when a patriot falls."

"*Robert Shirtliff*," she replied. "Hannah, you could do this as well as I. Let us go together, and one can protect the secret of the other."

"No," said Hannah; "that can not be my way. I respect my father and my mother."

"And I have none to respect!" cried Deborah, sharply,

“so this *can* be my way. And having nothing else to give the country, which is the sole object of my love, I give her a strong arm and an unerring shot!”

And now — this evening — Hannah is to cut Deborah’s hair, and Deborah, in her soldier’s dress, with a musket on her shoulder, is to set out for camp, and will enlist for the war. I admire Deborah’s zeal, but I think her way of showing it is wrong. But Hannah and I will forever keep her secret, and I shall always pray God to protect poor Deborah.



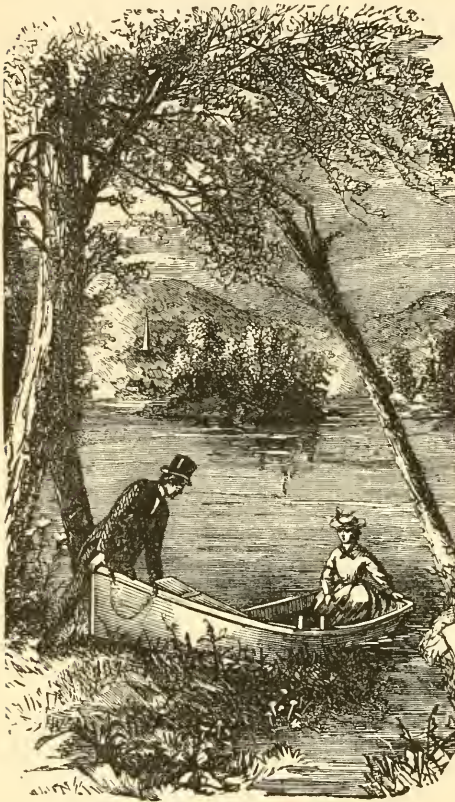
DEBORAH SAMSON AS “ROBERT SHIRTLIFFE.”

JUNE 1, 1776.

My uncle has written for me to come to him at Philadelphia. My boxes are to be sent by a sailing vessel from Plymouth, but as so many coasting vessels are captured now, it seems safer on land than by sea. And I am to go with the colored people, and some one who will be found to go with me, on horseback.

Hannah Dana has left home. She took a wagon-load of stores and set off for camp, and she will stay with Joseph so long as she can find work to do in mending, cooking, or in nursing the sick. Joseph is with General

Putnam. General Washington has gone to Philadelphia. Our army in Canada is said to be ruined; but we have had a victory at sea, and captured a ship with fifteen



BESSIE AND MR. BOWDOIN.

hundred barrels of powder. I should think that would be enough to end the war. It seems as if every body in the world could be shot with fifteen hundred pounds of powder — but Mr. Bowdoin says not.

I feel very, very sorry about Mr. Bowdoin. I wish he had never come here. I am afraid Bessie is acting a very wicked part. Nervev called my attention to it first; and though I bade her be quiet, I noticed

things afterward which I did not before. Mr. Bowdoin loves Bessie with all his heart—not the real Bessie, but the Bessie that is outside; the pretty-looking Bessie, and a *heart Bessie*, which he has fancied her to be, and which she has pretended to be. I dare not set down all

her deceits; one is enough. She pretended to him either that she gave away our pewter to be melted, or that she cheerfully assented before it was done. Not before me did Bessie say this, but Mr. Bowdoin, in his admiration of his made-up Bessie, said to me:

“How noble of your cousin to let her household ware go off to be melted into bullets! Few young women could cheerfully make such a sacrifice.”

I stood dumb. I could not bring myself to contradict, and Bessie not there; and yet I felt like a liar, standing silent. Well, one morning last week, I sat reading in the common room, and Mr. Bowdoin and Mr. Warley came in talking, and not caring for my presence.

“Well, sir,” said Mr. Warley, “I neither consent nor refuse. I am not of a mind to have my daughter marry just now, but I shall not decide for her; I can not be responsible for a girl of her age.”

Mr. Bowdoin presently went off to Plymouth, and Mr. Warley, seeing Bessie in the garden, called her, and began:

“Daughter Bessie, you are going too fast and too far. Have you given up your ideas of a British officer, that you have said you would marry a Yankee parson?”

Bessie pirouetted about on her toes, swept a curtesy, and said:

“Please your honor, I did not say *when* I would marry him; and perhaps I shall change my mind before the time comes. Besides, the one lesson which your paternal wisdom has taught me is to have two strings to my bow.”

“Oh! that’s it, is it?” said Mr. Warley, looking posi-

tively relieved. "I thought you had nearly fixed your mind on Captain Banks?"

"Captain Banks is not here," said Bessie, "and one must have some interest and excitement in the country, or one would petrify."

"Bessie Warley! how can you talk so of the worst form of deceit? If you deliberately try and break the heart of such a good man as that God will judge you!"

"Your Puritanism has not made you civil," said Mr. Warley to me, angrily. And Bessie first laughed, and then called me jealous and spiteful. I felt so grieved for the just man who must be cheated by these two, and hurt in his best feelings, that I took opportunity to suggest to him that Bessie was not in heart a patriot, but was resolved, if possible, to marry a British officer and go to England; but he said, coldly:

"Mr. Warley said that you were not friendly to your cousin because she has the farm. Now, as it is her's by right, you should not feel enmity nor jealousy; and I could not believe that you did, until now that you have shown it."

The cruel, hasty, blind, unreasoning man that he is! Now let Bessie make a fool of him if she wants to. He will not be warned, nor use any prevention—let him take the consequences!

JUNE 14, 1776.

I have been very unhappy since my last writing. I have no one to say a word to of any of my troubles. Mr. Warley hates me; Mr. Bowdoin thinks I am deceitful, evil, jealous of Bessie, and a slanderer of my cousin;

and Bessie, while she petted and spoke nicely to me, was just amusing herself and showing off before Mr. Bowdoin, whom she pleases her vanity by fooling into a belief that she will marry him "as soon as father is reconciled to the thought of losing her, and the troubles of the country are settled; she can not marry in the midst of civil war!" Very nice for Bessie, who can dance, and flirt, and play cards in the midst of civil war!

. On the 11th Mr. Warley got some letters, and he came home from Plymouth and began talking to Bessie in his loud fashion, that can be heard all over the house. Mr. Bowdoin was away for two days. Mr. Warley cries out:

"I tell you, daughter Bessie, we'd best go back to Boston. This affair with the parson is going too far. The rebels are not going to have the war their own way, and you can do better than marry a Yankee preacher. If we go to Boston we will be in at the death, and I may get the Hancock mansion, or some other. The king is sending over the best troops in Europe, and this war will be closed up and these rebels punished in a six-months. My letters assure me of it. You have taken possession of this farm, and we can rent it, perhaps. Let us to Boston. The parson can do that much for us: to look after our interests here and get us a tenant if he can. Let us be off, and perhaps we will go to New York before long."

At the word of *New York*, Bessie was wild to go; so they patched up some story, and yesterday away they

went, leaving poor Mr. Bowdoin to lament for them, hunt them up a tenant, and live in the full conviction that I am Bessie's most artful enemy. But what odds? I am to be off to-morrow. I wrote to Mr. James Warren, sending him my uncle's letter bidding me come and saying that he would find homes and work for our black people. Mr. Warren was looking for some one to take me to Philadelphia, when so it happened that Deacon Dana must go, and I am to go in his care, and to-morrow we set off. The journey will be safe enough, for roads and weather are good, all is quiet along the way, and if one keeps clear of companies of soldiers all is well. My goods are off from Plymouth by ship. I hope I shall ever see them again!

JULY 10, 1776.

We were up early on the morning of the 15th of June—indeed, before daylight. Mr Bowdoin is to stay at the farm for the present, and the old woman who keeps the house for him got us a breakfast. After breakfast I stood in the door looking at the garden, the well, the old apple-tree, as they shone out in the pink dawning, and the tears came into my eyes for the life I was leaving forever, and the cold, lonely life that was to come—so it seemed to me that morning. Mr. Bowdoin came to me and spoke very kindly. He said he knew God would take care of me and bless me. He also hoped he had not spoken too harshly to me, but it was part of his duty to reprove faults, and he had felt obliged to speak of the only ones he had ever seen in me—jealousy of my cousin because of the farm. Well of all things! All my real faults—and, as my grand-

mother said, they are many—this good man could not see; and, being enlightened by Mr. Warley, he saw the one fault I do not possess: jealousy of Bessie. I am sure I love Bessie for what is pretty, and sweet, and amusing in her, and I only dislike her faults. As to the farm, I am very glad it is hers, as she tells me it is her all.

Mr. Warren had made all arrangements for me. He had sent me a good, strong, easy-moving horse and a nice saddle. The saddle had a large bag, wherein I packed what I needed to carry for the journey. I had also a great cape and a hood strapped where I could easily get them, and a big pocket at my waist. The horse I rode was bought to be kept by my uncle; but the colored people had two big farm-horses, which will be sold for army use. Pompey being very short in the body and long-legged, and carrying his legs stuck widely out as if he had no knee-joints, looked so queerly that I could scarcely ride for laughing. Such a picture as was Pompey: his feet very big, his legs very thin, his coat lined with red and a world too short in waist and sleeves, a quantity of white shirt with flapping ruffles, and his saddle-bags so stuffed, and such a pack tied behind him, that his horse looked like a dromedary with a hoe thrust forth on each side. Moreover, Pompey thought every tree a soldier and every sound a shot; his teeth chattered, and he was like to fall from his horse from very fear. On the other horse rode that imp Peter, dressed to match his father, save that his breeches were green, and he had huge brass buckles. Peter was in as great fear as Pompey; but the boy had a more immediate cause for part of his terrors, namely, his

mother, who rode on a pillion behind him, and vowed that she would "punch 'e on 'e head ef he showed a white fudder." But Nervey herself was a sight to cheer the unhappy. Besides being short and prodigiously fat, she had not been on a horse for years, and she hugged Peter about the waist until he was breathless, and she showed several "white fudders" by screaming whenever her horse made a fast step; however, fortunately the beast was too burdened to be frisky. Nervey was dressed in her best, with a hat of her own braiding; and her gown being short, and never in place, she showed a pair of stout legs to the knee, well clad in blue hose of her own knitting. Peter carried a basket on his arm; and crouched on a bundle strapped in some fashion behind, Nervey has her favorite cat, which carry she would; and in a great pocket in her apron was a yearling cock, which she had raised from the egg, and could not part with; so this bird crowed in a constrained fashion at intervals to revive his spirits and our own. This was our procession, headed by the Deacon on a fine roan—the Deacon being clad in decent homespun, having a broad-brimmed hat and well-stuffed saddle-bags, and going steadily forward in deep meditation—while I came next, followed by Nervey and her penates, and Pompey bringing up the rear in a state of great uneasiness and confusion.

Our road lay from Plymouth to Taunton, thence to Providence, thence on to Norwich; from Norwich to Had-dam, and after that to New Haven; from New Haven as direct as possible to White Plains; then, avoiding New York, to Newark, and by way of Trenton to Philadelphia.

This was a wonderful route to me, who had never left my home within my recollection. We were on the way two Sundays, when we tarried over at taverns, and duly attended meeting. Our only rainy day was one of these Sundays. Our horses were in excellent condition, and we met with no misadventure, thanks to the kind care of God over us. We were twenty days on our journey, and each morning before setting out, and each evening before retiring, the Deacon had us all together for worship. By degrees the fears of Nervey of falling, and of Pompey and Peter of soldiers, wore off, and they proceeded with much content.

But I must set down some two or three facts about our journey.

On all our road we were constantly meeting parties of men going to the different camps, or messengers riding to and from Congress, and wagons loaded with provisions and other things needful for the soldiers. We stopped over night always at the public house where we had chanced to come by our day ride, and full often we were the only guests. Then the black folk went to the kitchen, and I stayed with the hostess and her daughters, and the Deacon sat in the tap-room with the host and a man or two of the townspeople who had dropped in, and they drank cider betimes, and discussed the affairs of the country, and also theology; and the Deacon was especially weighty on the iniquity of our whole nature, and on Adam's transgression. There was no lack of good fare, and I would the men in camp were served so well. At supper we were given cider, tea (of hyperion,) boiled and roast

meat, cakes and pie, for fourteen pence each; our breakfast would be milk, tea, corn porridge, bacon, eggs and bread, for ten pence each. It was our way to take a wallet of food and tarry by the roadside for our dinner, resting for an hour or so. I had not known that the Deacon could talk much, he being a man of few words, save when stirred up by politics or theology; nevertheless he made himself gracious and companionable to me, and told me much of his young days, and of his father's early life; also of his conversion, when he was twenty, and of his courtship and marriage. By this talk he beguiled many long hours.

About one mile before we entered Providence, we came upon a camp of recruits. The officer in command was known to the Deacon, and they delayed to exchange a few words. A knot of soldiers were pleased to make game of Nervev and her cat, boy, and cock. The officer checked them, and Nervev was offended at them, and on her dignity, and Pompey so quaked with fear that the lid of our dinner-basket rattled amain. I turned aside and hid my eyes under my hat, not liking so many to be gazing curiously at me, when suddenly I saw, leaning on a musket, a handsome young soldier, and lo! it was no other than—Deborah Samson. We recognized each other at the same time, and Deborah turned aside in great trouble, then looked at me again. I beckoned her:

“Soldier, would you bring me a drink?” She made haste and handed me a cup of water. I took it, saying softly: “Do not betray the cause of your country. I never betray any one who has trusted me.”

She took back the cup with a bow. No one had heard me, but one soldier said :

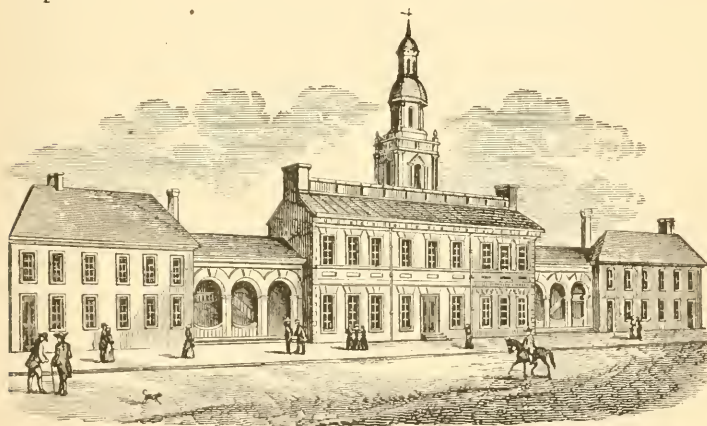
“Ha, Bob, ’tis thy good looks has helped thee.”

And here Nervey felt called on to interfere :

“Now, Missey Abbey, don’ you hab nottin’ to say to dey strange people. Your grandmother nebber like dat nohow.”

And just then the Deacon rode on, to my great relief.

As I said, we were twenty days on our journey, counting the Sabbath, when we rested. It was on the morning of the fourth day of July that we came to Philadelphia.



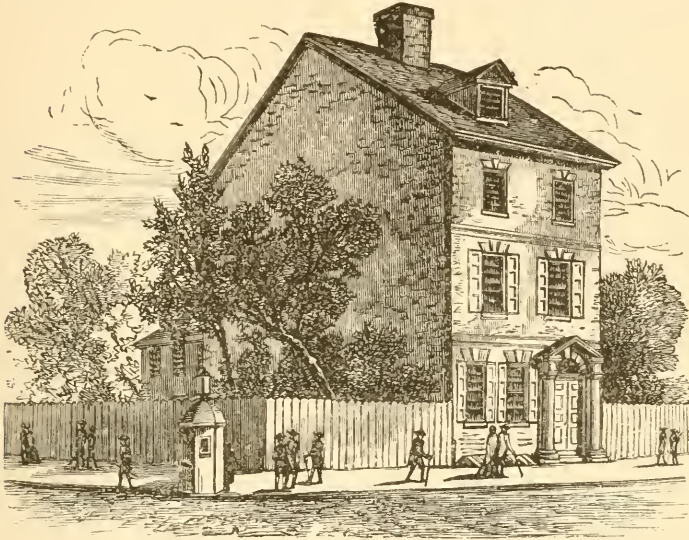
THE STATE-HOUSE IN 1776.

My Uncle John lives on Chestnut Street, about a square below the State House. As we entered the city we found men, women, and children all hurrying one way. Pompey cried out that the “Regulars were making a fight,” and was for fleeing by the way he had just come, but Nervey conjectured that it was a fire, and

wanted to hurry on to see it. We rode on, such a queer spectacle that many of the hurrying people paused to look and smile; tired horses, stuffed saddle-bags, deacon in broad-brimmed hat, young maiden, Pompey, Peter, pillion, Nervey, bag, basket, cock, and cat, for surely Nervey had brought all her possessions safely through the journey. Finally the deacon called to know whither people went, and why, and one replied, "To the State House, to hear independence proclaimed." So, it lying in our way, and in our wishes, we pressed on also, and were presently on the outskirts of the greatest crowd which ever I had seen. The State House seemed to me a very magnificent building, and my head fairly whirled at the idea that the chiefest men of the nation were now within considering of that most weighty question, whether we Colonies should be free. I would that Mr. Warren and Dame Mercy had been there with me! All eyes were toward one place; all ears waited for the one signal; the Congress was sitting with locked doors, and the people without knew that the thirteen Colonies, through their representatives, were arguing our Declaration of Independence of Britain. Suddenly the bell in the State-house steeple rang out a joyous peal, and the multitude shouted aloud. Other bells caught up the sound; guns were fired; men shook hands; women kissed each other and cried; children were bidden to remember what took place this day, and over all the sea of faces shone the light of a confident joy brighter than shines the sun on the waves of Plymouth Bay. Then one standing near my horse's head leaned forward and asked Deacon Dana

did he know what words were cast upon the bell that rung in the State-house steeple, and the Deacon said nay.

He told him: "The words are these, 'Proclaim liberty



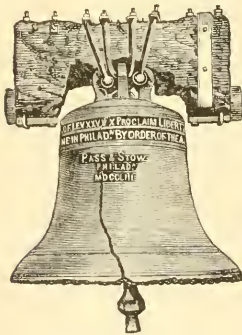
THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS WRITTEN.

throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.'” And all at once I recalled what my great-granfather had told me of the day when he, a youth of sixteen, stood in the High Street of Edinburgh and heard William proclaimed king; and with the memory of that fair May day, and that good old man, who is not here to listen to this new proclaiming of liberty, I bent my head to my horse’s neck and cried.

“Come, then,” said the old deacon, “the child is weary.” And as we could not thread the throng, we passed about another street, and so arrived at my uncle’s door.

Now, as we drew near I saw one on the stone portico, looking toward the State-house steeple. She was somewhat tall and stately, so that she might be one's model for a queen, with her head held up, and her shoulders thrown back, as would have pleased my grandmother, her face was so beautiful that it seemed nothing in color, or feature, or in shape could be more lovely; she turned as Deacon Dana lifted me from my horse, and hastening to meet me, she took me in her arms with a welcome both like that of a mother and a sister, and so I knew that this was my eldest cousin, Judith, and that here in her I had found that woman who was brave, and strong, and deep of heart, and yet who was fair and gracious like an angel, as I had often hoped that I might see.

Then with her arm around me, my cousin still lingered, looking toward that bell of freedom, and could not for a time leave the sight of the happy multitude shouting at a nation's birth. But while she looked, she sent for servants to care for the horses, the luggage, and the black people; and she told the Deacon what had been the recent doings of Congress.



INDEPENDENCE BELL.

But now as I write, Cousin Judith looks in at my door, and shakes her head, which means that I must sit up no longer to-night, and I must leave all further writing for to-morrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

JULY 14, 1776.

MY Cousin Judith is the mistress of her father's house, her mother being dead. My uncle has a son Charles, older than Judith, a daughter, Susannah, who is seventeen, and a young ward of fifteen, named Hester. A teacher comes to the house to give lessons to Susannah, Hester, and me, in French and on the harpsichord; the girls are also greatly desirous of being taught dancing, but my uncle, being of Puritan training, will not hear thereof. My uncle has a large library, indeed of several hundred volumes, and each morning when the household is in order, we go to the parlor with Judith, and while we work, one of us reads for half an hour, and then another, and so the third, and Cousin Judith questions us, and makes pleasant and instructive remarks.

We all practice two hours a day on the harpsichord, and study our French for one hour. Sometimes Judith allows us to read poetry, as Milton's *Comus*, or *Samson Agonistes*, or Mr. Pope's *Dunciad*, but she does not think much poetry to be good for young people. My uncle gave us to read a new book that he had from London through Mr. Seaforth; 'tis "*Winter Evening Conferences*," by Doctor Goodman. He puts us at this because he thinks Susannah, and Hester, and I are likely to be

led off by the gay young friends in this city to idle pursuits, and gaieties which are unbecoming. My Cousin Judith keeps Pompey and Nervey in her own family, and hath found a place for Peter not far off. I have not gone much out into the city, but it seems to me as fine as Boston *almost*, and the trees are large and lovely, and make



PHILADELPHIA AND VICINITY.

me think of the country, but I miss the sea and the salt, brisk breezes that blow over the waves.

When I first entered my uncle's house, and saw how beautiful and how wise my Cousin Judith is, and how pretty and witty, like Bessie, only

truer, the younger girls are, and how fine were the clothes and furnishings, money seeming abundantly plenty, it appeared to me that every one under this roof must be marvelously and perfectly happy. Also, when I saw my Cousin Judith standing in the portico with eyes intent on the State-house, and face of joy at hearing that bell proclaiming freedom, how could I tell at what a cost to Judith that bell was ringing, and can I now guess how great in the end that cost may grow to be? Moreover I do not think Judith realized it herself. My uncle is good, and wise, and stately, and liberal; my two young companions are bright and pleasant; while my Cousin Charles is a

young man who would quite distract my Cousin Bessie—until she saw another. But my Cousin Judith is the center of this home. I am sure she must write books. I have no doubt that these hours when she is shut in her own room she is writing those wonderful books which are published in England.

Mr. Seaforth lives but two doors from my uncle, and the friendship between the two families is close indeed, for Mr. Seaforth has but



INDEPENDENCE HALL.

two children. Henry, the son, is engaged to be married to my Cousin Judith, and Annie, the daughter, is to be the wife of my Cousin Charles. And now between these families, so united in heart and life, comes this war—for Mr. Seaforth and his family are just as strong, consistent, and conscientious Royalists as my uncle's family are Patriots.

Mr. Seaforth and his son Henry were in New York when the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed. They had been there from the 20th of June, and only came home on the 12th of this month. We have had

some strange scenes here. Since the Declaration every one sees war to be certain, and enlisting soldiers for the war is going on every-where. My Cousin Charles has until now not felt himself needed in the army. He is very important to his father in their business, and on Annie Seaforth's account of course he could not readily enter the army. But from the 4th of July he has been very much preoccupied in mind, and has hardly eaten or slept. His room is above mine, and I heard him pacing up and down for hours in the night. I felt such pity for him that I could not sleep. Judith watched him without a word, but just as his anxiety grew did hers, and one morning as she came into the breakfast-room where he sat with his head on his hands, he cried out to her in a pitiful way: "Help me, Judith! Advise me." And she answered: "I can not—you are deciding for us both," and then she ran to her room, and did not come down for a long while. On the morning of the 12th, Charles went out as usual, early, and before long Annie Seaforth came in, and went with Susannah into a little room off the parlor, where some flowers were kept. The door between this room and the parlor was open, and Hester and I were there sewing with Judith, when in rushed Charles, looking very excited, and crying, "Judith, I have done it! I have enlisted for the war, and am to raise a company. I could not withhold my arm from my country in her need—but, oh, what will Annie say?"

Annie had heard him, and she was already standing in the door between the two rooms, with her face as white as the dead. She and Charles stood looking at each other

for a moment and then she said, "Oh, Charles, will you be a rebel, and fight against my king?" Charles replied, "Annie, I must be a patriot, and fight for my country."

Annie turned away her face, she was too heart-broken to cry. Charles went close to her and said, "Will you hate me now, Annie?" Susannah put her arm around her. Annie said, "I can not hate you, Charles—but—but"—then she could say no more, and she turned as if to go away. Charles offered to go with her to her home, but she said she would rather have Susannah.

It was a dreary day. We all felt as if a great sorrow hung over us; and though Judith kept us to our lessons and work, we had no heart in them, and Charles went away and did not return until 5 o'clock.

At 6 came Mr. Seaforth and his two children, and we all gathered in the parlor. Mr. Seaforth said:

"In truth, friend Temple, this is an ill-judged motion of these Colonies. They shut the door of conciliation with the King, and in the evil ways of rebellion draw on them the whole anger of Britain. I could hardly believe the thing possible when I heard that Mr. Washington had had the Declaration read to all his soldiers—whom I do not call *rebels* out of spite or contempt, but because it expresses a fact, as I look at it, and I can see it in no other light."

"My good Harry," said my uncle, "I conceive the cause of the Colonies to be the most righteous in the world. We contend for the inalienable rights and liberties of men. Not we, but the King, are contumacious.

And by the help of wise and valiant men like *General Washington*, please God, we shall succeed."

"We have often argued this matter," said Mr. Seaforth, "and we are no nearer agreeing. We have often said, John, that nothing shall break our friendship, nor shall this civil war. I would, for very friendship's sake, go over to your side if I could; but my conscience is clearly for loyalty, and rebellion is to me a sin as black as murder; therefore I can not rebel. Like Luther, I must say: 'Here stand I, I can not do otherwise: God help me.'"

"Why, Harry," said Uncle John, "that word of Luther is *my* watchword, and by it I am put on a far different platform than you—even on the cause of the Colonies. I tell thee, Harry, you stout old German scattered seed more widely than he knew; and this that *you* call rebellion and *I* call the cause of righteousness, is a part of his harvest. That seed that he planted was carried to England, and thence being transmitted to America finds in these Colonies a most congenial soil, so that we can type it as the kingdom of heaven. It was 'the least of all seeds, but when it is sown it groweth up and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches, so that the fowls of the air may lodge in the shadow of it.' I tell thee, Harry, our children's children shall see this land a refuge for all the oppressed."

Mr. Seaforth shook his head.

"'Tis dreaming, 'tis hopeless, John. How will you succeed? Only ruin is before you. Men, money, discipline—all are wanting. You patriots are brave—brave in an ill cause.

“As to the men,” returned my uncle, “they are plenty—not less than two hundred thousand capable of bearing arms. As for money, the resources of all the people will be laid on the altar of liberty. There is Robert Morris will give his fortune; and they shall have mine to the last shilling. And more than the money, and dearer than the money, they must have—even my son. Believe me, Harry, it is not liking to cross your wishes or those of your family, but it is on the lad’s heart as duty to serve his country as a soldier.”

Annie was looking out of the window. I knew she was only doing this that her tears might be unperceived, and I, sitting near her, softly took her hand for sympathy’s sake.

“In truth, my poor John,” said Mr. Seaforth, “your money may as well go to the Colonies, if your support and mind go with them; for in the end all that you had would only be confiscated by Britain. You have said that your daughter shall marry my son, and Annie shall be wife to Charles, and I will not withdraw from it; but little did I think that first these two lads must stand in opposite armies! For truth is, John, since the King has called on all loyal men to join his standard I dare not hold back *my* son from the cause of his sovereign—aye, I must go myself, were I not too old.”

Judith grew a little paler and looked quickly at Henry Seaforth; and Henry looked to the full as unhappy as Charles. There was a silence, and then Mr. Seaforth said:

“I follow my convictions of duty, and I know that you

do the same—I respect while I regret your course. But now, friend John, I know thy proud spirit, and I come here to take time by the forelock. Let us enter into a compact. This war shall not disturb the relations of these young people. And there is another thing: promise me that if your cause fails, and your property is confiscated, thereafter we shall all be one family, and you will share my purse like a brother—nay, like *myself!*”

At these words Uncle John half shook his head.

“To the agreement about our children, Harry, I say amen with all my heart; but as to the property and the purse—”

“Why, man,” cried Mr. Seaforth, “you say the Colonies will succeed, so the promise for you is a safe one—”

My uncle’s face brightened suddenly.

“Look you, Harry, if I promise that to you will you enter into like treaty with me? If your side loses will you share *my* home and purse?”

“Aye, aye,” said Mr. Seaforth, as readily as might be; for he thinks the sun can as readily fall from heaven as the King’s party be loser.

“As for the young people,” said my uncle, “let them make treaties for themselves. But here, you and I will have this down in black and white, duly signed and witnessed, that if the Colonies win the day, and your property is confiscated, you will, without demur, use my home and my purse until you are on your feet again.”

“Aye,” said Mr. Seaforth, “that will do well if, for your part and agreement, you do fully pledge yourself to the same.”

So Hester was sent for my uncle's writing-desk, and straightway those two old friends wrote out the said agreement, and made a copy for each, and duly it was signed, we all setting our names as witnesses; and each of them feels assured that his party will be the victor, and that he has entered into a compact not for the benefit of himself, but of his friend!

My Cousin Judith and Henry Seaforth were to have been married next winter, and Charles and Annie in another year, for Mr. Seaforth thinks Annie too young to marry now; but this dreadful war has changed all their plans. Judith says she can not marry a Royalist officer (for Henry is to have a commission) while her own sympathies are so entirely with the Colonists that she could rejoice in none of her husband's triumphs, and sorrow for none of her husband's defeats. Also, she can not marry Henry now when he and her only brother are arrayed in opposite armies, and either might be made a party to the death of the other. She therefore says the marriage must be put off to the end of the war, whenever that may be (I wish it would come to-morrow); and she will meanwhile pray only for a speedy and honorable settlement of difficulties, and for Henry's preservation. In this Judith does not decide for herself alone; Annie Seaforth takes the same views—and so this civil war comes to separate these four, who have loved each other for years, have grown up together, and have expected to be all in all to each other all their lives. I asked Cousin Judith if she had ever tried to persuade Henry to take part with the Colonists, and she said no; that loyalty to the King of Britain was

a matter of conscience with him; he had been trained in it as part of his religion, and she should not respect him if he could lightly cast it aside. So here, and in Mr.



MAP OF THE JERSEYS.

Seaforth's, we are all busy preparing to send soldiers to two opposite armies. When we have been in Mr. Seaforth's for a half-hour I know that Judith wished to take part in the work they were doing, yet would she not lend one finger to fit out an enemy to her country, even though that enemy is her lover. However, she had one present for him, and that was her Bible. She took it to him the night before he went away, and he gave her his prayer-book—the one his mother gave

him when he was confirmed in Mr. Duché's church. Henry Seaforth went away first; he went to join the army under Lord Howe, encamped on Staten Island. Charles did not leave until three days later; he went into the Jerseys. It was truly a sad morning, that of his going; and, like the

friends of St. Paul, we sorrowed most of all lest we might see his face no more. There was little breakfast eaten, though Nervev had done her best to prepare every thing that Charles liked. After breakfast the family came for worship. Uncle prayed very fervently for the country, and for the success of the Colonies; then he laid his hands on Charles's head, and solemnly consecrated him to the cause of the Colonies. He prayed that he might be a good soldier of Christ, and a good soldier of American liberty; and he prayed that God would make good to those who trusted in Him, the word that a thousand should flee from one of them. After this we all bade Charles good-bye with what grace we might, for he is the best of sons and brothers, the right hand of his father, and the light of the house. Then we all went to the door with him, where he was to mount his horse, and though tears streamed down our cheeks we wiped them away and said "good-bye" again as cheerily as we could command. Just then Mr. Robert Morris came by, and he saw the affair in a minute. He took Uncle John's hand, and his lip trembled a bit as he said:

"So, friend, you are sending off your only son for the cause of the country?"

Uncle John drew himself up with that motion that makes me think of great-grandfather, and replied:

"Aye; and if he were ten sons, all should go cheerily in so good a cause."

And so Charles is off. He belongs to the regiment that is to go to Elizabethtown, under Colonel Dickinson (Farmer Dickinson). My Uncle John says that this

choice of a Colonel is very bad, for the Farmer is a scholar and not a soldier, and he is only half-hearted about fighting; he had rather carry on a war and build up a country with his pen; but uncle says pens must give way to swords in this age of the world.

Colonial affairs are in a dangerous condition. I think the stoutest hearts are trembling. New York is in a sad state; but I fancy, from Uncle Matthew's letters, that affairs go better in Virginia. I wish we were all in Virginia. That State has Patrick Henry and Washington, and goes on so very bravely as if it feared nothing.

Just here Cousin Judith sat down by me, and looked at that line, and said:

"And has not Connecticut gallant old Putnam? and Massachusetts had Warren; and Pennsylvania has Franklin; while Adams, and Otis, and Randolph, and Rutledge grow into names too numerous to mention. The Colonies, Abbey, are one—their cause is one—the honor of their sons is one!"

As Cousin Judith spoke her face grew brighter, and the smile of pride in her country drove away that look of patient pain which seems lately to have settled there.

Speaking of Putnam, it is said that he is to come here to Philadelphia to take charge—and—I have seen Franklin! I was standing, last evening, on the portico with my Cousin Judith, when a brisk, broad-hatted old gentleman, very neat and nice in his dress, and with very beautiful ruffles, came up the street and paused a moment to speak with Judith. She begged him to enter the house, but he plead that he was busy.

“At least, then,” said Judith, “permit me to present to you my young cousin, who will be happy all her life from having seen Doctor Franklin.”

I blushed crimson, and the marvelous old man smiled; and as I bowed low he patted me on the head, saying:

“It takes but little to please children.” Then he said: “Doubtless this little Puritan maiden is a patriot, and—can spin?”

“Truly, both,” said Judith. “She was brought up by her grandmother.”

“Grandmothers,” said the Doctor,

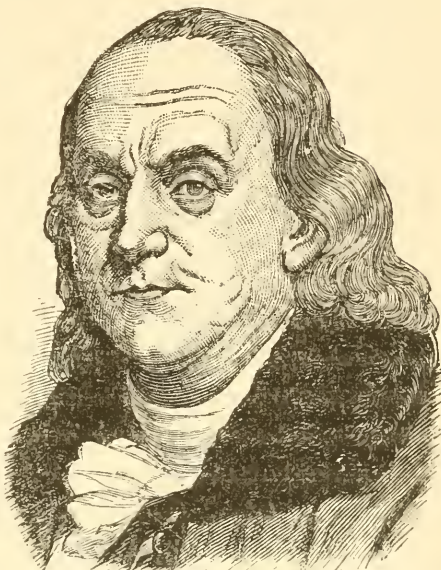
“are ancient inventions, which never can be superseded by any thing better.” Then he smiled again at me, saying: “Child, mind thy wheel, *and thy book.*”

And so he passed briskly up the street. He is seventy this very year; but I would have only guessed him somewhat past fifty. I said to Judith:

“What makes him bear his age so wondrous well?”

She replied:

“Having something worth doing, and doing it. Good



DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

activities keep people young; they are better than the fountain De Leon went after."

Cousin Judith believes much in the value of activity, and she keeps us all busy in one way or in another. She is not quite so strict in some of her notions as is Uncle John. She allows us, now and then, to learn a ballad to sing to the harpsichord; and she does not think it a waste of time for us, once in a while, to read a story. My grandfather allowed me to read the plays of Shakespeare, whereof he had a copy in his library. My grandmother thought it a fearful book for me to so much as touch; but my Cousin Judith's opinion lies between the two; she allows us to read aloud from Shakespeare such portions as she has selected.

My boxes arrived safely at Philadelphia, and my books are set up in my uncle's library.

I think, perhaps, Judith has gotten some of her ideas from Mistress Seaforth—a most gentle and elegant lady, who, as she is from England, and is an Episcopalian, is less severe in some of her ideas than my grandmother was. Mrs. Seaforth, when we are sitting at her house, often reads to us from plays or poems, and tells us tales of London life.

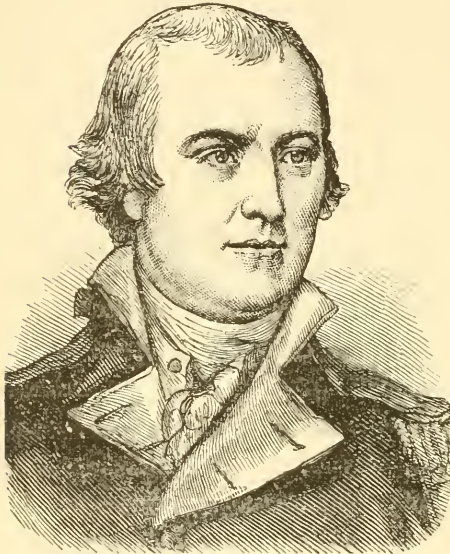
We have at my Uncle John's a long attic, which Cousin Judith had Nervev make neat, and gave to Susannah, Hester and me for our divertisement. We do as we like up there, and it is a very pleasant place. Susannah has up there a family of kittens, and a eage with three tame mice. Hester has two or three old musical instruments of various kinds; and along the walls, and in certain

boxes, are old gowns and bonnets, and cardinals, hoops and petticoats, and wigs, and fineries, which have collected during a long number of years. Here we often take our young guests, who are too lively to be in the parlor where Uncle John is. Hester has not been used to that degree of quiet and strictness that I have, and Susannah also is not like what I would imagine for Uncle John's daughter; they are something like Bessie, but not quite. I write my journal up in this attic, keeping it locked up in grandfather's desk, which has been set here for me since it came with the books. I lock it lest Hester, in her mischief, should add to my diary, or take therefrom; she is especially anxious about the dates, which I often leave out, as here I have written on from the date of July 14, more than a month past.

We girls also write poetry, which we read to each other. I try to write like Mr. Milton, thinking that the best style; but I can never match it. But the other two say they care nothing for *style*, so they can make a jingle; and they make their poetry much faster and funnier than I do. We also make tales to tell each other; and Hester made one of a Knight named Mr. Brown, who lived in Spain, and had his house and stables and all his goods made of gold. I objected to her that this did not look natural, and, moreover, that Mr. Brown was not a Spanish name; but she said it made no odds, so long as it sounded well; and, leaving out the unnaturalness of it, it sounded very well indeed, for Hester's tongue went just like the running of a summer brook.

AUGUST 20, 1776.

New York is in a sad case. The British have amassed a large army there, and it is thought that Washington's army must leave the city. General Greene is very ill, and



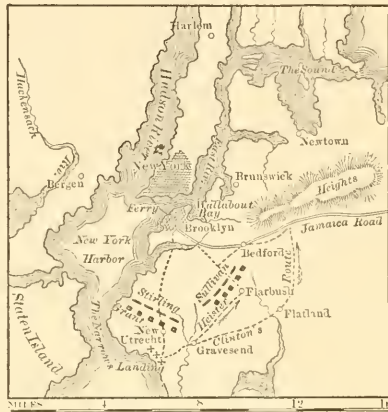
GENERAL GREENE.

we hear, through my uncle's friend, John Livingstone, that the citizens are in a panic lest the British shall burn all things up. General Putnam is going to Long Island. It is said that the army of Lord Howe is the finest in the world. Captain Henry Seaforth writes to his mother that they are most

valiant and well equipped, but that many of the best, and Lord Howe himself, feel that there is little glory or good to be gained in being sent against a part of their own people, as are the Americans, and he would that the war ended at once. He says some men break their parole, and others ill-treat prisoners and plot to murder Washington, recognizing the Americans only as a mob of rebels. For his part, he looks on them as most noble foes, and he longs only that his king shall see fit to make honorable treaty with them. Both armies are now looking for a battle.

SEPTEMBER 10, 1776.

There has indeed been a terrible battle on Long Island. The Patriots were defeated, with loss in killed and prisoners of one thousand. So horrible are the reports that have come of cruelty, and murder of the prisoners that I said I could never forgive the British; but Judith said why charge the crimes of the frantic few on a nation who, as a whole, will loathe them; we may hear some as evil deeds from our own men sometime—which may God forbid.



BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

General Washington has retreated from Long Island. Well, we have lost a thousand men and an island, but we have not lost our cause.

My uncle met Mr. Robert Morris yesterday, and he says that affairs look very black. Indeed, I am loath to chronicle any more disasters, and I shall not put a date in my journal, nor tell of ill luck any more, until I can offset it with good news. I think that it is in the effort to throw off our feeling of public troubles that we girls—being, as Cousin Judith says, of an age when sorrow seems most irksome—were ready to enter into any expedient to make ourselves merry, and many a time do we ask our young companions into our attic to engage in some sport. I know not what other feeling it was that set us to the idea

of playing a theater; and truly, now that it is over, I quite wonder that I did not do more credit to my up-bringing than to take part in it, but so I did. I think it was Hester that first proposed it, and that on an evening when we had been visiting Mistress Seaforth, and she had told us of her going to the Drury Lane Theater, in London, and of the actors and plays and dressing—for these are things that Mistress Seaforth likes sometimes, although there Judith is far from agreeing with her. Well, as I said, that night Hester came stealing in a white gown to the room where Susannah and I were in bed, and she argued for a theater in the attic, and would have Mr. Seaforth's niece and a neighbor's son of fourteen to help us; and thereupon, to show how well she could act herself, she raged about the room doing what she called *tragedy*, in the moonlight, with her hair flying over her shoulders, and pretending to slay herself and the bed-posts (which she made out to be her enemies) with a curling-iron. So Susannah fell in with the plan, and I, having held out stoutly for a time, agreed to yield, as is my silly custom—only I would not play a true theater play, but to quiet my conscience, would have them play Mr. Milton's *Comus*, and to that, as they could make no other accommodation, they too agreed; and the next day we laid the plot before our neighbors. In short, we were all enchanted with our new sport, and we spent all the time we could command in the attic acting *Comus*; and, finally, to make it look the finer, we laid a stage and spread it with a damask hanging from the best bed, and brought up some of the pot flowers to make a forest, and laid a range of towels to make

out a riyer; and having lit nine dip-candles and set them in sticks, and eke in bottles, with two in huge silver candlesticks from below, we undertook to have a grand representation by candle-light, and I was as full of the idea as any of them.

Now Nervey being low in spirit for her farmyard, her loom and old Maple, I begged that she might come up, to cheer her mind; and then did Pompey and the young maid come also; and we had, besides, three small guests. But as ill luck was, Nervey was so delighted with the performance that she must needs laugh, loud and long, ha! how! haw! and this sound from the attic fell on the ears of Uncle John, who had come up to his chamber to seek for an old copy of the *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser*. Uncle John, therefore, climbed on to the attic, and thrust his head in at the door, while we, quite unaware of a new spectator, were doing our several parts with much gusto.

“What! what!” cried Uncle John, “can this be? A theater under *my* roof, and my children decked out in this fashion!”

And so we all stopped, quite abashed, and would have fled, but there was only the door where Uncle John stood. But what does Uncle John do but with his severest face seize Hester by one hand, and me by the other, and bidding Susannah go before, he led us, in all our trappings, down to the parlor, where sat Mr. and Mistress Seaforth, Miss Annie and Cousin Judith.

“What are these times coming to!” he cried. “I find these girls all performing a *theater* in the attic! And in-

deed I fear to ask what ungodly play they may have been poisoning their minds with!"

Said I: "Uncle, it was *Comus*, by Mr. Milton; and Susannah is the lady lost—and I am Sabina."

"Oh, *Comus*," said my uncle; "COMUS!" And Mr. Seaforth, whose kind eyes had begun to twinkle at first sight of us culprits, did smile broadly, while Mistress Seaforth, seeing me, who, for my long light locks, had been chosen for—

"Sabina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
In twisted bands of lilies knitting
The loose folds of thine amber-dropping hair"—

a Sabina attired in a faded silk gown, a hoop, and one of Mistress Seaforth's ancient satin petticoats decked with gold lace, was nearly stifled with laughter. My uncle pushed Susannah and me forward, as chief offenders.

"To think," he said, "that such well-taught damsels, and children of the Puritans, should enter into such folly!"

"I am very sorry," quoth I. "I should have done better if I had minded what my grandmother taught me," and I hung my head.

"Truly, *you* could not have known of it, Judith?" said Uncle John.

"No—not exactly *known* of it," said Judith; "but I guessed something like it. And they are all good girls, father; and in these doleful days I was ready to give them any sunshine that they could contrive to find."

"Well, Judith," said uncle, smiling, "you are but a

young mother for such tall maidens. It seems to me that playing theater may set them past *Comus* to plays that are vile and profane; also, it may give them a taste for theaters. Therefore, Judith," Uncle John added, with that courtly deference he always pays to her who is queen of his household, "you will order them to play *theater* no more"—for uncle never gives any order to any in the house, but leaves this all to Judith. Therefore Judith said, but very gently, as having a share of sympathy for us:

"My dear girls will hereafter find some amusement more in accordance with our father's views."

And thus we escaped, while Mr. and Mistress Seaforth, were scarcely restraining themselves from shrieking with laughter.

Returning to our attic we found that the servants had restored our borrowed goods, and carried off all the candles but one, in the light of which our three guests, in some alarm, awaited our coming. We began to take off our various costumes, and Susannah was sullen, and Hester quite angry at my uncle; but I, taking a word from my grandmother's wisdom (as usual remembered too late), said "it was doubtless well to check evil in its beginnings." At this sageness they all laughed. And here Nervev came up with a dish of cakes to console us, and, those being eaten, our company went home, for it was very late—quite eight o'clock.

The next day Judith requested that we would not so much seek to distract our minds from the fears and troubles that are raging about us, but that we would, by study of events, prepare our minds for any thing which

should happen; that we would heartily pray for those exposed to the pains and privations of the camp and battle; and that we should not only wish but work for the success of our country. She then said that this, our good city of Philadelphia, may be seized by the enemy, and while it may be in their hands we can not give aid and comfort to our army; therefore it behooved us to do all that we can now; and the Patriot ladies, for this purpose, are meeting thrice a week at the house of Mistress Bache, the daughter of Doctor Franklin, and hereafter we were to go there with Judith by turns, and bring home what work could be done by us.

I was the first to go with Judith. Mistress Sarah Bache is a comely lady, lively and busy, hardly yet of middle age. She is full of zeal for the country, but just now also harassed by fears for her father, who is on his way to France where he will probably arrive by the middle of December. Our hopes of human help lie in France. At Mistress Bache's we were all making army shirts, also lint and bandages for the surgeons, and socks. Material will doubtless give out, for here, though many of the ladies (like Mistress Bache and my Cousin Judith) can spin, they can not weave, and it is difficult to get the loom-work done, and thus the thread lies idle after it is spun. We were more independent at my grandmother's; and if Cousin Judith could get a loom set up, Nervev, and Pompey, and I could weave, I am sure.

Judith did not desire us to be without relaxation, and we yet amused ourselves in the attic, until she said that as sharp weather was coming on we must leave that resort

until spring, lest being there we should take cold. And now some mischief possessed us surely, for, of all diversions, we concluded to close our occupation of the attic by a *ball!* What would my grandmother have thought of that! We had five or six of our friends invited, and they were all to dress in the various garments which are stored in our attic. Nervev made us some cakes, and we also had cheese and apples—all being set out on a table before the window. Hester must have a chandelier, and therefore she tied candles to a hoop and hung it by a wire from the roof; the roof being low the chandelier was in our way exceedingly.

Of course, at a ball must be dancing; but thereof I knew nothing but to recall the minuet Bessie instructed me to walk several years ago. Hester understands a Virginia reel, and Susannah can, with a little prompting from Mr. Seaforth's neice, dance a figure or two. By half-past five it was dark in the attic, and we began our ball. For music we brought up Pompey, who can play on the viol, and hath one (ancient and nearly worn out) which was formerly a source of contention between him and my grandmother, as she would never permit him to play on it in hearing from the house, and poor Pompey was obliged to solace himself with his instrument in rear of the barn or stable. We had Pompey up for our orchestra, yet bid him play *low*—as, indeed, he could scarce do otherwise, having but two strings left, and these weak. Thus, to Pompey's music, we were dancing in high glee, when an accident befell Hester. She had on a green gauze train; also on her head a hat that had been worn by her aunt,

thirty years ago, and on the hat she had set three long plumes, which my uncle had in his youth worn on training days. Thus decorated, Hester dancing her reel to the same music whereto I walked my minuet, and the others went through their contra dance, Hester in her zeal leaped under our chandelier, and her plumes, waving on high, caught fire in the candles, and her start brought one candle down on her gauze; therefore was poor Hester for a second blazing top and train; but I, being next her, dragged off the gauze and flung it aside, where it burnt up in a minute, while I stamped out the candle, and at the same time Pompey leaped forth and beat the blazing plumes between his viol and his hand, so that no sooner had Hester begun to shriek for fear than the fire was extinguished; yet would she not believe it, but flung out of the attic, and rushed down stairs screaming "Fire! fire! fire!" with her hat with burnt plumes on her head, tatters of gauze at her waist, and an awful smell of scorched feathers accompanying her—thus into the very presence of *Uncle John*, who was reading his weekly paper. As for the rest of us, we fled amain, to take off our trappings, and so our ball came to an untimely end. Judith was not a little amused at our misadventure, but *Uncle John* is in great perplexity concerning our ways.

But thus, amid outer cares, and wars, and dangers, and home work, and study, and frolic, has winter come on. Philadelphia is now in daily danger of being seized by the enemy, and Congress may remove to Baltimore. As we hear from Charles, General Washington is more burdened and abused, and more heroic and self-forgetting

than was ever any man, unless William the Silent, but the public are in love with General Lee. Charles came home for a few days, and from what he tells us of General Lee, my uncle (a great discerner of character) says that he is a vain, fickle, selfish man, who would be better out of our army than in it, but none else think so. Mr. Reed and Farmer Dickinson are discouraged, and all, from losses and dissensions, look distressful. After Charles went away we had a visit from Richard Reid, who has accompanied General Washington in his retreat through the Jerseys. Then General Putnam came here to take charge, and he orders no one to go out after ten o'clock at night. He has promised never to burn the city, but if the British capture it, to let it remain, in hopes of being recaptured.

And so cold weather has come. The army melts away daily; stores are wanting; arms, and powder, and clothes are needed; and the paper money is losing value every hour.

JANUARY 1, 1777.

Now at last may I set a date in my diary, and recount strange events and good news. But to begin a while back. I had, a month ago, a letter from Bessie, from New York. Having gone in the summer to Boston, and being disappointed in his expectation of the instant reduction of the Colonies, Mr. Warley fearing to trust Bessie back at the farm, set to worrying General Howe for a position, and by dint of begging, and borrowing, and promising, he got a place as purveyor, or contractor, or something other of that sort (Bessie is not very clear what), and so he and Bessie are at New York; and Bessie writes me

that she has no end of new gowns, and compliments, and followers, and that money is plenty. Not one word of Mr. Bowdoin! She bid me write to her at once, and though Bessie is not a cousin by blood, Judith thinks I had better answer her, and keep up the cousinship, lest some day the poor girl, without mother or guide, may come to need a friend. I have told Judith all about Bessie.

Mr. Warley's position does not cause me to think more highly of him. Mr. Seaforth had a letter by hand from Henry, and he says that by reason of the negligence of General Howe the contractors are, without exception, a set of villains and plunderers, and the army and hospitals suffer greatly thereby.

On the 11th of December we had a day of fasting and prayer for the cause of the Colonies. Mr. Duché's church kept it, many of them being Patriots; but while Mr. Seaforth would not go to the church, lest outwardly he might identify himself with what he esteemed a sinful disloyalty, yet at home he kept the day strictly, praying that peace on a sound basis, honorable to the crown and grateful to the Colonies, might be granted.

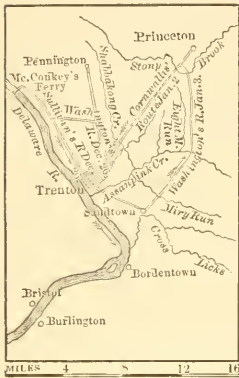
On the 15th of December we had a letter that came from New Jersey, telling of the capture of General Lee at White's Tavern, at Baskinridge, where he acted what my uncle says was an insubordinate, rash, and dastardly part, and my uncle thinks the country well rid of him; but, poor man, he is likely to fare hard from the British, being charged with desertion rather than rebellion. And then for a few days all our hearts were on New Jersey,

lest our commander-in-chief should be captured or routed, for great was his need and danger. If he failed in these days our cause had been lost indeed; but now these few days later I can write of a great deliverance. Yet must I stop to set down a prank of Hester's, which made a part of my history, and this it was:

Hester, about the 9th of December, arranged with Susannah to dress as beggars and go at nightfall about among our nearest neighbors begging, with a pitiful tale, in order that they might see how far friends could be deceived, and also that thereafter they could cast up to them the answers which they might make to petitions. The girls had hinted the plot to me, and I dissuaded them, so I thought the matter had been dropped. But, unknown to all, off they went, and that on an evil night; and thinking it part of their play to have ragged feet and uncovered throats, they got sadly wet, and came home out of conceit of their play, but said nothing until the next day, when they were both ill; and Nervev confessed to me what the two had done, and I told Judith. Hester was ill indeed, and kept to her room, her throat being sore and her fever sharp; but our poor Susannah had like to die; indeed, for days Judith did not leave the unhappy child's room, and all our hearts were desolated at the fear of losing our lively, loving girl.

While my uncle was thus heart-broken over his youngest daughter the battle at Trenton was fought. Our bravest of men crossed the Delaware in ice, and sleet, and darkness, and with but twenty-four hundred men. In such cold and storm this forlorn hope of the Colonies marched

fifteen miles, and at dawn fell upon the Hessians at Trenton. How my heart beat high for joy that it was our own good men of Marblehead who led that advance and



BATTLE OF TRENTON.

manned the boats across the ice-full Delaware! And what a victory was this! The Americans lost not one man killed, and only a few wounded, and their prisoners were nearly a thousand; also they took arms, standards, and field-pieces. And so in one hour—for this battle last only thirty-five minutes—did the Lord send, as if by an angel, our deliverance.

My Cousin Charles was in this battle, and on the second day after, we had word that he was wounded and lying at the house of a Quaker named Stacey Potts, which house has been the head-quarters of Colonel Rahl. The messenger said that my cousin's wound was in the leg and might not be serious, but the march and exposure had brought a fever on his chest. My uncle, hardly knowing whether Susannah would die or live, prepared to go to his wounded son, yet wanted one to go with him to aid in the care and nursing, and also to prepare such food as might be proper for an invalid. While these thoughts were passing through his mind—for the messenger came while my uncle and I were taking a solitary breakfast—Cousin Judith had been called for and came to hear the news. She urged her father to set forth at once. My uncle turned to me and said,

“Abbey, you are not afraid to go within sound of guns?”

I replied quickly:

“No, uncle. Why should I be? My grandmother bid me fear nothing but doing wrong. But I have acted such a silly of late that I did not know that you would trust me.”

“Girls will be girls,” said my uncle, kindly, “but I have ever found that, with the exception of Hester, they can, when there is a need-be, be women too.”

My uncle meant nothing unkind to Hester, who, with her pranks, is the life of our house.

We were ready to set off within an hour. I rode the same horse on which I came from Plymouth; the messenger was provided with a fresh beast, and we all had our saddle-bags stuffed with things needful for our invalid. The day was very cold, but I wore Judith’s fur cloak, which came from England, and also a fur-bound hood and a pair of fur-lined Indian moccasins; and so, with double mittens of my grandmother’s knitting, I was warm enough, and the ground being frozen we rattled on at a fine rate. We stopped once or twice to warm and get something to eat and drink, also in mercy to our horses, but made such good time that we were at Stacey Pott’s before night—the night of the 28th.

CHAPTER IX.

JANUARY 10, 1777.

MY duties as a nurse do not leave me very much time for my diary; and just now I find more matter than usual to set down therein.

When we reached Trenton we found Cousin Charles somewhat feverish and suffering much from the wound in his leg; but his state was by no means dangerous, and he said that the pleasure of seeing us almost paid him for being wounded. We did not tell him of Susannah's illness, but excused Judith, as the housekeeper could ill be spared from home.

We found that General Washington had drawn off his troops and re-crossed the Delaware on the night of the battle. Colonel Rahl had died on that same evening, and had been buried the next day. In all the exhaustion of his night march and victory, General Washington had yet found time to call upon his dying enemy and offer him what consolation a Christian soldier might bring. Rahl was surely a brave man, but surely not a good man. It was a drunken carouse that made him lose Trenton and his life. So out of his sin and penalty has come our good. Having left Rahl, the General looked in on Charles, and himself gave orders to have his father sent for. Was there ever such a man, who forgets nothing!

I felt most grieved that I had missed seeing him, whom Mr. Robert Morris calls "the greatest man in the world;" but I had little time for vexation, as I had my cousin to wait upon, and a letter to write home, to tell them how we fared.

Mis-
tress Potts was
very good to me.

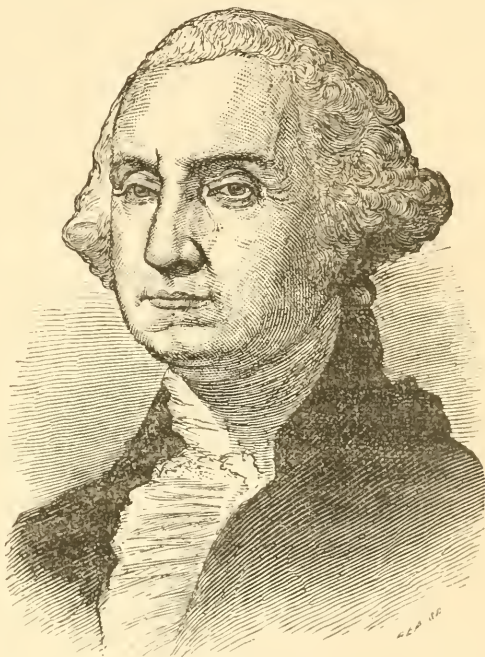
I like Quakers
very much: their
words and their
ways are so rest-
ful. There were

two or three men
in and about the
house more or
less wounded;

and a daughter
of Mr. Potts was
grazed by a ball
passing close
over her head,
and from the jar

on her brain, and the fright, keeps her bed, though her hurt is not serious.

On the 30th of December, at evening, General Washington returned to Trenton with part of his troops, and the rest came next day. I heard a rumor of his coming, and wrapping a cloak over my head, I ran toward the end of the street where he would pass. I did not tarry to ask my uncle—he might have said *no*, and I must see General



GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Washington. The crowd was great, but I got on a doorstep, and I saw him passing by: calm, grand and grave. Surely God never made such a man as that for a less work than create a nation. He is the man who puts his whole soul into what he does. I have heard that he, and General Stark, and others, have pledged their whole fortune to the expenses of the army, because the public credit and public money are exhausted. I asked my uncle if I had any money that was worth giving to let me give it all to the cause of the Colonies; but he said that would not be doing his duty as a guardian.

Soon after General Washington reached Trenton, report was that Lord Cornwallis was coming up. The American army, about five thousand strong, lay near Trenton on New Year's Day. My Cousin Charles, on that morning, being more able to talk, told us that being wounded in the leg he fell, and a Hessian rushed forward to kill him with a bayonet, and would so have slain him as he lay, but one of the bravest of a company of Connecticut men sprang forward, and, having no charge in his musket, seized it by the barrel and fairly beat off the Hessian with the stock, and after helped to carry him from the field. Uncle and I expressed strong desire to see the preserver of Charles. About two hours after, when I came up from the kitchen, where I had been making a lotion, uncle said that Charles had sent a servant to bring in his brave deliverer, if he could be found, as the Connecticut company were then in the town; and shortly after we heard steps in the entry. I was bending over Charles as the door opened, and he said:

“Here is my noble Robert Shirtliffe!”

I whirled about, and there, shaking hands with my uncle, stood a soldier—Deborah Samson! She dropped my uncle’s hand, and stood, hardly knowing what to do; and I felt myself looking amazed and foolish, while my uncle said:

“Abbey, speak to the deliverer of our poor Charles.”

It was no time to look silly and tell-tale when a friend’s secret was in danger, so I stepped forth and shook the *deliverer’s* hand, saying:

“Uncle, I have met this soldier before. Robert Shirtliffe went from near my grandfather’s.”

My cool manner reassured Deborah, who, recovering, asked how Charles did, and told the army news. My uncle desired to make some return for kindness done, and so said—blundering for him—that the country did little for soldiers—pay was always in arrears, many comforts were wanted, and so on—drawing toward an offer of a reward; but the soldier said:

“No, no!”—and lower, in my ear, “*for pity’s sake no!*”

And again I ventured to the rescue, saying:

“Uncle, our Massachusetts people do good for good’s sake. Let us leave Cousin Charles hereafter to do as much for—Robert Shirtliffe, and Robert to repeat the favor for Charles, if need be. It is pleasant enough to this soldier to have saved a relative of my grandfather, who was well beloved by all who knew him.”

So, with another hand shaking, off went Robert; and, looking after that strong, straight figure in faded, mended soldier’s dress, I could hardly believe that my fancy had

not been playing me tricks, and that this could be the Deborah Samson whom I had taught to spell, sitting long ago under the shadow of Daddy Hooper's stone wall. However, we had brought Charles shirts and socks and flannel in plenty, so I made up a portion of his supply into a bundle, tied in two large kerchiefs, and sent them by my cousin's servant after *Robert Shirliffè*, as a present for a good soldier.

'Tis a comfort to know that our poor weary, bare-footed, ragged men have just been well re clothed by supplies from Philadelphia; and glad am I to think that I helped prepare some of these things. And it does now seem to me that I can hereafter waste no more time, but, as I have seen how our Patriots suffer and need, I must spend all my hours and strength working for them.

On the night of the 2d of January General Washington withdrew toward Princeton, but very secretly, leaving the camp-fires burning. It was a cold night. As I had been closely by Charles for several days, I persuaded my uncle to walk out with me after dark. We saw the camp-fires of the British on all the low-lying hills, where they were stationed for the night. The sky was cloudy, and only now and then a star shone through the rifts. We saw the figures of the sentries pacing near the distant fires; and now the piles blazed up, and now died away, and shone again as the guard replenished them with more fuel. All along the banks of the Assanpink beamed the watch-fires of the Americans—a wall of light, reflected in the stream below. There, too, now and again, passed the dark figure of a guard; and we knew not that

from behind those ramparts of flame our soldiers were even then stealing toward Princeton, to strike another blow for liberty. And as I stood there watching the blaze that rose in a wall along the Assanpink, I thought of the Children of Israel, forty years in the wilderness, led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and I asked in my heart that God would lead our Patriots through their cloudy days, being with them in what seem dark dispensations, and be their flaming pillar by night, until out of these their troublous wanderings, He brings them into a land good and all their own.

It seems that Lord Cornwallis knew not what his foe was doing until, next day, a dull, heavy sound echoing among the hills told that war had woke up at Princeton, and to this far-off bellowing of cannon he marched in haste, to save his magazines at New Brunswick. The Americans had the day at Princeton, but—lost Mercer, another of our best men.

On the 5th we had a letter from Philadelphia, and that by Pompey. Of all things I can not guess how Judith got him out of the shelter of home in these troubled times. True, the road is safe, but Pompey is such a coward; indeed, he had grown several shades lighter from very fear. I had him at once to the kitchen, and Mistress Potts ordered him a meal. I said to him:

“Well, Pompey, however did you, who are *so afraid*, make up your mind to come here by yourself.”

Pompey replied:

“Tell ’e what, Miss Abbey, Pomp mighty ’fraid ob soldiers, but ’e more mighty ’fraider ob Missey Judith,

when she hab her min' made up. Den when she say *go*, Pomp 'bliged to go. But dere, now, Missey Judith ought to knowen better; she know me too ole to raise nodder set ob teef, and yet she sen' me 'long wid dese all knockin' togedder wid fear till like to knock 'em out."

Still I think all his teeth were there, for he ate most heartily.

Judith's letter was all good news: Hester quite recovered, and Susannah much better. She sent by Pompey what he could carry, and bid us give it to other invalids if Charles did not need it. Part of Judith's letter I copy here:

"Early New Year's morning, just after daylight, there was a violent knocking at our door, and I, trembling lest bad news had come, ran myself to answer; but there stood Mr. Robert Morris. He asked for you, and I told him you were absent, waiting on our wounded Charles. He said:

"Well, Miss Temple, I want money, hard money—what can be spared, if 'tis only a crown. I must send money to that hero and greatest of men, Washington, who is carrying all this country on his own shoulders."

"I said I liked not to break open your escritoire in your absence, but I had fifty Spanish dollars for the housekeeping by me, and he must have that. He would not enter, so I ran for my money, and coming back I saw Mr. Morris dart from our door-stone to meet a portly Quaker, out thus early in the day. I heard him say:

"Money—hard money—all that you can spare, friend,

to send to my Washington, who carries a load too great for mortal man.'

"'Robert,' said the cautious Quaker, 'what security can thee give me?'

"'My note, and my honor!' cried Mr. Morris.

"'Well, thee shall have it,' said the Quaker. 'Thy honor is good; so is thy note—*very*.'

"Just as Mr. Morris returned to me, and I was mourning at the smallness of my donation, I remembered that I had among my treasures an hundred Spanish dollars, which my blessed mother had given me on my birthday, and which, since she has gone, has seemed too precious to spend; but I bethought me her gift was not too sacred for the cause to which we had devoted her only son; so I begged Mr. Morris to tarry once more, and I ran for my keepsake, which I gave, not without some tears on the way."

I dare say that, of the fifty thousand dollars which Robert Morris sent General Washington, many were given, as were Judith's—willingly, and with tears.

All the people are devoted to Washington, and call him the American Fabius. It is strange that such a man can have enemies and opposers, but so it is. My uncle said to me, the other day, when I lamented this:

"He will have only eulogizers among posterity. All nations will unite to honor such men as Washington and Franklin. Their names and their virtues will be an inheritance for the world."

The General has now gone into winter-quarters at Morristown. The conduct of the British army in the

Jerseys has not helped their cause. The pillage, burning of houses and slaughter of cattle, depredations committed even on Loyalists, have embittered the people. The foreign mercenaries are used to great cruelties and extortions in warfare, do not speak the language of the people among whom they have come, and have no ties of sympathy and kindness with us. It has been found impossible to restrain them, and they have robbed friend and foe alike. The Howe brothers are said to be friendly to the Colonists as a people, and also are of a bounteous disposition, but, being naturally indolent, they do not restrain their soldiery; and thus this fair domain, that, my uncle says, was of late rich, peaceful and beautiful, is a scene of piteous desolation. I think nothing has more angered the Patriots than the employment of Indians against them; and the several addresses which General Burgoyne has made to these savages have tended to influence all minds against his cause. And I dare say that this course has not met the approval of the better people in England.

FEBRUARY 1, 1777.

We are now home again in Philadelphia. Charles recovered rapidly, and was able to be brought here, to remain until he is fit for active service, which we hope will be soon. When we reached my uncle's house, even while the family were embracing Charles, I ran over to Mr. Seaforth's, thinking Annie would be glad to hear at once how Charles had borne the journey; but even while I was speaking to them, in came my uncle. He kissed Annie, and said:

"Come, my girl, your presence will be the best medi-

eine Charles can have. These days are too evil for ceremonies, and you young people must take what comfort you can, for surely you have fallen upon evil times. I have come to fetch you to stay with us while Charles is home, it may only be for a fortnight."

Annie looked wistful but did not answer, glancing at her mother and father.

"Go, my child," said Mr. Seaforth; "I know you have carried a sad burden this last month."

"Yes, go," said Mistress Seaforth embracing her; yet added, "and what will I do? Without a companion here I shall break my heart thinking of Henry's dangers and poor Annie's trials."

"I must even lend you a daughter," added my uncle. "If I take Annie I must leave you a pledge in her place. Susannah is but an invalid yet, and Hester a true kill-peace. You can but take Abbey. I can recommend her as witty and wise."

And this is how I came over to bide with Mistress Seaforth, and have been here a week. At the first it seemed odd to me being here. I had never heard prayers read before; yet Mr. Seaforth leads his worship with fervor; and when he begins to pray for Henry he goes beyond his book, pouring out his heart. It also did but jar on my ears hearing the King prayed for, and I could not join in petitions for the success of his arms. But good Mr. Seaforth adds, of his own mind, such hearty desires for a sparing of the Patriots, and that they may be brought willingly and heartily to their allegiance, that his prayers

can not be painful to me, though I do not hope the Lord will answer them as Mr. Seaforth intends.

I thought it not gracious to Mistress Seaforth to bring to her house my sewing for our soldiers, therefore I took sewing for my cousins, that they, relieved of using their needles for themselves, could do more for the army. Besides this sewing, I embroidered a deal for Mistress Seaforth, who congratulates herself that she hath in store from Germany vast quantities of materials for this sort of work. Mr. Seaforth also had lately sent by a friend from London, through an officer joining Lord Howe in New York, a parcel of books, and of these I have been reading to Mistress Seaforth. They are the works of Doctor Goldsmith, and are a tale called the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" and two poems, namely, "*The Traveler*" and the "*Deserted Village*;" and as I read these to Mistress Seaforth, over them we both laughed and wept. I told Mistress S. that it seemed surely as if Doctor Goldsmith had known my grandfather, before he could so well describe him as the good pastor in the "*Village*." How happy a land must England be, where such books are made and printed, and where the very streets and towns are as pages out of histories, written with the wonder-stories of the past, and where there are such beautiful castles and towers, like pieces out of fairy tales! Mr. Seaforth had also with these another book called "*Animated Nature*," which I am to take home to read with my cousins, as it will be vastly improving to us. It is only about four years since it was printed; I never saw so new a book before!

While I have been here with Mistress Seaforth I had

another letter from Bessie. She tells me she is having very gay times. The markets are supplied in abundance; her father gives dinners, and card parties, and dances, and is even thinking of a ball; also, she has not seen "the unmannerly face of a creditor" of late. There are theaters, to which she goes often, regarding it "almost as a pious act to do so, as the officers hold the plays for the benefit of soldiers' widows and orphans." There is much playing at faro. Bessie has been "introduced to General Howe, and he paid her a compliment." Also, Captain Banks, whom Bessie knew in Boston, is coming down from Carleton's army to be in New York, and Bessie is glad, for she "likes him prodigiously." She concluded by saying that she meant to write to Mr. Bowdoin, from whom she had "had a most devoted letter, only a bit too full of pious counsels. Still, Mr. Bowdoin was a very pretty man, and she must not forget the only lesson her father had ever thought it worth while to teach her: that it was well to have two strings to one's bow." Poor Bessie, poor Bessie! I let Mrs. Seaforth read the letter, and she said it made her heart ache to think of the pretty, silly damsel, up there among such evil companions with no one but a bad father to guard her. And next morning the dear lady said she could not sleep for thinking of that young girl, motherless and friendless. "What if it had been my Annie?" said she.

Well, queerly enough, I had a letter next day from Mr. Bowdoin. He says the farm is let to a good man, and he himself thinks of going into the army. He says the young men are needed for soldiers; let the men too old

for war serve the churches, in their wisdom. But at the last the true meaning of his letter crept out—he wanted news of Bessie. He supposed it was hard for her to get a letter out of New York to Massachusetts. He thought the city a dangerous place for her. If she would consent to leave New York and be married he would then see it his duty to remain at Plymouth to care for her. I read this letter also to Mistress Seaforth. She said:

“Why does the girl despise a love so honest? Write her to leave New York and marry this man.”

“Mistress Seaforth,” I said, mischievously, “he is *a rebel!*”

“There are worse than rebels in this world,” she replied.

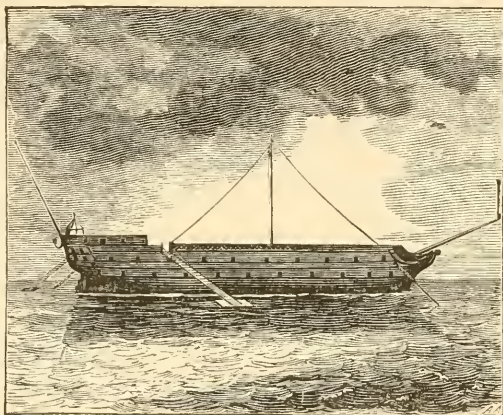
And I did write to Bessie as she bade me, putting in all the wise counsel that came from good Mistress Seaforth.

APRIL, 1777.

Some long while ago Cousin Charles returned to his regiment, and has since been in several skirmishes and has escaped unharmed. We are almost daily expecting this city to be seized by the enemy. Of course Mistress Seaforth will not regard that as a misfortune, as it may bring her son near her. We are all very active in making up what supplies we can for soldiers, as, in event of Lord Howe coming here, we can do no more good works of the kind.

In March, General Washington exchanged some prisoners with the British. There was a deal of trouble, because the captives taken by our side had been well fed and kept in open air, and the prisoners made by the

British had been kept starving in horrible old hulks and crowded prisons, deprived of air, exercise, and clean clothing, until they were as skeletons, and too sickly to go into service; also, many of them are burned up with fever, or sinking under consumptions. Well, after long delays, by various divisions, some of these unhappy heroes—far more to be pitied than those who fell in battle—were got out and sent, some of them (as were able) to camp, some to their homes, and some, who were too far from home, were carried here and there to towns, or farms, to recover as they might, for money, and medicines, and hospitals are wanting, and private charity is the resource for these, who have laid down their lives for our sakes. So it was that on the second day of this month, being sent by Judith on an errand to Mistress Bache's, as I was returning I saw a man like a skeleton sitting on the curbstone of the sidewalk, truly too feeble to proceed on his way. His long hair was unkempt, his clothes ragged and foul, his eyes sunken in his head. How I recognized him I know not, unless, as grandfather often said, mine eyes are sharper than others; but lo! it was no other than our



PRISON HULK, JERSEY.

15

old neighbor, Isaiah Hooper. The recognition came upon me as a flash, and with it a picture of the morning when, on old Maple, I rode to Mistress Brown's for tea, and passed this Isaiah Hooper, cheery and stalwart, striding through the fields with his sowing-bag at his waist, his home, with wife and babes, lying safe behind him, and the promise of plenty in all the smiling plain. So, springing to his side, and but half able to speak his name, I began crying like a baby. He looked up, a little light gleaming in his faded eyes, and said:

“Surely 'tis Abbey Temple.”

And there was a sound in his hollow voice as if it did him good to see a familiar face. But how should it? Mistress Seaforth would have spoken sweet, kind, soothing words, and Judith would have seemed so strong and brave that the very sight of her would have been succor. Interpreting the thoughts of foolish me, who could but stand crying, he said:

“Yes; this is what I am, after six months' captivity dying, far from wife and children, if, indeed, I have any.”

“Oh,” sobbed I, “you have them. I but now heard from the minister, who says all are well. And do not say *dying!* My Unele John, whom you have met, lives near, and you will go with me, and we will nurse you, and cure you. But—how can you go so far as two squares?”

“I can do that,” he said, and essayed to rise, and I helped him, and, as he shook like an aspen, I had him lean on my shoulder, and moved slowly. People turned to stare after us, for I was neat, and dressed as became



"Isaiah Hooper, striding through the fields with his sowing-bag at his waist."

my station, and poor friend Hooper—wet, ragged, and dirty—looked the beggar-man indeed. I think he would have fallen, although my news of his family had been to him as wine, and renewed in him a flash of vigor, but when we had stumbled along about half our way, up came my uncle, going to his dinner, and he understood my story in a few words. So putting his arm around our unfortunate, he almost carried him forward, and I ran on to tell Judith, and have food and a bed prepared.

No one of us could think of eating our dinner until Pompey and my uncle had given this “stranger within their gates” a bath, and clean garments, and laid him in bed, and Judith and Nervey had prepared wine- whey and set a soup cooking for his after benefit; and thus tended he fell asleep, Pompey remaining in his room, for in very sooth we feared he would die even in his slumber.

It was several days before Isaiah Hooper recovered sufficiently to tell his story. It seems that many of the prisoners in the hulks being unfit for service, General Washington could not exchange sound men for them, and demanded rather that they should be released on parole; and so at last it was offered to release Isaiah Hooper, but he refused. He “would not pass his word not to fight for his country so long as breath remained in his body.” At last six of the invalid prisoners were exchanged for a certain corporal, and Isaiah Hooper being one of the six, was set free at New Brunswick, where he got a little food, and managed to get to the river by Trenton, where he found a sailing-boat dropping down to Philadelphia. Sick, penniless, homeless, hungry, he concluded to go to Philadelphia,

where he hoped to get help and recover himself; but he grew worse on the vessel, and being set ashore at the city he staggered on, "feeling nearly crazed, and as if God had forsaken him," until he was brought, half dead, into our house, where, I am sure, he was doubly welcome as a suffering Christian and as a suffering soldier. I wrote to his wife for him, and I gave him what news I had, for Isaiah hath not been at home since that day I helped his little daughter put up his luncheon for him when he set out to Cambridge.

The conduct of Mistress Seaforth was worth notice. As soon as she heard of our sick guest she must come and see him; then she must bring him some slippers of her own knitting and a gown which Henry had left home, wherein he might sit up conveniently; then she would sit by his bed and read the Psalms for the day, and often would bring him a dish of posset, or jelly, or conserve, made by herself; and so she ministered to him;—Isaiah, grown gray, with a dark, rough, seamed face, his hands large and horny, his voice hoarse from his cold on the chest; and Mistress Seaforth, slender, fair, faded, small-handed, delicate as a lily, and silver-voiced, consoling and nursing the ex-captive. I met her one morning bringing a panado, and I said:

"All this for a *rebel*, dear madame?"

"Child," she answered, "he loses the *rebel* in the sufferer. But more, I see in him a victim of my own party; and deeply I grieve that carelessness or cruelty, or the necessary mischances of war, have caused them to reduce a prisoner to so evil a case, and therefore I do my little

part to repair the wrong and relieve my king's cause from ignominy."

As Isaiah grew stronger he began to talk about going back to the army, and Susannah said to him:

"Mr. Hooper, surely you have suffered quite enough. Your time of enlistment is expired, why not go home, and let others take their turn?"

But he said:

"No; the country needs us all, and I shall re-enlist for the war. We must fight for our freedom to a man!"

"But you may be killed," urged Hester. "And think how long it is since you saw your wife and children."

Tears came into his eyes at mention of them: but he said, resolutely:

"I will not see them until I can tell my sons that I have helped purchase freedom, a free land, a good future for them. 'Tis better that they grow up fatherless and *free*, than that we are all slaves. They have a good mother, and she will teach them to use freedom honestly."

"At least," said Judith, "you might go home for a six months."

"Spare me that temptation," he said. "My country needs every hour of my health, and she shall have it. Like Uriah, I can say, 'The Ark, and Israel, and Judah abide in tents: and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields: shall I, then, go to mine house?'"

And this is the man of whom once I questioned: could such as he—tillers of the fields, wearers of homespun—

be *heroes*? Was there any thing more heroic in Alexander, who fought for conquest, or in Hannibal, who fought for vengeance, than in this man, who gives himself, and sacrifices his dearest comforts for a *principle*? No. This, as my uncle says, is not a sowing of human passions or of earthly pride, but some of Luther's seed—a growth divine.

This Isaiah Hooper must be a man of iron, for after wounds and privations enough to kill ten men, he is growing stronger every day, and by the middle of May hopes to return to the army as well as ever he was in his life. He will go well fitted out by my uncle's purse and our needles, with all that he can carry to make camp life more hopeful or a soldier more efficient.

MAY 28, 1777.

While Isaiah Hooper was yet with us, who should appear but Mr. Bowdoin. Indeed, I think that he took occasion of the letter about Isaiah to put in practice a long-laid plan, and, setting forth to join the army under Washington, he came, bringing letters and remembrances from Mistress Hooper to her husband, and so was at our house, where he could hear of Bessie. Oh! the extent of this good man's infatuation; and oh! the equal extent of my own idiocy; I NEVER do the right thing at the right time. My uncle asked Mr. Bowdoin to stop with us until, in two or three days' time, he might set off with Isaiah Hooper to join General Washington's army. The first day was naturally spent with Mr. Hooper, telling all the news of the home and the neighborhood—and indeed his presence was to our friend as an angel's visit. The next day Mr.

Bowdoin was about the city with my uncle, but in the afternoon he managed to come upon me where I was writing, by a window by my grandfather's desk, and, sitting down, he presently led the talk to Bessie. He asked about her, and I told him what I knew—only I did not dare say all I knew about her gay life for fear he would think me malicious or exaggerating, for I remembered all that he had thought and said about that in Plymouth. He asked me did Bessie speak of him, and I said she did. He looked vexed at my reticence, and asked me what she said:

“She meant to write you,” I replied, hesitatingly.

He caught at that straw.

“Aye; and doubtless her letter miscarried. I would I might see what she wrote you, Miss Abbey.”

Now there lay Bessie's letter, as yet unanswered. I could give it him, and I suddenly thought I would give it, and so, with her frivolity and her “two strings to her bow,” end the good man's infatuation. I caught it up; then suddenly came another thought: would this be *just* to Bessie? was it what she expected in writing freely to me?—and, as I felt truly she would not like my betrayal of my folly, in my own most miserable style of doing everything I took the letter—which I had half held out to him—and tossed it in the fire burning on the hearth near me—for the weather was cold for the season, and my uncle kept a fire. As I flung the letter into the blaze Mr. Bowdoin sprung up as one mortified, angry and disgusted; he gave me a very sharp, upbraiding look and left the room hastily. Still following my impulses, without any reason,

only feeling that I could not see Mr. Bowdoin again, I rushed to Judith and begged permission to go and stay two or three days with Mistress Seaforth. Go I must, and Judith consented. I saw none of our family but Susannah during the next day, and I busied myself reading to Mistress Seaforth and working lace for her. The day following Isaiah Hooper came in, hearty and cheerful, to say "good-by" to the Seaforths and me, as he set off to join the camp at Boundbrook, under Lincoln. Shortly after Mr. Hooper went out I looked from the door and saw him with Mr. Bowdoin, departing; and so I knew that Mr. Bowdoin had gone away in anger at me; and the feeling of sorrow—but truly more of wrath—at being misjudged so overwhelmed me that, having carefully concealed thus far my vexations from Mistress Seaforth, I fled to her for comfort now, and, laying my face in her lap, I sobbed with all my might, and told her how undecided I had been, and how Mr. Bowdoin was sure now that I was *Bessie's* enemy and envier, and that I loved to thwart him and hurt his feelings. Mistress Seaforth said very little beyond that "it would all come out right by and by," and yet she comforted me greatly, and by supper time I went home quite cheerful.

While I was at Mistress Seaforth's I met Mr. Duché. He has been thought a very good man and good Patriot, and gave his salary as Chaplain of the Congress for the use of soldiers' orphans; but I thought I discerned in him a little of a change that is creeping over the good city of Philadelphia—a change that comes as the British draw nearer us, and as expectations of their occupying our town

are stronger; the change is a veering toward Royalism. I should think people would be ashamed to change! I would be one thing or the other, and hold to it, and die for it, if need were, and not be a turn-coat! Even if the enemy do occupy Philadelphia, as they have New York, that will not be to conquer the whole country; they may be obliged to leave, as they left Boston; and a city is less to gain than a State; and Washington is driving them out of the Jerseys, and we hear from Charles that the army is on a better footing, and the men are in better spirits now than ever before. Still, I will admit that in this city Toryism is looking up. I do not mean in such men as Mr. Seaforth—they are always the same; but people who, from fear or policy, have concealed their sentiments, now dare come out and show them. Last Sabbath a clergyman here publicly read prayers for the king—and that in this city, where, less than one year ago, our independence was so enthusiastically asserted.

JULY 20, 1777.

The British have evacuated New Jersey, and General Prescott, the commander of the British in Rhode Island, has been captured. My uncle says that if he is exchanged for General Lee it will be the worst capture that ever army made. The 4th of July was celebrated with great rejoicings here. The bells rung, cannon were fired, our new flag floated from ships and houses, the captured band of Hessians played for us, and there was a dinner for officers and members of Congress; also, at night there were bonfires, and illuminations, and fireworks. Nervey made one hundred candles to illuminate our house, and we girls



"The 4th of July was celebrated with great rejoicings here."

prepared a flag, which waved over our door, and we had a strip of white linen stretched between the windows below, with "*Our Country*" thereon, made of leaves and fine vines.

Burgoyne is moving southward, and his progress from



GENERAL BURGoyNE.

Canada is marked with Indian ravages, captives, burnings, tortures, scalplings. Had we not a Herkimer to keep up our hearts they would sink with fear when we hear the dolorous news from the valleys of the Oswego and the Mohawk. Some of the best men from the other armies have been de-

tached to go to General Gates, in the Northern Army, and help him fight the Indians. One of the companies thus ordered off is that to which Thomas Otis belongs. I did not know it at the time, but found it out by his coming here. Some stores and clothes were needed from Philadelphia previous to marching, and three men and a corporal came down, and Thomas was that corporal; and, being in town, he came here and stayed one night; indeed, my uncle had his men come too, and we made beds for them in the attic, and uncle fed them royally; also,

Judith gave them all socks, kerchiefs, shirts and towels ; also, uncle gave them some money, and a small Bible to two whose Bibles were lost. Thomas Otis, having money of his own, was very well dressed. He says he shall be a sergeant soon, and so go on. Being brave he will rise in rank, and before the close of the war he will be a general.

The girls liked Thomas very much, and he told us many stories of camp life while he stayed. Hester thinks that Thomas is braver than Richard Reid, because he is always the hero of his own stories. I do not judge between them. I am sure Richard is brave enough ; but perhaps he does not tell all that he does. After Thomas was gone what does Hester do but say to Judith that Thomas was my lover, which I denied. She then said :

“Why, then, do you not like him ?”

“Oh, yes,” I said ; “for a long while he was my only playmate—as a brother ; for I had no brother nor sister.”

“But he is not your brother,” quoth Hester, “and therefore if you like him he must be your lover.”

“That is impossible,” I said, “for I am only seventeen this year.”

“Girls of seventeen can have lovers,” said Hester. “I should like one, I know.”

Then Judith interrupted us. She asked Hester did she not see that there was another relation for a young lad to stand in beside brother or lover, even *friend*. Also, she said that as at seventeen girls were too young to marry, so it should be too young for them to have lovers ; and that this playing at love was a frittering away and be-

littling of our best sentiments; it was dwarfing to the mind and enfeebling to the heart. "If," said Judith, "you had a choice apple on a tree which you would have grow to full perfection, you would not be going up to it betimes and taking bites out, one here and one there. If you did not quite destroy your apple in the operation you would have no fair and perfect fruit. Why must you spoil the full and perfect development of your young hearts by taking bites out of them in this playing at love-making? Again, it may be incredible to you how between seventeen and twenty-one your opinions and preferences will change, so that what suited your hearts at seventeen will come far short of them at twenty-one. By playing at lovers too early, you may entangle yourself in a way to be regretted hereafter, or you may be some time the object of your own contempt that your preference stooped so low."

Now I could not endure that Judith should think me other than I am, so when we were alone I said to her:

"Indeed Cousin, Hester is wrong; there is no 'lover' about the business. But, Judith, doubtless I also was wrong, for Thomas had a lock of my hair, and—*once* he kissed my hand."

I think Judith had some ado to keep from laughing, but she said:

"Well, the lad is a good lad, but the years bring many changes, and none so great as in ourselves."

The night after Thomas departed, Hester was crying after we were gone to bed; therefore I asked what ailed her, and she replied that she feared Thomas would be

scalped by those dreadful Indians, and that if I cared for him I would cry too. I told her I did care for him some—but not enough to make me fancy he would be scalped by Indians, when as yet he had not got out of Jersey. Then Susannah put in her word, namely, that “if Thomas is so brave as he boasts there is not a living Indian would venture to scalp him;” so we laughed at that. But, oh, I wish the war, and the thought of scalping and killing, were over, and all were safe at home.

OCTOBER 5, 1777.

Dark days indeed since I wrote! General Sullivan has, by poor management, lost several hundred of our best troops, and now when I hear of “killed, wounded, and *prisoners*,” I think of Isaiah Hooper as he was the day I found him in our street, and I think one fate is as evil as the other.

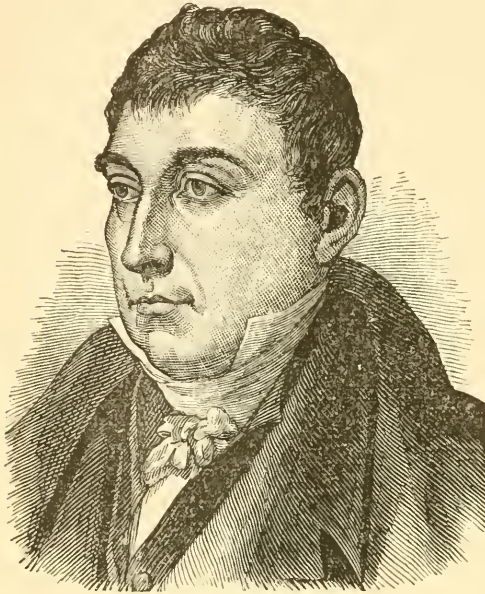
Late in July there came from France a young Marquis, named



GENERAL SULLIVAN.

Lafayette, and with him the Baron De Kalb, two who bring their swords to our cause, desirous of no pay, and eager to fight for the common cause of human liberty, yet my uncle says Congress at first treated them scurvily

and ungratefully enough. But though they were younger men than he, my uncle would take off his hat and stand bareheaded as they passed, as thus paying all his tribute



GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

to highest human worth. I met them twice or thrice in the streets and indeed I could only think of that Scripture: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friend." However, the two heroes—as surely they are

—are now with Washington, and *he* knows how to honor worth. When I saw them I could only wonder what would be their fates in this war in the New World.

On the 24th of August I had another opportunity of seeing General Washington. He marched his army through our city on his way to Wilmington. Mr. Seaforth's house was kept closed, both doors and windows; but we opened all, and hung out our flag and streamers, and set forth flowers, and Susannah and Hester made a bouquet, and flung it right at the General, just as he came

up the street; but for me he seemed too great a man to throw flowers to.

Daily the British forces crept closer to our city, and some said they would enter, and some said not. On the 18th of September my uncle was obliged to go to the army on some business. He was carrying some money, and also some medical stores, and he had business with the General. I understand that my uncle is pledging his estates in New Jersey for the support of the army. Having gone, he was unable to return when he would, and on the 25th of September, Lord Howe's army encamped at Germantown, and on the next morning Cornwallis with the grenadiers marched into Philadelphia and took possession. So here were we, our enemies in the city, the air full of tales of their rapacity. Uncle John and Charles away, and what seemed worst of all, now no longer would we be able to get news of our Charles, nor of the army at Saratoga, where daily a battle with General Burgoyne is expected.

The loud sound of martial music, the shouts and yells of the populace, and the tramp of many feet, told us that



LORD CORNWALLIS.

we were in the enemy's hands. From every Royalist's door floated British flags and colors, and appeared flowers. Do I complain of that? So we greeted *our* chief when he came; alas, that he went so soon! Thus Mistress Seaforth's house was gay; but we closed ours, door and windows, like a tomb. And Hester, unknown to any, tied four yards of black crape to the knocker. Peter had been back on our hands for a week, and he and Pompey fled howling to the cellar; Nervev being braver, tarried—at the top of the cellar stairs. Judith and we three girls dressed in deep black, and sat in our darkened parlor, waiting what might come.

CHAPTER X.

OCTOBER 20, 1777.

I WAS interrupted in describing the day when the British took possession of Philadelphia. The bells rung, many people shouted welcome, and there was a hurry and bustle in all the city as the conquerors were seeking quarters. After an hour there was a furious knocking at our door. At the sound Nervev screamed and dashed into the cellar, but the younger maid rallied courage to open the hall-door; then, seeing a British officer, she too screamed and fled, leaving our visitor to do as he pleased. As he pleased to come in he appeared at the parlor door, and Judith rose—Susannah clinging to her arm on one

side and Hester standing quite independently on the other, while I was a bit in advance. The intruder was a captain, who gave a rude stare; but something in Judith's look daunted him, for he uncapped and asked civilly:

"Where are the gentlemen of this house?"

"Sir," said Judith, every word falling clear and cold, "they are in the army with General Washington."

He looked a bit rebuffed, then said:

"Is there a corpse in the house?—I notice a crape on the door."

None knowing of this but Hester, she took it on herself to reply:

"'Tis for our cause—slain here in this city, but we look for a speedy resurrection."

The air and tone of the damsel were so cunning that he was inclined to laugh, and he said:

"The weed is *immense!*"

"So is our woe," retorted Hester, sharply.

He turned to Judith:

"Madam, we shall be obliged to use this mansion as quarters for our colonel. We must have a dinner. Doubtless you have provisions in the house, and you will kindly set your servants at the cooking. I will also look through the apartments and select quarters for our colonel and his staff."

His air was impudence itself. Judith said, quietly:

"We are unable to defend ourselves."

He called in a lieutenant and a corporal who were lounging on the portico, and the three were soon ranging the house at their pleasure; but I will say that they did not

touch any thing. They returned to the parlor, and the captain said, coolly:

“We shall want all but the attic. You might remove all your clothing, and so forth, there. But I do not see any servants. Have you none?”

“We have four,” said Judith.

“Are they in the house?” he demanded, loudly.

“They are negroes, and afraid,” said Judith, quietly, “and they have taken refuge in the cellar.”

“He turned to the corporal and bid him: “*Hunt them out.*” The corporal took one of the big silver candlesticks with a wax candle, lighted it in the kitchen, went to the cellar, found the negroes hidden in an empty wine vault, and drove them up by pricking them with his bayonet. They scrambled up howling, expecting instant death. I at once went to them and bid the corporal let them alone, as I would be answerable for their good behavior. Seeing me unterrified they stopped roaring, and I bid them go about getting a good dinner. I then hurried to the parlor, and heard Judith asking when the colonel would come, and how large the party would be. The captain told her politely, and then withdrew.

As soon as we were left alone I asked Judith what she intended to do. She replied that she should stay in her house, hoping thus to keep her property from injury. She bade Susannah and Hester hasten to remove our clothing and small treasures to the garret, and to hide all uncle’s papers and his writing-desk in the garret chimney. She bade me strip the closets and parlor of what silver would not be missed and hide it in the mouth of an old

oven in the cellar. She bade us also be ready to sit at table with her, and to be calm, grave, and yet fearless. Then, as we hastened to obey, she went to quiet the servants and forward preparations for dinner. I finished the work set me, and then laid the dinner-table. After that I went into the parlor to Judith. In a few moments in came several as if they owned the house, and the captain whom we had seen threw open the parlor door, crying:

“This way, Colonel!”

The colonel entered, but seeing Judith standing queenly before the hearth, he bowed low, with all due reverence, and the captain said:

“Colonel Nelson, M—”

“Miss,” said Judith.

“Miss Temple,” he continued.

The Colonel—a very handsome man—said a few words about “sorry to incommode—fortunes of war—glad of ladies’ society,” etc.

“Sir,” said Judith, “I could truly wish that you had chosen other house than mine for your quarters. I am here without a protector, and have no married relative to remain with this family, being myself sole chaperon of three young damsels whom the presence of your staff will greatly discompose.”

“I will endeavor to maintain good order among my followers,” he replied, and was about to say more when the door opened and in came our Susannah, but stood, startled like a fawn, in the doorway, for she had not expected to see strangers there so soon. At the sight of Susannah, Colonel Nelson stood for an instant like a man

who had seen a supernatural vision; then he gave a low bow, and stepped forward, handing a chair.

“’Tis my sister,” said Judith; “one of the maidens I spoke of,” and she beckoned Susannah to her, who came, keeping as far from the colonel as possible.

Just then we heard a voice welcome as a sound out of heaven, and in hurried Mr. Seaforth. He shook hands with Colonel Nelson, and, stepping to Judith’s side, said:

“These ladies are not in a situation to receive strangers, Colonel. I trust you can find other quarters.”

“Our orders are to quarter in rebel houses,” said the colonel, looking puzzled, “and this house was pointed out as foremost.”

“I will see Lord Cornwallis about it,” said Mr. Seaforth. “The father of these ladies is my particular friend, and this lady (and he drew Judith’s arm in his) is engaged to be married to my son.”

“There must be some mistake, then, made by the captain,” said the colonel; if so, I sincerely beg pardon. Are these *Royalists*?”

“My friend Temple and I have agreed to disagree about politics,” said Mr. Seaforth, quietly. “I will be responsible for your finding quarters just as good, and, on some accounts, more suitable. I have sent a note to the General—.”

Just then Mr. Seaforth’s servant lad came in and gave him a note, which he handed to Colonel Nelson.

“I regret having alarmed or incommoded these ladies,” said the colonel, glancing at the note, “and will at once withdraw.”

“Sir,” said Judith, with her stately courtesy, “I have already ordered a dinner for you and your staff; pray, remain and eat it as our guests. We shall be glad to have you occupy our house until evening, when, perhaps, your other quarters will be in readiness. Believe me, you are cordially welcome to dinner and supper.”

At this every one seemed pleased. Mr. Seaforth was obliged to go home, as he had guests to dinner; but he left us all in a complacent frame of mind.

Peter showed the officers to rooms where they might arrange their dress, and they re-appeared with splendid ruffles and powdered hair. Hester dressed the dinner-table in flowers, and it looked truly elegant; and though we did not lay aside the *black* which we had donned, we put on lace, powder, and pearls, and tried to play the hostesses in a suitable manner. As for the colonel, he was from the first instant so enraptured with Susannah that he had neither eyes nor ears for any thing else; but Susannah was entirely unconscious thereof.

After dinner, which passed off very nicely—although I had expected Pompey and Peter, from very fear, to drop every dish which they touched—we left the table, Judith having ordered wine for the guests. The wine being finished, the officers went upon the back verandah to pace up and down, smoking; and as I was less alarmed than Susannah, and less belligerent than Hester, Judith sent me to say to the gentlemen that they were to order any thing which they desired from Pompey; also that she would give them supper at 7 o’clock. Colonel Nelson said to me, very cautiously:

“We drank your fair-haired sister’s health, but had not the pleasure of knowing her name.”

“She is my cousin, and her name is Susannah,” I replied.

He made answer:

“She is very beautiful. She would be considered beautiful even in London.”*

It angered me in a moment. “Even in London!” As if we Colonists had no right to be beautiful! And quick I said:

“She is esteemed beautiful *even in Philadelphia!*”

Thereat he only bowed; but the others smiled broadly. When I returned to Judith—who, with the other girls, had retreated up stairs, that part of the house now being secure from the intrusion of our *guests*—she asked me to sit on the verandah above that where the officers were walking, that, thus being in sight of the servants, who were working in the kitchen, they might be more composed, and that while I was within hearing of the motions of the officers Susannah might feel less nervous and affrighted. Taking my seat there I could not avoid hearing this talk from the colonel and the captain. The colonel remarked:

“I had not expected to meet such a bevy of beauties. Zounds! I would I had on my best uniform: I look but a lout in these shabby clothes. Truly, if the Colonies are full of such maidens as we have seen here, I for one will be loath to fight with their fathers and brothers. We had better seek peace, and make love instead of war.”

“Certes,” said the captain, “I came in here this morn-

*See Frontispiece.

ing bold as brass, and feeling somewhat lofty toward rebels, who had occasioned our coming over seas and experiencing so many disasters. When, entering yon parlor, such a picture met my eyes as I had never expected to see. The eldest Miss Temple stood facing me, with a lofty, questioning look—standing, beautiful and grand, sole guardian of the other three, and appearing not unworthy of her office. On one side of her was that tall, gold-haired, lily-faced maiden, clinging to her sister; on the other, the piquant, black-eyed, dark-browed little demon, whom I would fear to have pass by me were I, like Sisera, asleep in a tent; and, a little way in advance of the three, that other Miss Temple, with gray eyes and innocent brow—a face like an accusing angel—whom I would dread to meet at the gate of Paradise, did I go thither laden with any serious crime.”

I think he was *horrid* to speak so of Hester, just because she is brave.

It was nine o'clock before the British left our house. The colonel apologized to Judith for the trouble he had given her, and further, begged that while remaining in the city he might be permitted to call upon us. He said, also, that he trusted the troops would not inconvenience the citizens, but that the officers would add to the social pleasures of the coming winter. After the colonel and his staff had departed, Mr. Seaforth came in to see that we were comfortable for the night. He told Judith that he could almost positively assure her that we should suffer no additional molestation, and that the peace and order of the city would be preserved; and he said that he

trusted in a short time to get a permit for Uncle John, who is now shut out of the city, to return home.

Before the British entered the city we had heard of a battle—on the 19th of September—fought at Freeman's Farm, on the Hudson, in which the Americans were victorious. Cook's Connecticut militia were engaged, and, as I think Deborah Samson belongs to that, I have been wondering about her fate. My heart also follows the fortunes of my old friends—the Danas, and of Isaiah Hooper, and Mr. Bowdoin. And I think often of what Dame Warren told me when I wished for more stirring times: that when one was out on the bay in a storm one would sigh for the calm of the summer mill-pond.

We kept much within-doors, and, except one call from Colonel Nelson, we saw no one until the evening of the 19th of October, when Uncle John—furnished by Mr. Seaforth with a permit from General Howe—returned home, to our great joy. Supper was prepared at once, while our traveler refreshed himself with a bath. Then uncle came down to the dining-room, and Judith must sit beside him while she made his coffee, and Susannah brought her seat so close on the other side that he could hardly move his arm, while Hester hung on the back of the chair, and kept up a running fire of questions; and I, posted opposite them, had also my claims, and allowed no break in the narrative. Meantime all the servants gathered at the doorway to hear what was to be told, and to mutter between times that they “nebbber, nebbber look to see Massa Temple home no more.” So much was to be told on both sides that we never retired until

midnight, and we forced Uncle John to give us his story first.

At all events we have had a victory that shall go far to pay us for the loss of Philadelphia. On the 7th of October the army under Gates and Lincoln joined battle with Burgoyne. Neither Gates nor Lincoln were on the field, but Arnold was there, without a command. The battle was very hot, and victory remained with our Patriots. Of the British, many officers were killed, and among others, Fraser,

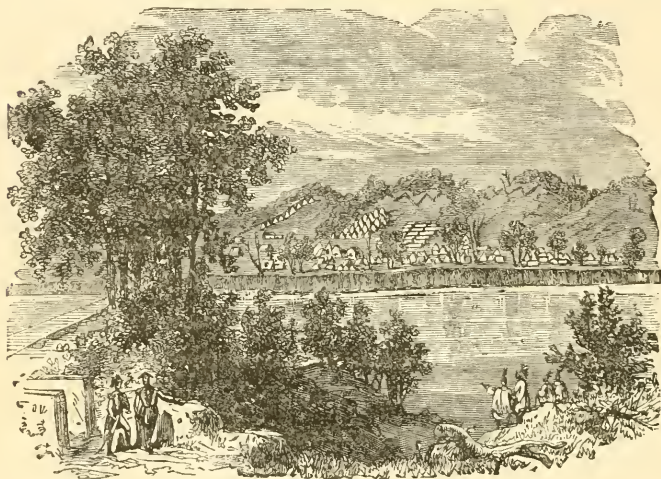


GENERAL FRASER.

the Scotchman. I am very sorry he was killed; all say he was honest, brave, and kind; and then he had a wife and little children. Oh, I do wish he had stopped at home, in his own land of mountains, and lakes, and heather, and noble memories!

After this battle General Burgoyne retreated, and the next night he abandoned his sick, and wounded, and the hospital. I dare say the poor souls were frightened then; but I am sure our men will treat them kindly. If I thought they would not, for the sake of their friends at home, I would like to go up and nurse them myself.

Stark, with two thousand men from New Hampshire, now broke up the British posts at Fishkill, and took all their boats and stores. Gates followed close on Burgoyne's rear, and on the 12th, the British were entirely surrounded by the Americans; therefore, next day Burgoyne asked for terms of surrender. My uncle says that General Gates's fault is want of firmness. If he had been

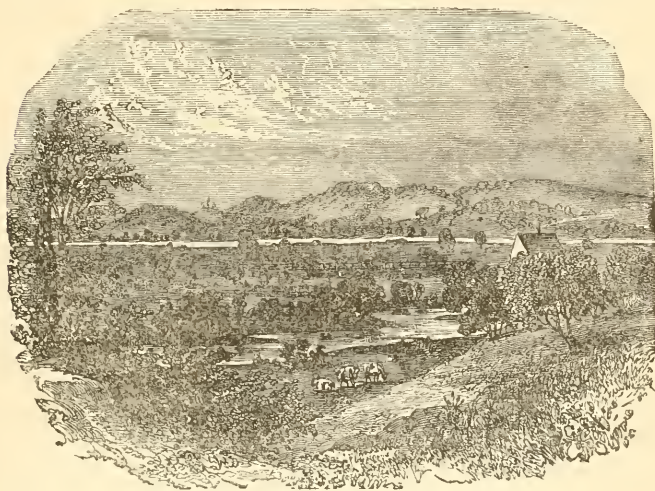


BURGOYNE'S ENCAMPMENT.

a little more resolute he could have had the whole of Burgoyne's army as prisoners of war. Burgoyne, however, was sharp enough, and he got a passage for his army from Boston to Britain, on condition of serving no more in America. So our Americans marched into the British camp playing "*Yankee Doodle*," and the British laid down their arms and marched out, and the Americans served rations of flour to the British, who had neither bread nor flour left. So here, uncle says, we

have made way with ten thousand of our enemy, and have got forty-two brass field-pieces and forty-six hundred good muskets.

For my part I do not care much about empty honors, and prisoners of war, and all that; what I want is peace. I am glad these ten thousand are gone; and I wish all the rest would go, and that across the big, wide water we



SCENE OF BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

could all shake hands and be comfortable, as neighbors even distant, and relations so near, ought to be.

My uncle says that this victory gives him more courage than any thing since the war began—not so much for what has been done as because of *who did it*. A great general gained for us the battle of Trenton; but great generals are scarce, and can not be on hand to gain all our victories. The conquerors at Saratoga were not great generals, but yeomen—farmers, fighting in unison in regi-

ments; countrymen, almost fresh from the fields—brave, and true, and calm. The husbandmen of Virginia, and New York, and New England, fighting as one man for one cause, gained that day. This shows us what American unity can do.

Uncle says report is that the negroes, of whom there are some (mostly as servants) in every regiment, fought as bravely as any one. He said this looking at Pompey; but Pompey only laughed, and mumbled something about "a whole skin."

I asked uncle if he had any news of Robert Shirtcliffe, and he said that Charles understood that Robert suffered from a sword cut in the head at Saratoga.

After uncle's story was done we told ours; and we all felt what the firm friendship of Mr. Seaforth is now worth to us. It is through him that we have our home in quiet; that uncle is come back; that uncle's property and warehouses are unmolested. We had also to tell uncle of war affairs near us.

On the 27th of September an American frigate carelessly got aground here at ebb tide and surrendered; and on October 2d, Colonel Nelson went over and captured the works at Billingsport. The garrison there spiked the guns and fled. On the morning of the 4th of October, we in Philadelphia were awakened by the sound of cannon at Germantown. Almost as soon as the echoes of the guns rolled over the city we heard Cornwallis's grenadiers and Hessians marching in haste from the town. We all rose, and spent a dreadful day. Doubtless, Charles and Henry Seaforth were engaged in opposite armies; the

battle might sweep into Philadelphia, and by night the city might be in the hands of our Americans, or we might see our beloved general brought in captive, and all our cause lost. It was only a little after daylight when we were all assembled in the parlor. Judith had worship much earlier than usual—she always leads worship when uncle is gone, but commonly after breakfast. As for breakfast, neither that nor dinner was wanted by any of us that day. At night we learned from Mr. Seaforth that the Americans, after a partial success, had been defeated. (Uncle tells us since that it was because of the failure of General Greene to support Washington.) The next morning Mr. Seaforth told us that Henry had not been in the battle, and that the Americans had withdrawn in good order. Later, he found from a prisoner that Charles's regiment had not been in action. Some of the wounded prisoners were brought into the city, and, through Mr. Seaforth, we got five to take care of, Mr. Seaforth becoming responsible on our parts that they should not escape. We put them in the attic, and installed Pompey as head nurse.

NOVEMBER 1, 1777.

On the morning of the 21st the company of which Henry Seaforth is captain came into the city. Mrs. Seaforth's joy was so great as partly to console us who love her, for the disasters that brought a British company into quarters here. As for Judith, her heart was divided. Undoubtedly she was infinitely glad once more to see Henry, whom she loves passionately; but as an ardent patriot, she deeply felt the disaster to her cause, which had been the

means of bringing him. My uncle's counsel to her was clear common sense: "You, my daughter, had no share in those chances of war that put our city in an enemy's hands. Accept, then cheerfully and without hesitation or self-upbraiding, what happiness has been provided for you in Henry's society. While he is here, forget in the lover the British officer. His following of his convictions of duty is as honorable to him as yours to you. Be happy, my child, while you may, that the future may bring you no cause to regret coldness, or conflict, or neglect." Colonel Nelson had only called upon us once thus far; I think he showed himself the gentleman by remaining away, so long as we had no protector in our house, and he had no one to recommend him personally to our society. However, he had known Henry well in New York, and when both my uncle and Henry had been at home some days, Colonel Nelson had Henry bring him to visit us, and say a good word for him to my uncle. I say "to visit us," but the truth is, he comes only to see Susannah, as is evident to all—but her. We have had more fighting; on the twenty-second of October, Colonel Donop was ordered to carry Redbank by assault. It was a day of hard fighting; the Americans being intrenched, were comparatively safe, but the poor Hessians were mowed down like grain in the fields, and Donop was terribly wounded; the unhappy man is since dead, and we heard from Colonel Nelson that he said as he died, "I die a victim of my ambition and the avarice of my king." I think it so wicked for those petty European sovereigns to sell their men to be sent here to fight; and

Colonel Nelson frankly said here the other evening, that the whole system of hiring mercenaries was a disgrace to humanity, and a scandalous perversion of the rights and duties of kings.

After this battle we added to our hospital in the attic one inmate, or, rather, one of the Americans was so well as to leave, and we took in a poor Hessian who had crawled, wounded, into the woods after the Redbank affair, and then somehow reached the city half dead. My uncle got hold of him, and volunteered to cure him, so he got the spare pallet in the attic. He was delirious with fever when he got to us, but uncle put him to bed, had his wound dressed, and gave him an opiate. Next morning, while Judith and I had gone up to see the patients, and do various good offices for them, this Hessian awoke in his right mind, but very feeble. Judith bent over him, asking, in German, how he felt, and the poor fellow thought first that he was in heaven, and then that he was at home, and presently burst into tears. Judith sat down by him, and consoled him with hopes of recovering and getting home to his children; and then she repeated the twenty-third psalm in German, while I fed him his breakfast. He is doing nicely now, and he has told Judith how he and his fellows hated to come away from home to fight and die in a cause for which they cared nothing, and how some of them tried to run away, and were driven on ship-board at the point of the bayonet. I do pity these Hessians; they could not help coming here, nor could the other mercenaries.

A letter from Charles has been smuggled into the city,

and he tells us of the brave and lovely Baroness Riedesel, who was with her two children and husband taken prisoner at Saratoga, and has since been sent here and there, waiting exchange or something, and has often been scurvily treated by country folk, just because she is an enemy. They should sink the enemy in the prisoner, but Charles says General Schuyler behaved nobly to her, and to all the captives, as becomes such a gentleman and scholar as the General is said to be. After Donop's defeat at Redbank, two British ships got aground in the river, the "Augusta," of sixty-four guns—and next day the Americans destroyed her by firing hot shot into her powder magazine—and the frigate "Merlin," which was abandoned and burned. My uncle, who from having been in the army lately knows how things are going on, says that Washington could retake Philadelphia if the militia of Pennsylvania would only rise; but they are discouraged, and very largely disaffected, and also there are cabals formed against our good General in Congress, and the other Generals, as Greene and Gates, do not work harmoniously with him and properly obey orders. To-day, while I am writing, the attack on Redbank is renewed, and I shiver to think that every moment is death or pain to some human being not far from me.

NOVEMBER 28, 1777.

The winter here is a scene of great gaiety: the British officers and the townspeople—now very many—who are in favor of the British, give balls and parties; there are dances and card-playing and theaters, and one would think, from what goes on, that war and pain and death were un-

known in this world. My uncle is very much distressed at such follies during these sad times, and though we are all invited by the officers to attend some of the merry-makings, we go to none. Also, there is a deal of Sunday visiting and concert giving, but my uncle resolutely shuts his doors on that day; even Henry Seaforth stays away from us Sabbath, for fear of setting others example to come. Mr. Seaforth has given some dinners and one or two tea-parties by way of showing hospitality, but he does not fancy the masquerades and revellings and routs any more than my uncle does; besides, Annie is very sad and anxious about Charles, and does not care to take part in many amusements. Meantime, Colonel Nelson comes to our house continually on one excuse or on another, and he brings Susannah flowers and books, and has shown her pictures of his mother, a widow, and of his young sister. Even Susannah sees now his devotion to her. Hester said to her one day, "To think, Susannah, that you should have a British officer for a lover!"

"He shall never be lover of mine so long as he is an enemy to my country," replied Susannah, with spirit.

"Perhaps you can cause him to come over to our side," suggested Hester.

"Were he so changeable I should like him worse than ever," said she.

"And do you like him, then?" I asked.

Susannah laughed and blushed. "Were he a patriot I would tell you." One day the colonel brought to our house a captain just from New York, Captain Banks. We none of us liked him. I wondered if it were the same

Captain Banks of whom Bessie had spoken, but I would not ask him. Well, it was only a week after Captain Banks came that I was called down to the parlor where were Uncle John, Henry Seaforth and Judith. I ran down the stairs and briskly in at the parlor door, when a figure all flowers and veil, satin, lace, furbelows and general splendors flew to meet me, and there was Bessie clasping me and kissing me and calling me "darling Abbey," "dearest love," and what not. Still I was glad to see her, and I thought she looked very pretty, prettier than ever, though a bit too much of a fine lady. But hardly had Bessie done embracing me than Mr. Warley pounced at me, kissed my cheek, pressed my hand, shed a few tears, and vowed that he was rejoiced to see me, and was proud indeed that I was so improved. Then he made me take a seat by him on the sofa, and told my uncle that he felt a relationship with all his family on account of my residence with them, for he regarded me quite as another daughter, as a younger sister of his Bessie. Daughter, indeed! His parental zeal for Bessie has led him to teach her to have two strings to her bow—and he never taught *me* any thing! My uncle was not very cordial to Mr. Warley, but he was kind to Bessie, and bid her come to us often. Bessie and her father reached town the day before they called on us. I know Mr. Warley never says or does any thing that has not self-interest at the bottom of it, and I wonder what is his object in being friendly to us. I told Judith that it seemed to me that our Colonial prospects must look even more favorable to the eyes of the British than to ours; and Mr. Warley, aware

thereof, has now two strings to his bow, one of them being the Temple family.

Mr. Warley's business in the city kept him much from his lodgings; indeed, when he did not have business I think he was haunting the faro-tables, and truly some hinted that he was a secret partner in one of these, where many British officers, even young lads under twenty, were robbed of all that they had. Bessie being left much to herself, and being also one of those who are unable to sustain their own society, came frequently to visit us, and Judith took her into our home life. I think she hoped to show her some better way of living than any she had known. She had Bessie bring her sewing and knitting, and work with us, and she kept on with our readings and improving conversations, also with our daily Scripture readings. Bessie listened, and took part with that readiness with which she lends herself to whatever is passing.

Bessie invited herself to stay a night with me, and took occasion to tell me of her life in New York, and all the attentions she had had there. She still came back to Captain Banks, and said he was expecting to be made major, and she said she liked him vastly, and had about made up her mind to marry him.

"What, has he asked you?" I said.

"No, but he will," said Bessie. "I expect his proposals any day."

"And what will your father say?" I asked.

"To do as I please, if I can not do any better," said she, laughing.

"Oh, Bessie," I remonstrated, "you promised to marry

Mr. Bowdoin, and he truly loves you. He did not pass months in your company with you 'expecting his proposals any day,' and he not making them; that seems shameful to me. Do, Bessie, give up this Captain Banks, and write Mr. Bowdoin. He would be glad to marry you and go home to Plymouth; and think what an innocent and safe life you might live in that dear old place."

"Dear old place, indeed!" cried Bessie. "I promised to marry him just for fun, and really I did like him when I was with him; he is very good looking. But what! do you think I can tie myself up on a farm, a preacher's wife, wearing my good gown but twice or thrice a year, spinning, weaving, knitting, going to church twice of a Sunday, keeping fast days, visiting old women, and coddling all the babies in the congregation? Not I! Captain Banks may be colonel or general yet!"

Then Bessie turned off to our affairs.

"Judith," she said, "was doing well for herself." She had heard that Mr. Seaforth was rich as a Jew. And, of all things, Susannah's luck was most marvelous. Susannah was pretty, but made no show; went nowhere; dressed like a child; was prim as a Quaker, and gave no encouragement to Colonel Nelson—and all the world said he was wild about her. Colonel Nelson was heir of an estate and a title—what was Susannah thinking of that she did not jump at such a chance? And she had heard that Colonel Nelson had given up wine, and did not even drink a health, because he had heard Susannah express an opinion against such things.

I find Bessie changed for the worse, and I cried about



"What, has he asked you?" I said. "No, but he will," said Bessie.

it after she had finally fallen asleep. Then a bright thought came to me. Mistress Seaforth is rich, an English woman, a perfect lady, a Royalist—all these things would give her influence with Bessie and Mr. Warley. I would introduce Bessie to her—she had already expressed kind pity for her—and perhaps this dear lady would take a mother's place, and guide the poor girl right. So next day I took Bessie to our dear friend; and not only did that best of ladies understand my motive at once, but she took kindly to Bessie, and Bessie was charmed with her, and Mr. Warley was much delighted with the acquaintance; and so I hope poor Bessie has now a guide and a friend who will help her keep out of danger and wrongdoing.

As for our city of Philadelphia, provisions are dear and fuel scarce; but of this we do not complain, for it is owing to the close investment of the city by our dear general, and we can think that every load of provisions that fails to reach us goes to his brave and suffering army. I daresay we are almost the only family of means living without officers and soldiers quartered upon us. I suspect dear Mr. Seaforth purchased our exemption and his own at a great price. Then, we doubtless owe much to the influence of Captain Seaforth and Colonel Nelson. I was about to write that these two are the only decent officers in town, but that would be a foul injustice; there are a number of educated gentlemen among them. There are also rascals of the deepest dye. These invaders live in the best houses and are served with the best, without offering compensation. Our quiet city is outraged by the grossest

vices of a camp. Gaming, theaters, dances are the order of the day, and drinking in shameless excess is a common occurrence.

Colonel Nelson has introduced to us some very pleasant guests; among others Captain André, a gentlemanly and amiable young man though over fond of gay life. He has painted the scenes and curtains for the theaters of the officers; indeed he can act, dance, sing, read well, paint, keep a party merry—in fact, do any thing that he chooses; and withal, Colonel Nelson says that he can fight like a hero.



One of the disappointments that I have felt this winter was from the conduct of Mr. Duché. He is such an agreeable man, and I thought him both saint and Patriot; and now he has gone over to the other side! I would not mind if he had been there always, for conscience' sake; but this cowardly turning I do hate—it is hypocrisy; at least I thought so, and said as much to Mr. Seaforth. He told me I judged harshly: "People, on mature reflection, might see cause to change their minds—cause in sound reason."

"But," said I "'tis a suspicious turning that moves ever to the winning side. When patriotism was first in power Mr. Duché was a Patriot."

“Well, my child,” said Mr. Seaforth, “Mr. Duché is a good man, and honest, though perhaps he is not firm. When he was a Patriot he was *really* a Patriot; and now that he is a Royalist he is *really* a Royalist. You know the vane, when it points east, points there firmly; and when it points west, it is clearly west. True, it got there by the wind, and it will change with the wind; but that is the nature of a weathercock. Mr. Duché feels now that all indications are that God is favoring the Royal cause, and that the best interests of America lie in rescinding the Declaration of Independence and submitting to His Majesty. And he has written an ardent letter to Mr. Washington to that effect.”

“General Washington will not heed him,” I cried, warmly.

“No, my child, I do not think that he will. Firmness of purpose is a distinguishing characteristic of that gentleman. Perhaps it would be better for his country if he were less resolute in face of all difficulties.”

“I don’t think so. I think Washington is just right every way.”

FEBRUARY 20, 1778.

On the night of the 30th of November my winter adventures began. Hester was at Mistress Seaforth’s. Judith and Susannah had guests in the parlor. It was just after dark that I went down stairs with a candle in my hand, and going through the passage to the kitchen I passed a closet under the stairs. The passage is narrow, and as I paused to open the door some one reached out of the closet, laid a hand over my mouth, blew out my

light and drew me into the closet all in a moment, or rather *second*, and a voice said in my ear :

“Don’t scream, I am Richard Reid!”

The voice *did* sound familiar; but there was I, so singularly dragged into the closet, and, trembling, yet silent, I put up my hand to feel the intruder; and the height and something in the face seemed like Mr. Reid, though the garments felt odd; and again he whispered, to reassure me :

“It is truly I, Abbey Temple. I slipped in here to escape capture but now; and indeed I will out again, for I must not endanger your uncle’s family by my hiding here.”

I softly pushed shut the door.

“What are you in the city for?”

“General Washington must have information by one who is capable of giving it and making it available. I came here disguised to-day.”

“As a spy?” I said, trembling more than ever. Oh, Mr. Reid!”

“My country needed it,” he said. I came as a farming man, with produce, and meant to leave this evening, but found myself suspected, followed. Pursuit changed my motions to flight. I recognized the house and recalled this rear passage door, and instinctively I took refuge here to escape. Once in, I considered the danger I might bring to your uncle, and was going out when you came by, and impulse bade me make myself known.”

“Mr. Reid,” I said, “suppose you are caught?”

He replied, in an agitated voice :

“I am willing to die as a soldier, on the field—but then I must hang as a spy.”

“I must save you!” I cried—and a whole plan darted into my mind like light.

“No, let me go out—I will try flight,” he said. “I endanger your uncle.”

“He shall not know it,” I replied. “No one shall know but me, and they can not harm me if they discover me. They dare not kill a girl—and I have friends. Only do as I tell you. Take off your shoes and carry them. I shall go up stairs, and put out the hall light as I pass. Do you then follow me swiftly to the second story.”

I ran up stairs, blew out the candles on the hall table, and hurried up to my room. Mr. Reid was at my elbow as I reached it. A candle was burning on the table. I thrust him into a closet, took the candle and a bottle from the table and ran on to the attic. Now we had there five patients of prisoners. One (Williams) was a little worse that day, but one was cured, and had an order to report at the barracks. His name was Grey. He was a good man, who would do any thing for me because I had sent letters for him to his wife. I tarried a moment at the attic door, listening. All the patients seemed asleep. The bottle I had seized from my table happened to be rose-water, but I resolved to give our sickest patient a dose of it, by way of excuse, if any one of them awoke at my entrance. Grey’s pallet was nearest the door, and as I dared not speak I stepped to it, put my hand on his head and pulled it a little. I had left my light in the hall. At the second pull he lifted his head, and I said:

“Dress quickly and come into the hall.”

In a few minutes he stood by me in the entry, wearing the complete new suit of fustian which Judith had had prepared for him and had placed by his bedside. I whispered:

“Mr. Grey, you are well. I want you to slip out of the house as quickly as possible, and do the best you can until morning. I will give you an overcoat of my cousin’s; and perhaps you can get into Mr. Seaforth’s woodshed—not in ours, for any thing. Don’t be seen. I have an American officer to save from death, and I shall try and hide him in your bed.”

He seemed to comprehend at once; said it was all right, he could do admirably until morning. So I got Charles’s old coat from the closet; he took his shoes in his hand, and I hurried softly to open the street door. He must have come down stairs by leaps, but silently, for as soon as I had the door open he rushed by me into the darkness. Back I ran to Richard Reid, in the closet, and led him up to the attic and stood him by Grey’s empty pallet. So I bid him undress and get in quickly and quietly, and, of all things, to put on Grey’s night-cap, which I slipped into his hand. Away then for Judith’s keys and to her closet for another suit of fustian; and by the time I took it to the attic Richard Reid was in Grey’s pallet. I said: “Seem to sleep, whatever happens,” and laid the fustian on a chair, and carried off what clothes he had left on the floor. What to do with them and the shoes I hardly knew, but then, running to my room, I stuffed them into the straw tick which lay under my feather-bed, and, making all smooth, I flew down to the kitchen. It had been the

busiest twenty minutes or thereabout that I had ever spent. As I expected, soon came a pounding at our kitchen door, and Pompey opened it, trembling. A pair of British soldiers stood there, and one said, roughly :

“ We want the strange man that ran in here but now ! ”

Then I stepped forward, sharp and bold :

“ What are you talking about, sirrah ! A strange man ! There is no strange man here, unless you mean Colonel Nelson, sitting above in our parlor. ”

“ He was seen to come in here, ” said the other man.

“ Who—the Colonel ? Truly, he comes often ; and will not thank you for your watching of his motions, I can tell you. ”

“ Oh, miss, if you please, ” said the soldier, respectfully, “ we mean one suspected for a spy, who darted off the street and must have got in here. I saw him myself, and went for a comrade and an order to search—and—*I have both !* ”

Blessed be Nervev. Here she tore off her turban, frantic with fright, and yelled :

“ Robbers ! robbers in the house ! ”

“ If robbers are in, by these good men’s help we will soon get them out, ” I said, catching at that idea. Then to the men, very stately : “ You *say* you have orders, but I do not know you, nor your orders. Will one of you stop here, and the other come with me to speak to Colonel Nelson, to question your orders or go through the house with you, or will you both stop here until I go for him myself ? ”

They said that one would go with me ; so, with my sol-

dier at my elbow, I went up and opened the parlor door. Uncle sat by the center-table, reading; on one side of the room Susannah was at the harpsichord, playing softly, and beside her stood Colonel Nelson, with his violin, and they were singing a song that he had taught her—

“Say, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to thy mind?”

On the other side of the room Judith sat on the sofa, and Henry Seaforth, in a chair near her, was bending forward to speak to her. Henry, with his fair, ruddy English face and golden hair, is such a contrast to Judith's dark, splendid beauty. The music and the earnest talk going on in the parlor had prevented their hearing my various maneuvers. As I opened the door I spoke out clearly to the Colonel:

“Colonel Nelson, here is a soldier who says he has authority to search our house for a *spy*, whom *he* says ran in here.”

All sprang to their feet. Colonel Nelson came forward and questioned the man sharply, at first declaring him drunk, then giving him more credit. Then I spoke out with tart scorn:

“I suppose it never entered your head that your *spy* could get over the back fence more easily than rush through a locked door!”

At these words my uncle gave me a keen look; suddenly he grew a little paler, and then, turning to the hearth, stirred the fire, as if he had no further interest in the matter.

"There is no spy in this house," cried Colonel Nelson, angrily, seeing Susannah looking frightened.

"Pray, let him see for himself," I cried. "Why should we be suspected? Pray, Colonel, come with this man and I will show you all over the house; only, I must ask you to come to the attic, and not let him blunder there with his noise, for we have a very sick man there to-night, and he might be made worse by a fright."

Judith, looking surprised at my unusual manners, said, "I had better go over the house with the Colonel."

I managed, unobserved, to squeeze her hand, and said: "No, you have company. I am disengaged; so come, Colonel, we will be through with this business at once."

The Colonel took a candle, I led the way beside him, and the soldier, with a pistol cocked in his hand, came behind. I was very particular, and insisted on a complete search, saying, "Suppose some one did come in? suppose there is a robber in the house?" So we searched every place below and above, until the attic was reached. Then I said softly, "Now, Colonel, for our sick man. I will hold the light, and you just count the heads; you were here yesterday, and know that we have five. You must send us another when Grey's bed is empty, to-morrow." I held the candle with elaborate good will, but managed to cast Grey's night-capped head somewhat into the shadow. "All right," said the Colonel. "Poor fellows; this is war; you have been angels of mercy in this house to sick and wounded, and have saved lives, while my bitter trade is to sacrifice them." Then, going down stairs, he said to the soldier, "If a spy or any other did

enter this yard, you see he has escaped by the rear fence, as Miss Temple suggested." I went to the kitchen and dismissed the soldiers, with a fair ration of bread and conserves, to sweeten their dispositions and dissipate suspicion. Then I ran to my room and wrote this note to Judith: "Trust me. When I ask for leave to go to Mistress Logan's, support me; and say I must take her a cook for her dinner." I sealed this properly, and walking into the parlor, as if the note had just come in at the door, I tossed it to Judith, saying, "Another invitation?"

Now, I do not often talk to Colonel Nelson; but he is very courteous to me, as to all Susannah's relations; so he met my kindness readily when I sat near him, and began chatting freely. Finally, after properly leading the way, I said: "Colonel, I *do* wish you could get me leave to go out of the city to-morrow to Mistress Logan's; I have wanted to see her this long while." "Aye, do, Colonel," cried Judith; "I can send Abbey in company there; for Mistress Logan must have a cook for her dinner party." "Are you going to the dinner, Colonel?" I said; "perhaps my cousin will give me leave to stay until it is over; being from the country, I never have seen such fine doings. See that I get leave to go, Colonel."

"And take the cook along, Abbey," cried Judith.

"By all means the cook, a black woman that can do culinary wonders; you are interested in that, Colonel. If the cook does not get there you may have no dinner fit to eat on Thursday," said I.

"If you must go, Abbey," said Henry Seaforth, "I will ride out with you."

“No indeed,” I said, “all the sport is in riding alone.”

“I wanted you to go with *me* to-morrow. Abbey can go with the black,” said Judith, who supported me wondrous well. Then Colonel Nelson took up the theme, and vowed he would ride out to the Logan House with me. I protested; but go he would.

“There is no danger,” I said, “and I shall start before you are up. Only send me by seven o’clock a pass out of the city to go so far.”

Still he persisted; he would gladly rise at five.

“You force me to be rude,” I said, laughing. “I am a hot ‘rebel,’ and I want to boast when the war is over that I never went any whither with a British officer.”

He looked vexed, and said softly to Susannah, “I trust *you* do not take such a position as your cousin.”

“I was paying little attention to her nonsense,” said Susannah, blushing. That blush so enraptured the Colonel, that he forgave me my impudence, withdrew his offer of escort, and promised me the pass I asked, which he would send by seven in the morning. He even brought his visit to an early close, that he might attend to this, and Henry Seaforth went with him. Susannah at once went up stairs. My uncle turned to me: “Abbey, have you heard any thing of your Cousin Charles?” he asked in a low voice.

I looked boldly at him, saying, “No, uncle, not a word.” “I thought—I feared you had,” he said, and presently he took his candle and went to his room. Judith and I locked up the house in silence. I saw that I must take Judith into my secret. We went up stairs and I

pulled her into my room ; then I said : “ Judith, I have sent Grey off, and Richard Reid is up in the attic in Grey’s bed, and if he is not got out of the town to-morrow, he will be caught and hanged as a spy. There is but one chance for him. I must get him to Mistress Logan’s as a black cook, and he must get from there to White Marsh.” So then, Judith and I planned for our “spy’s” escape. Early in the morning Judith would darken the attic window, making it so dim that the patients would not discern the change of Grey for Richard Reid. She would send Pompey to the warehouse with my uncle ; set the chambermaid to watch by our sick Williams, and dispatch Nervev to call for Hester, and go in her company to market. Meanwhile she would have the roan which I ride saddled, and a pillion put on for riding double, and we would dress Richard like a black cook, and so we would get him out of town, riding behind me. “If,” I said, “the great long creature can manage to double himself up, and sit like a frightened old black woman !”

Well, in the morning we carried this out. Judith and I had mixed oil and burnt cork, and therewith Judith fairly soaked Richard’s head, and neck, and hands, and his light, close-curl’d hair. Then we put iron-bowed spectacles on him, and a big turban close over his forehead, and a huge bonnet on that. Then he got on a gown and splay shoes, and I humped his shoulders a bit, and put a big netted scarf at his neck, and mittens on him, and a grand check apron, and a shawl ; also, I prepared him a bundle to hold in his lap, and I said :

"Now, Richard, all—your life and my safety—depends on your sitting perched on that pillion as awkwardly, like an old negress, as you can. Draw yourself up—"

"Never fear," says Richard, groaning, "I can but be awkward, sitting on a pillion in this homespun gown."

"And hold your bundle close, and hold fast to me."

"Never fear," said Richard, so cordially that we all laughed.

Then I dressed myself in goodly fashion, to overawe all impertinent gazers at me and my servant-woman. And, lastly, I took a good pistol, left us by our Hessian when he went, and I handed it to Richard, saying:

"Hide that in your bosom. When there is nothing else to be done, fight!"

Thereupon Judith had us down stairs, it being eight o'clock and the coast clear, and I mounted my horse by her help; and by her help also—for the benefit of all neighbors who might be peeping—Richard Reid lumbered upon his pillion in awkward style, and crouched, clinging to me and to his bundle; and Judith said: "All right—good morning"—which meant a great deal just then. And so I rode forth out of the side yard, and went up the street as briskly as I dared. I said:

"Mr. Reid, are you like to hold your seat?"

"Aye," he said; "but I feel awkward enough, trussed up sideways in this fashion."

"All the better," I said. "Hold your head down a bit. I will go as fast as I can without exciting suspicion."

So on I went. And I showed my permit to three soldiers; but it was early and cold, and they were sleepy,

so they took little heed of my "cook;" and when I was out of sight of soldiers I rattled on at a brave pace. Thus by half-past nine I got to the gate of the Logan House, and I sent to ask Mistress Logan to come out to me. She came, with a shawl over her head, to the gate, and I said:

"My Cousin Judith sends you a servant, if it may chance suit you."

Thereupon Mistress Logan boxed the ears of a boy who stood listening, and bid him go feed the fowls. Then I added, softly:

"Mistress Logan, 'tis life or death."

So she bid us alight, and said loudly to me, that truly she was glad to see me, and was much obliged to Miss Judith Temple; and saying sharply to my cook: "Come in, Dinah," she bid a servant take away the horse, and had us in by the front door and up to her own room, where I told her my story. She looked at my Dinah, laughing. "'Tis well done," she said; and said also that until night this Dinah must sit in a small anteroom, as if sewing. So there we put Richard; and I taught him how to hold a needle, and gave him a sheet to be hemmed; and betimes Mistress Logan and I took a few stitches for him, in event of any of the family taking notice of the work; and Mistress Logan said in her kitchen that Miss Judith Temple had made a mistake in sending out a black who could neither sew swiftly nor make a marmalade, and who must go back to the city that evening.

After dark we took the *Dinah* out to the gate and dismissed her, and then coming in with secrecy, Mistress

Logan took Richard to the cellar, to the entrance of the famous "subterranean passage," and put him in there, where she had stored food, lights, soap, water, and clothes. There he remained until the next evening—the evening of December 2d. Then Mistress Logan and I went down to the subterranean passage to dismiss Richard to go to White Marsh. He was now properly dressed. He thanked Mistress Logan, and kissed her hand; he then took my hand, but I slipped it away as fast as possible and put it behind me. He looked curiously at me, then said:

"I put my life in your hands, and you have saved me. Will you add yet to your goodness by giving me one little lock of hair—a memento of the wit and bravery that preserved me from a disgraceful death?"

Now when I gave Thomas Otis a lock of my hair he said he would never carry any other, and I said I would never give a lock to any one else; besides, to me it would seem like a coquette to give a lock of hair to two folks, so I drew back, saying, with more than needful earnestness:

"No, no—I could not think of such a thing."

Mr. Reid looked hurt and turned away. Presently he renewed his thanks. I begged him to feel no obligation; I would have done as much for any man in the Patriot army—and the strange creature liked this saying even less than the other.

"Come," quoth Mistress Logan, "let there be an end of compliments."

So she led the way with a taper, and Richard and I

followed her through the long, dark underground way, that was like a tomb. At last we made a turn; the low roof of the passage dripped moisture, and a chill breath of night air swept along it, and there on a bowlder, in the light of Mistress Logan's taper, sat an Indian, motionless as a statue. I stopped and held my breath at sight of the grim face. Mistress Logan stepped on one side. The Indian rose, saying:

"Follow me — to Washington." Richard Reid hesitated. The Indian pushed his tomahawk in his belt, gathered closer his powder-horn and



TA-GA-JUTE LOGAN, THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND.

musket, and repeated: "Let a white man trust Logan, the white man's friend. Follow Logan to Washington."

All in a moment the two were gone, and Mistress Logan and I stood alone in the passage by the little light of our taper, and far off I thought I saw shining through some opening a single star.

CHAPTER XI.

FEBRUARY 27, 1778.

MY last entry in this diary was made at various times, and I now continue the account of my adventures.

Cousin Judith had promised that Captain Seaforth would ride out to Mistress Logan's, and bring me home on the 3d. But on that day no Henry appeared, and I made myself contented with our good friend, with whom my previous acquaintance had been slight; she had been a great friend of my Uncle John's wife.

Logan House is one of the finest houses that I have ever been in. The walls and walks are of bricks, brought from England by the confidential secretary of William Penn. Around two of the fire-places are blue and white tiles, with Scripture pictures upon them; and the other fire-places have plain white tiles. These all came from Holland. The furniture is solid oak and mahogany, and, with the carpets, was all brought from the mother country. The rooms are mostly wainscoted to the ceiling, and these shining oaken panels came from over seas. The linen, china, and silver are also very splendid; and I had opportunity to see all, as Mistress Logan was preparing for her dinner-party on the 4th. I made sure I would be sent for on that morning, but no one came. Mistress Logan said to me:

“Be content; there is sure to be some good in it. I have learned to take each day as it comes, and make the best of it.”

“But my uncle does not favor our having to do with any gayeties in these sad times,” I replied, in a flutter.

“If he leaves you here you must e’en see and take part—and may get some good to yourself and others,” said she. “Wine loosens some people’s tongues wondrously.”

Well, as no one came to fetch me, and the hour for the dinner drew nigh, Mistress Logan sent her maid to dress me in some of Miss Logan’s clothes; and I submitted to be arrayed as she ordered. Accordingly she rolled my hair in a fine tower, and made two long curls behind, so that I burst out laughing, and repeated to Mistress Logan the words of Mr. Pope:

“This nymph, for the destruction of mankind,
Cherished two locks, which, graceful, fell behind.”

The maid then put upon me a petticoat of peach-colored satin, and a trained gown of pearl-colored brocade cut square at the neck, and thereunder a tucker of white lace. My sleeves were close to the elbow, and there fell open, with a filling of white lace. I had on long embroidered gloves, a bouquet at my belt, high-heeled slippers, and clock stockings. I had never been so fine in my life, and I wondered how my uncle would stare to see me. Mistress Logan gave me a French fan of much size and beauty, and she said to me:

“There is nothing equal to a fan for concealing embarrassment, hiding a thought, or covering a design. You can distract all a gentleman’s attention to the motions of

your fan while you may be laying a plan to make use of his apparently idle observations. Regard this dinner-party as a part of the history of the country. There have been less patriotic deeds than Mistress Logan's dinners."

Now I saw that there was much meaning in her speech, and I set myself to ponder it. Presently I said:

"Mistress Logan, the maid while she dressed me entertained me with a long tale of how this house is haunted, and she says none of the servants dare go about it at night alone."

"'Tis an idea I cultivate," says she, clasping her bracelets; and, rising her voice as a servant passed: "'tis certainly haunted," then lower, to me: "'Tis needful for a house to be haunted when there is a secret passage therein;" and, taking a key from her escritoire, she hung it by her dressing-table, remarking: "Abbey, 'tis the key of the door we went in at the other evening—could you find it alone, do you think?"

"Both key and door," I replied, promptly.

"I do not mind telling you how the place is haunted—you saw the spirit last night: Ta-ga-jute Logan, son of Shikellimus. He is there when news is to be carried."

I looked from the window to the hill-side under which is the vault where the Logan dead are laid, and where Shikellimus, the Cayuga chief, is buried, and understood why the servants think he haunts the ground.

The guests began to arrive, in full uniform: huge wigs, powder, jewels, stars, ribbons—a grand assemblage; among them Colonel Nelson, who was most attentive to

me, and said casually that all the family were well, and that Cousin Judith hoped I was enjoying myself. He asked also if the *cook* was satisfactory, and I replied that he must judge of that by the dinner.

Indeed it was a magnificent dinner, and most heartily eaten; and then wines and other liquors were brought on, and a health—"The Philadelphia Ladies"—was drunk all around, though Colonel Nelson and I only put our glasses to our lips. Then Mistress Logan was handed to the door by General Knyphausen, and we ladies followed her. When at last a number of the gentlemen joined us it was evident that they had taken a deal of wine, for they were flushed, and talked loudly. Colonel Nelson had come to the drawing-room soon after us ladies, and frequently looked at his watch, saying they must be in the city early. He also went back to the dining-room, I dare say to urge his friends to limit their potations. One light-brained Captain, placing himself in a wide window-seat by Miss Logan, vowed that he would be merry while he might; 't was bad enough to go out and be killed when the time came. Then catching sight of Colonel Nelson, he swore that the Colonel was in such a hurry for them to go out and catch Washington that he could scarce eat his dinner; and again, would bet a ring to a bracelet that before noon next day the rebels at White Marsh would be done for. Colonel Nelson caught some of these maudlin speeches, and the manner in which he took them to heart and managed to check them, told to Mistress Logan and me, who were alert for revelations, that attack on our army was intended. We looked swiftly at

each other, but gave no sign. In a few moments Mistress Logan sailed by me as I was talking, so glibly as I might, with the Colonel and another, and said she:

“Abbey, would you believe that I left the key to the silver closet hanging by my dressing table?”

“Eh,” said I, “what a fearful piece of carelessness, with so many strange servants about the house”—and I flirted my fan and looked indifferent. So she spoke a compliment or two to this one or that one, and lent her fan to General Knyphausen to hold, and showed her bracelet to Colonel Nelson, and said carelessly to me:

“Do, child, go and look about that key. Suppose my spoons should be stolen!”

“Get these officers to remember you when next they take up a collection in the Jerseys,” said I, boldly; whereat all laughed but Colonel Nelson, who looked mortified.

“Do go, child,” urged Mistress Logan.

“Hold my fan and my kerchief, Colonel,” said I, putting on Bessie as well as I knew how, “while I go look after the spoons.”

So off I went, throwing a jest here and there as I passed, and sailed along until I reached the stair-top, when I darted for the key, tossed my train over my arm and ran down the back way. I seized a second to spring into a closet, where a hidden door led to a small cellar, and going down thither I felt for the door of the passage, and turned the key in the lock. When I had drawn shut the door after me I found myself all in the dark, but I concluded to venture on, as the passage had no

ways leading into it, and when I ran a few steps I came to a little lamp burning on a ledge of rock. I took the lamp and sped along, made the turn and came, as the day before, upon an Indian seated, with his rifle leaning against his knee. Neither his eyes nor his body moved as I came up. Truly I do not marvel that those who have seen this one stalking around the grounds or sitting in a shadow, have called this place haunted.

“How long does it take you to go to Washington?” I asked.

He opened and shut his mouth once or twice, without a sound. I saw that few words were best words, so I said:

“Go quickly. Tell the Americans that they will be attacked to-night. Let there be wings to your feet!”

The Indian slowly rose up, replying:

“But one hour to sunset; *this* night is near; Logan’s news is late.”

“Too late?” I cried, in anguish at the thought.

The Indian looked back encouragingly.



“Subterranean Passage under the Logan House.”

“Logan is not the only news-bearer. Washington is a chief of many eyes.”

He vanished in the darkness and I turned to hurry back. I had ruined my slippers in the damp passage, but I took some others from Mistress Logan’s dressing-room and hastened down to the parlor. The yard was full of horses and servants; our guests were departing. In a great bustle they hurried away, and—the officers did not ride toward Philadelphia, but to Germantown. Later in the evening we heard the hollow, rushing sound that once would have seemed to me the rolling of waves on Plymouth coast, but now is known as the tramp of marching battalions.

The 5th, the 6th and the 7th of December passed, and no news from the city, no one coming for me. On the night of the 6th General Howe marched back on Germantown, as we found from a servant stationed there to gather news. On the 7th he returned upon the Americans. All this argued well for our side, who must have been forewarned and holding their own. On the 8th, about three o’clock, we had news that General Howe was returning. We went to the attic and looked out through the trap-door on the roof, and sure enough, before dark we saw detached companies, and then whole regiments, marching toward Philadelphia. Whatever else they had done, they had not carried General Washington captive. Presently we saw a squad of ten men leave the road and come toward the Logan House. Mistress Logan rushed down stairs, sent her boy to bid them in for a hot supper, and having had them conducted to a room in the long line of offices

stretching behind the house, where was burning the laundry fire, she set the servants to carrying in huge platters of bread, beef and cheese, and herself made a kettle of punch—luckily more hot than strong. She graciously dispensed this herself, and between her welcome and her questions she got information that General Howe had accomplished nothing; the Americans had been prepared at every point, and, having been twice baffled, Howe was returning, with loss of over one hundred men.

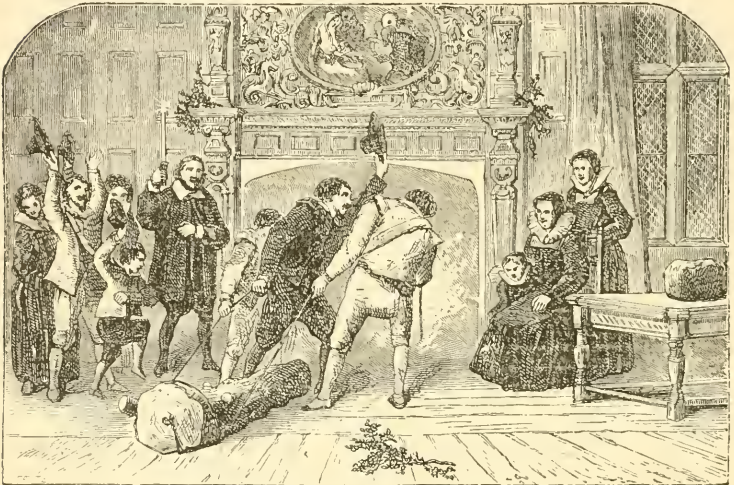
On the 9th I was restless, and desired Mistress Logan to send me to town, but she refused. On the 10th I resolutely spun and read all day until three o'clock, when chancing to look out of the window, I saw Pompey riding up to the gate. I flew to speak with him. He handed me a letter and a large parcel, and said he must ride home quickly, before dark.

“But can I not go with you, Pompey?” I cried.

“Missey Judith remarked you was goin’ to lib here a while,” replied Pompey, gathering up his reins. Then he added: “Good-bye, Miss Abbey, ef I nebber see you no more. So many sogers lyin’ roun’, Pomp mos’ likely nebber git home libe.”

When Pompey had hastened away I opened Judith’s note. She merely said that she was glad that I was enjoying myself, and that she had sent me some clothes. I could not tell what she meant; but Mistress Logan assured me that doubtless she intended much more than she said, as I would one day discover. Wise people put little in letters that may be read at the head of an enemy’s brigade.

There was no reason why I should not enjoy myself at Mistress Logan's. She was very kind, and I read and sewed, and we often had officers come out from the city to call upon us. On Christmas Day we dressed the house in green, and put a big Yule-log in the fire-place, and Mistress Logan had a little pig roasted, with a lemon in his mouth, lying on a bed of parsley, and a wreath of



“Bringing in the Yule-log at Logan House.”

holly on his head. Captain André rode out from town with Captain Banks and ate dinner with us. We heard, incidentally, that General Washington had removed all his army from White Marsh on the 12th, and that on the 19th he had reached Valley Forge: and Indian *Logan* told Mistress Logan that the General had built log cabins and made a town in the woods, but that the soldiers were very poor, “worse off than Indians” This news of the sufferings of our Patriots filled me with grief. I could scarcely

bear to be warm and well fed while I knew that our soldiers were shivering and hungry.

I was becoming quite homesick and greatly uneasy concerning my uncle's family, when, about three o'clock on the 31st, I chanced to look out of the gate, and saw there my Uncle John and Captain Seaforth, just dismounting. Harry only remained a few minutes; then he shook hands with uncle and wished him a safe return, and so galloped down the road. When he was gone uncle turned to me, saying:

“Abbey, we are going to Valley Forge to see Charles.”

Now I must say that on the morning when I carried Mr. Reid out of Philadelphia in the guise of a black cook we had had him early in a little room up stairs, where Judith and I had served him a notable breakfast, and as he ate he told us a terrible tale of the sufferings of our army, destitute of stores and shelter for winter, of their bare feet and nearly naked bodies; of their hunger, cold and sickness; of the lack even of straw to keep their tired bodies from the wet winter earth; of their heroic patience, courage and faith; and as he told us, Judith and I wept for sympathy. But when I was fairly gone, and the second day had passed, and the inquiry for the supposed “*spy*” had ceased, Judith told Uncle John the story, and of the miseries of Charles's men, and maybe Charles himself suffered. So my uncle resolved to go to the camp on a visit, and communicated his desire to get out of the city to Mr. Seaforth, and he told him, under pledge of secrecy, of the attack to be made by Howe, and that he must not think of leaving until the event of that was known. After that he waited until news of encampment came.

As my uncle did not like to implicate Mr. Seaforth too deeply in our troubles, the family concluded that Susannah should ask Colonel Nelson to get her father and me a pass through the lines to visit his son. It went hard with both my uncle and Susannah to ask the favor, but for Charles's sake it was done, and getting his pass by noon on the 31st of December, he was thus far on his way. After my uncle had finished his story I, yet pondering why I was to go with him, said suddenly,

“Uncle, how stout you have grown in these few days by past!”

“Stout!” cried he, “Prithee, Mistress Logan, lend me a room, where I may dress myself anew, for I have on at this moment no less than four flannel shirts and two waistcoats of duffel gray, and I am like to choke.”

“Truly they will keep some poor Patriots warm this winter,” said Mistress Logan, bidding a servant have my uncle to a bed-chamber. When he had gone she said to me:

“Your uncle carries under his saddle a marvelous good horse-blanket, which he will doubtless leave at camp. So shall you have a blanket to carry; and as it is cold weather one can dress warmly, and I doubt not I can dispose of some flannels on you that will not come amiss at Valley Forge.”

After supper my uncle said:

“Mistress Logan, after I am out of British lines I shall ride around to my farm and get a horse and load it with clothes, bacon and blankets that I have in hiding under my barn; and Abbey and I will fill our saddle-bags with

things for the hospital; but, 'money answereth all things,' is a word of truth, and if you can hide upon Abbey some three hundred Spanish dollars of that I intrusted to you last summer, it will be well."

"No doubt it can be quilted into a petticoat," said she.

So Mistress Logan bid me come with a candle, and we two went to the subterranean passage again, and she, picking a brick from the wall, revealed a place where money was hidden.

"This is your uncle's," said she; "safe from fire or thief;" and she counted out the hard, bright dollars, and we took them, tied in her apron, to her room. Then we said good-night below and shut her room, and Mistress Logan ripped up most part of a petticoat of blue damask, and, stretching it on a frame, she and I, with busy fingers, quilted the money into it, and it was a weighty petticoat indeed. However, I was to ride, and my roan could carry me and my rich garment. So I perceived that I was to go with my uncle as his unsuspected money-purse!

Next day, before light, we had our breakfast, and the horses were brought round in good order, and a blanket was put on mine under the saddle, and warmly wrapped as when I went to Trenton, I rode off with my uncle, and after we were out of the British lines with General Howe's pass, we directed our steps to my uncle's farm below Swede's Ford. When we got out of the British lines my uncle provided himself with a permanent pass from General Washington, which he ripped out of the cuff of his coat. We went along at our best speed and did not delay, except once to water the beasts, until we reached my

uncle's farm. This farm is rented to a man of scrupulous honesty and singular selfishness. He is so honest that he would die before he touched or betrayed the store that my uncle hath hidden under the great barn; yet he is so selfish that he cares for neither party in this war, merely to save what he hath and owe nothing to either side; the consequence is that he is fleeced by all. We found him in great turmoil of spirit because General Washington hath been forced to levy a contribution on the vicinage, and the foragers had carried from him a pig, a load of hay, and some bushels of corn. My uncle said to him, "Perhaps they thought you were a Tory."

"But when the British last came by," said he, "they drove off from me a good plow horse, a fine young steer, and burnt my biggest straw stack in the field."

"Doubtless they thought you were a Whig," said my uncle.

"I am neither Whig nor Tory. All I am anxious for is to be my own man and save my own property. I don't care whether George Third reigns or Washington is Dictator. All I want is good crops and leave to sell them, and keep the money."

"But there is a principle at stake!" I cried.

"I don't care for principles, only for money," said he, doggedly.

My uncle paid him for a load of straw and a beef, which he was to bring to camp next day. My uncle then had a horse loaded with clothing and blankets, and what beans and bacon he could gather. He also filled my saddle-bags and his own with various small stores for

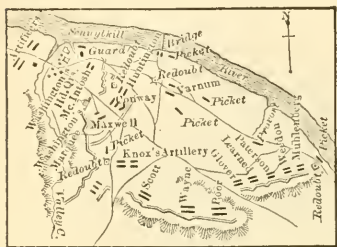
the sick. Finally, he asked if there were any fowls, that we might take Charles his Christmas dinner. The farmer said every feathered thing had been carried off save a cock and a turkey gobbler, both aged and wary, which



SUPPLIES FOR ARMY AT VALLEY FORGE.

neither Whig or Tory had been able to catch. My uncle, however, beguiled these veteran birds with corn and caught them. Having killed them, he hung them across our pack-horse, and we set forth again on our travels, my uncle leading the laden horse, and what with his saddlebags and mine being roundly stuffed, and he having a bundle of my clothes behind him, we looked like a pair of peddlers. We came shortly to Swede's Ford and found the ferryman in readiness, so without difficulty crossed the Schuylkill. When the man found we were going to the camp he would not take any pay for ferriage, and

he shed tears of joy at thought of even a little help going to the soldiers. He said if he had not been old and lame he would be in the army himself. By the time we reached the "King of Prussia Tavern" we were very hungry, for



ENCAMPMENT AT VALLEY FORGE.

We had not stopped to eat at the farm lest we might have delays at the ferry and need all our time. We now tarried to get a good dinner. After dinner we hastened on and soon came to the camp. The genius of our General has changed this piece of forest to a frontier town; the huts are made of logs, they are of size fourteen by sixteen feet; the roofs are split slabs; the chimneys are clay-covered; the height of the walls are six and a half feet; the doors are of slabs, some few boards; the huts for the officers are in a line in the rear of the troops. Our arrival was greeted with some curiosity, but there was a general courtesy and kindness shown in every face. A young sergeant undertook to lead us to the hut where Charles lives with a number of other officers. He told us that the General had been living in a marquee, but that now the camp was completed he had moved his quarters to the adjacent farm-house of Isaae Potts. We heard a great bustle in Charles's cabin, and found that the officers within were at carpenter work trying to make themselves a table and some stools, and Charles and another were busy putting additional clay plaster on their chimney. Being called he came forth, his hands and clothes bedaubed with clay, in

spite of which he kissed us right heartily. I was helped from my horse and given a seat in the cabin, the seat being only the end of a log with a square of slab nailed to the top thereof. My uncle gave Charles the blanket which he carried, Charles acknowledging that he had none, as he had wrapped his about Robert Shirtliffe, who had been wounded in the attack on White Marsh. My uncle also gave the inmates of this cabin, who were the commissioned officers of two companies, the veteran gobbler and a portion of beans and bacon for their New Year's dinner, which I volunteered to cook for them, if they would find me a kettle. My uncle promised these gentlemen the beef which he had ordered over for next morning as a dinner for their two companies, and as many more men as it would reach unto. They advised him to give the straw that was to come, and the other blankets to the sick in hospital, and Charles asked one of his friends to convey what presents we had brought for the hospital at once to the nurse. My cousin said that he thought he could get lodging for me with Mistress Isaac Potts, at whose house the General was in quarters. So, leaving our remaining provisions in his cabin, he conducted us thither. N. B.—We had sent the cock to the hospital for a soup.

At Isaac Potts' my uncle called upon the General, and I, getting a place by myself in the attic, made it my first business to rip the dollars out of my petticoat; never had money been so incommodious to me. It was dark night by the time I was done, indeed I had a candle of Mistress Potts for an hour to finish making the petticoat

wearable, and after that I went to bed. My uncle returned with Charles to his cabin. Early next day my uncle came for me, and as I had had my breakfast I went with him to the camp, and directed my way to the hospital, wondering much how poor Robert Shirtliffe had fared. I read the riddle in a moment, for a nurse was stooping over a patient, and that nurse was—Hannah Dana. But, oh, how changed is Hannah! Her face is worn, her hair is gray, she looks twenty years older; and as I clasped her hard, rough hand, and felt what she had done and suffered for our cause, tears of very shame rolled over my cheeks; for I had all this while done nothing.

Only a few of the sick are in this hospital, for it is too small for a tenth part of those who need. Hannah said she had carried the blanket that my uncle sent her to a sick man lying on the earth in a cabin, and that she should make the broth go as far as she could. I set about helping her care for her patients, put her hospital in order, and prepare their food. While we were busy Richard Reid came in. Said Hannah, "I would have died of very despair and heart-ache here had it not been for this good friend. He labors for the sick night and day, contrives beds for them, robs himself to feed them, and reads and prays with them."

After we had done what was possible in the hospital, Richard and Hannah went off to see other sick soldiers, and I went to Robert Shirtliffe, whom before I had not dared approach. "Deborah," I said, "how fare you?"

"Safe yet, thanks to Hannah," said Deborah. "When first I felt the ball go through my shoulder, all else was



HANNAH DANA.

lost in the horrible thought that now I should be discovered. I prayed God to have mercy on me, and let me die at once. But I was picked up and carried to one side, and in an hour or two, during which I suffered the agonies of death from apprehension, some one stopped by me crying, "What, Bob! wounded? Cheer up, now; we will save you." And it was your cousin. He had his blanket wrapped around me, and I was carried back of the encampments. I was nearly senseless from terror when I was put down, and Captain Temple went off to find help for me. He came back at last, saying, "Cure Bob; I owe my life to him." I opened my eyes to beg to be let alone, and there stood Hannah Dana! She did not recognize me until, as she bent down, I whispered, "Keep my secret, or let me die." By Hannah's nursing I am now nearly well, and as long as she stays near us, I feel safe. Hardly had Deborah finished whispering her story to me than Thomas Otis came rushing into the tent. He is now lieutenant. Of course I was very glad to see Thomas, and he was begging me to eat my New Year's dinner with him, when he stopped short, recalling that he had nothing to eat. I divined the cause of his trouble, and begged him to make up a party of Mr. Reid, Joseph Dana and Hannah, and I would eat dinner with them, and, indeed, provide the viands myself. Just here Mr. Bowdoin came into the hospital, and he must needs be invited to join our feast. While I was arranging with Thomas to find me some flour, my uncle bustled up aglow with charitable feelings, as he had a whole load of straw to bestow on the needy. He told me the beef was already

butchered, and as many poor fellows as it would suffice for were to have a dinner therefrom. Poor men, some of them in this bitter weather have not tasted meat for four days. Hannah Dana came running at full speed to direct how the straw was to be distributed to the sick for beds, and hearing of beef, she called to Mr. Bowdoin to run and beg the big bones to make soup for her patients.

Then I remembered that I must go and cook the dinner for Charles's mess. Charles brought a black boy to help me, and he dressed the turkey and replenished the fire in the chimney; but it smoked sadly, the wood being green. I pinned up my sleeves and skirt, and covered myself with a check apron that had been in my bundle. Charles brought me some flour, and the black boy found two kettles. I hung these over the fire, and set the turkey to boil in one, as it was too tough for roasting, and I put the beans in the other. For want of kettles I boiled the bacon with the beans; and I made some dumplings of a singular variety to boil with the turkey. By the time I had so prepared the dinner that the black boy could serve it, and had made the hut tidy, decorated it with green, and laid the table, it was time for me to go and cook the other feast. Charles and his friends implored me to stay, but they had uncle, and I had promised my other friends; so Charles escorted me to the hut behind the hospital, where Hannah cooks. Thomas Otis had prepared a table, and had made a bright fire, and a green bower. I had sent over some beans to Hannah, and they were already boiling; so I made a pudding with some dried fruit that my uncle had brought, and I cooked

some bacon to a turn. This was our feast. Mistress Logan and Cousin Judith would have pitied us, but we were all hungry, and happy to see each other, and so we enjoyed our dinner amazingly. Mr. Bowdoin was kind, but restrained; he did not mention Bessie until I said that she was in Philadelphia, and well, when he replied that he would trouble my uncle with a letter to her. Isaiah Hooper had been absent from camp, but he returned before we had finished dinner, and sat down to eat with us. My uncle gave the shirts and waistcoats which he had brought, to the most needy men; he also, under the general's advice, made the best use possible of his three hundred dollars.

We had intended to return home by the 6th of January, but on the day before we would have set out, dear Charles was taken with a raging fever. By great good fortune we got leave to take Charles to the attic of Mr. Potts' house. They picked a hole in the chimney, and put in the attic a Franklin stove, for which alike I blessed the owner and the philosopher. Mr. Potts and my uncle made a pallet for Charles by canvas nailed on sticks. They also made a screen to shelter him from draughts, and Mrs. Potts lent me a curtain from her bed to cover it. My uncle went to the farm and got me three sheets and a blanket, also a cup or two. The attic was very chill, but I kept hot bricks in Charles's bed, and so prevented his taking cold. My uncle delayed a week, torn between anguish at leaving Charles, and a desire to go to the three maidens whom he had left alone in the city. As there was no prospect of a speedy recovery of

our patient, my uncle at last left him in my hands, and me in the care of Mistress Potts, and set out for home. Mistress Logan thrice sent me presents by the Indian, a pillow-case, and two shirts, a parcel of rice, one of sugar, and a packet of tea, also some jelly. The Indian was so much my friend in need, that as a token of my gratitude, I gave him a ring with a turquoise set therein; as he could not get it on a finger, I hung it to his neck by a silken string.

While I was constantly occupied in nursing Charles I often saw Hannah Dana. Mr. Bowdoin, Joseph Dana, Thomas Otis, and Mr. Reid also came by turns to sit up with my patient at night. Robert Shirtcliffe being recovered also was useful. During the day I kept warm by wearing my fur cloak, unless I was obliged to add it to Charles's bed-clothes. My heart ached for my poor cousin when I saw him lying in that bare attic, and contrasted it with the luxurious home to which he had always been accustomed.

The destitution here is deplorable; men are almost naked, the well fall ill from want of food and clothing, and the sick die by scores for want of beds and proper diet. I have much ado to keep Charles provided with food fit for his case, but Mistress Potts allows me to cook whatever I can for him in her kitchen. In February, while I was yet watching by Charles, Lady Washington came to the camp. I had longed much to see one so famous for her goodness, courage, and fine manners. She was very kind to me when she met me; she often sent food to Charles, and she inquired after him every day;

she wrote to Dame Warren while I was in the house, and allowed me to send a line with hers. After she came the General built a log cabin for a dining-room, which made their quarters more comfortable. I was asked to dine



LADY WASHINGTON.

with them one day, and as Mistress Logan had sent me some clothes by the Indian, I was able to make a decent appearance. The dinner was only bacon, greens, a beef pie, and an apple pie; but it was served with all ceremony, as if it had been a royal feast, and Captain Henry Lee, the General's favorite, whom

they call "Light Horse Harry," and who is always doing brave, dashing things, handed me in to dinner. I was so overawed at being at the same table with General and Lady Washington, persons whom my fancy has set among the gods rather than among human beings, that I could hardly eat a mouthful, and Lady Washington said my nursing the sick had ruined my appetite. After dinner she led me to speak of my Plymouth home, and of Dame Merey, and my grandfather, and she wiped her eyes several times when I told her of grandmother's dying of a broken heart. She also talked with me about spinning and weaving, and said 't was a pity such useful arts were going out of fashion with young women.

One day while I was in the kitchen making a gruel,

Isaac Potts came in, and seating himself nigh the fire-place, covered his face with his hands, seeming deeply moved. His wife and I were alone in the kitchen, and she said, "Speak, what ails thee, Isaac?"

He then told us that he strolled up the creek, looking to the affairs of his farm, when he heard a solemn voice in the woods, not far from the mill-dam. Anxious lest some spy, or treachery, might be on foot, he drew thither, when he saw the General's horse tied to a sapling. Still pressing quietly on he saw the General on his knees under a tree, tears pouring over his cheeks, his hands held up busy in prayer for his soldiers. At this sight Isaac Potts hastened to withdraw, and as he told us thereof, he wept. Then rising, he said to his wife, "I tell thee, if there is any one living on this earth whom God will hear, it is George Washington, and I feel an assurance that under such a commander there can be no doubt of our eventually establishing our independence, and that God in his providence has so willed it." But this good General is sorely tried by enemies, by a dilatory Congress, by envy, and by the remissness of commissary, quartermaster, and paymasters, who leave upon him the whole burden of this horrible destitution.

After Logan had come several times to me with parcels he appeared one evening with a letter. He was partially intoxicated, and I noticed that my talisman was not on his neck. I asked, "Logan, where is my ring?"

He replied, solemnly, "Logan's heart is black; he has drunk the fire-water, and the maiden's ring is gone."

I said, "Logan, it is most wicked to drink fire-water;

some day it may lead you to evil deeds, or to your own death."

He replied, with drunken gravity, "Logan is the white man's friend; fire-water is white man's evil gift. The Great Spirit is angry with him who drinks fire-water."

"Since you know that, drink it no more," I said.

He answered, "Who now cares for Logan, the chief of the empty cabin? Let him die of fire-water. White maiden, Logan is the white man's friend; he sat in his cabin while the braves went by to war. But Captain Cresap killed all the family of Logan. Since then the war-path has known the foot of Ta-ga-jute, and his hatchet has been red."

"Logan," I said, "perhaps it was not Captain Cresap, and if it had been, leave God to avenge; it is wicked to avenge yourself."

He replied: "The Great Spirit is busy enough avenging the white man; the Indian will attend to his own affairs. Cornstalk took the war-path, many Indians went with Dunmore, but Logan is lonely in heart and cabin."

"But, Logan, if you will leave fire-water and revenge, you will be happier, and the love of the Great Spirit will follow you." He turned the conversation adroitly, tipsy as he was.

"Is the young man better?"

"Much better thank you, Ta-ga-jute."

"And the Captain I led from the passage?"

"He also is well."

"And the beardless young officer, who talked by the gate?"

That meant Thomas Otis. I replied, "All are well."

Then with a grin that made me feel guilty of being a coquette, which surely I have neither wish nor opportunity to be, he said: "The white maiden has many to love her, Logan not one. Ta-ga-jute will go now to the broad waters of the Northwest, and to the river that runs toward the sunset. Peace shall beam, but not for Logan. Ta-ga-jute will die, and the birds shall sing over his grave, which will be bare of flowers, because no one has watered it with tears; but in the land of the Great Spirit, doubtless, the soul of Logan will look back and remember the maiden."

Having said this he hurried off. Lady Washington had been passing the kitchen door, and looking in had seen me talking to the Indian, and had heard his last words. She said: "Is that Logan, the Mingo chief? His speech to Dunmore was printed in the *Virginia Gazette* of '75, and was such a fine specimen of natural eloquence that I preserved it."

I would have been glad to tell her of Ta-ga-jute's friendships and errands of late, but that is Mistress Logan's secret, and though she had not bidden me be silent, yet she had given me no leave to speak of it.

My Cousin Charles improved rapidly when he began to amend, and by the middle of February he was well enough for m^e to leave him; but I was obliged to remain until the end of the month, as no way offered for me to get into Philadelphia. After Charles was in no need of nursing, time hung heavily upon my hands, for I had no work with me, and it was not proper for me to be much in

the camp. I helped Mistress Potts in her house, and sewing, and Lady Washington was very good to me, and often had me sit with her for an hour, and also lent me some reading. I got of her some paper, and also pen and ink, and note in this, my journal, at odd times in the attic, but only a little, leaving gaps to be filled, lest it be looked over by some enemy as I go home. Thomas Otis came often to see me, and wanted me to walk with him, but I did not go beyond the house yard, as it was against the opinion of Mistress Potts. Richard Reid came also to visit me, but there was no place for me to see any one but by Mistress Potts' kitchen fire, the General's family taking up the whole house. Still, my visitors were kind enough to seem as pleased as they would have done in my Cousin Judith's parlor.

In many a wakeful night hour I, who have been this winter in both armies, contrast the two. In Philadelphia all is riot and pleasure, feasting, love, and wine. A great army, well officered, well armed, well equipped, hearty and brave, lies in that city, kept in siege by this army at Valley Forge. And what an army is this! Naked, cold, hungry, unpaid, sick, their whole effective force, as I know, to be often but half the number of those who delay in Philadelphia, they are kept together by one man, inspired by his hope, preserved by his genius. Surely it is the mighty power of God who restrains General Howe from rushing hither some night and routing this whole encampment.

Mr. Bryan Fairfax, from Virginia, the rich and notable royalist, visited the General this month; he desired to go

to England, but returned from New York, having failed in his purpose. The General was very loving to him: he says Bryan Fairfax is a true and noble man, a royalist for conscience' sake, and far be it from him to condemn a man for following his honest convictions of duty.

But the most important event of this, February, was the arrival of the Baron Steuben, aid-de-camp of Frederick the Great, Grand Marshal of Hohenzollern, Soldier of Fortune, and I know not what else. Covered with all the honors which Germany can heap upon a valiant officer, he has come here, at forty-eight years of age, to help us Americans in our fight for liberty. I heard General Washington say that the baron was in himself worth an army, so great is his knowledge of military matters, and so thoroughly can he drill an army. Richard Reid tells me that if General Greene is now made quartermaster, there will be great prospect of our success.

General Steuben had been appointed Inspector-General of the army, and General Washington was looking anxiously for him, when one morning he clattered up to the door, with a small retinue. I was up in my sole place of retreat, that beautiful attic, and I thrust my head out of the little round window, to see what was to be seen. The baron is said to be forty-eight, but is gray and looks older; his uniform was very fine, his manners were nearly as grand as our General's. Mr. Reid told me after, that the baron is a warm admirer of our General, and is a man free from arrogance or pretension; he made the kindest allowances for the shocking state of our army. The baron set about drilling the men at once; he does

all in the most thorough manner. He speaks English but poorly, and the first day he was in despair because he could not find English enough for his multitudinous orders, and the men could not guess at the meaning of his French and German. The militia are quite untrained, and probably are fearfully stupid and awkward in the eyes of a soldier of Frederick the Great. In the midst of the baron's helpless horror, as he stood wordless, and the men gaping, Captain Walker, of a New York regiment, stepped forward, and in very elegant French offered his services as interpreter. The baron received him with enthusiasm, embraced him, made him his aid on the spot, and vowed that "he had not been half so happy had he seen an angel stepping straight out of heaven." He calls the Captain "mon Walker," "mein frien," and will not let him leave him. After the drill had been going on for a week, Richard Reid took me to see it. The baron is already much loved, because he is a sincere friend of the men; but his temper is hot, his patience very limited, his amazement at Yankee blunders excessive; he relieves his feelings by swearing furiously in French, German and English. The baron visits the men's huts, looks to their food and clothing and cleanliness, goes to the hospital, examines the doctor's reports, is up early, and busy all day; dawn finds him stirring; he is very particular in his dress. The day I watched the drill, I had a good station under a tree, and saw the troops come straggling up. They were in all sorts of clothes, ragged, soiled, thin, but better than a month ago. They came up irregularly, and stood every which way, holding their muskets in all

fashions, some nearly poking their bayonets in their neighbor's eyes. Presently up rode the baron. His uniform was spotlessly neat. The Order of Fidelity and the Star of Knighthood glittered on his breast. His sword and epaulettes shone like gold. His hair was dressed as elegantly as for a ball-room. He began giving orders to form the men in a line, and after much commanding, pushing, awkwardness, bungling and blundering, they were in a long, long row. Next order was, "Shoulder arms," and a world of work it was to get the arms in the right position, and every officer in his proper place. The baron twisted and fumed and grew red in the face. Then he passed slowly along the line, took every musket into his own hands to see if it were clean and polished; and if he saw a tatter that might have been sewn up, shoes that might have been cleaner, soiled skin or spots on the clothes that might have been brushed off, he was not slow to speak. This examination took a long while, but the baron looked and spoke kindly, and said some witty things, and all evidently felt grateful to him. Then he resumed his position and shouted his orders, and the poor militia-men blundered at every one. They *could not* understand, and the more the baron ordered and explained, and the more Captain Walker interpreted the worse matters became. The baron grew red, then purple, groaned, pounded the pommel of his saddle with his fists, and then broke forth into swearing English, French, and German, all at once. After a mad torrent of oaths and expletives he roared forth to his beloved aid: "Vien moi ami Walker! vien mon bon ami, vien Sacre, Donder, confound,

diable prend, blitzen, ach de gaucherie of dese badants! je ne puis plus, kommen sie hier! I can curse dem no more. I am done!"

A wag shouted: "Help him swear, Captain, that is what he wants!" and a roar of laughter passed along the line, so contagious and irrepressible that the Baron himself joined it, and thus recovered his good humor. But in spite of his disadvantages I am told that under his discipline the army improves every day in health and spirits and drill.

One endeavor after another to get me home had failed, and I began to think that I would have to be sent to my Uncle Matthew in Virginia for want of opportunity to get into Philadelphia, when the necessary arrangements were made, and I was allowed, on the first day of March, to return to my uncle. I had left home to stay two days, and I had been gone three months, and never twenty-five miles distant from my uncle's roof—such are the fortunes of war. I was never so glad of any thing I think, as to get safe back to dear Judith, and to Uncle John's protection. I found the city madly gay as before, Colonel Nelson devoted to Susannah, and Susannah calm and reticent as ever; Bessie wildly flirting, and giving Mistress Seaforth worlds of anxiety, and Annie Seaforth very much secluded, and only desirous of hearing all I could tell her of every word, act, look, of our Charles. I brought her a ring, a letter, and one or two other tokens from him, which made her very happy. Hester plied me with questions about whom I had seen, and was very glad of Thomas Otis' promotion, which was surely good hearted in her. Pompey and

Nervey looked on me as one rescued from the mouth of a lion.

CHAPTER XII.

MARCH 20, 1778.

IF Dame Mercy Warren ever comes to me, as she said, for material for her history of these weighty times, and this young country, she will find cause for condemning me in my carelessness of dates these three months by past. But the dame's suggestion was only a joke, and as this diary is for my own self only, the dates make little difference, for I shall remember when things happened. It has been impossible for me to write regularly, or under fit dates for this some time, and I had to leave great void spaces to fill when I had my journal safe home. Since I returned I have been filling up and correcting. Some day Judith's or Charles's grandchildren may question of these times, and the journal of their venerable, gray, spectacled cousin will be a bar of final appeal. Yesterday after we were done dinner, and Nervey and Pompey had carried away the cloth, I sat by the window reading, Judith was sewing, and Hester was pretending to knit; Susannah looked out the window doing nothing. My uncle called her: "Daughter Susannah, come to me." She came slowly. "Daughter Susannah," said my uncle, polishing his spectacles, "Colonel Nelson has asked my leave to make proposals of marriage to you. What shall I answer him?"

Susannah became first redder than a rose, then whiter

than a lily, finally she said, softly, "Tell him no, father."

My uncle looked closely at her—she is a great favorite with him, being like her dead mother. "Be candid with me, with yourself, with the Colonel, daughter. What are your objections?"

"I can not marry one who is in arms against my country, father."

"You have received his attentions a long time, Susannah."

"But I did not encourage them," she cried, even tearfully. "Say, Judith, have I done other than passively accept attentions, which he *would* bestow? Indeed, I told him that I would never marry my country's enemy."

"You are free from all blame, Susannah," said Judith.

"What did he say when you told him that?" asked my uncle?

"He said," replied my lovely cousin, blushing again, "that he was not an enemy to America. He was, he said, merely fulfilling his oath to his King, and performing the duty of a subject; and he only wished that without further bloodshed, an honorable solution to these vexed questions might be found; a solution honorable to both parties."

"Well," cried Hester, "the true solution is for them to let us alone, and we will let them alone!"

"Why not look at him in the light of his own declaration, my daughter, and accept his addresses?"

"Father!" cried Susannah, reproachfully, "you see the justice of Judith's not, in these troubled times, marrying Henry Seaforth, whom she has known and loved for

years; you see that she must needs delay, because he loves a cause which she does not love; because her brother and he are in opposite armies. And am I any less an American, any less Charles's sister than Judith, that it would be right for me to marry Colonel Nelson?"

"I only desired you to be sure of yourself, my child," replied my uncle. "Have you any objections to the Colonel personally?"

"I wish," said Susannah looking away, "that he had been an American; or was an Englishman always on our side, like Lord Stirling!"

"You like the man, I see, better than his cause," said my uncle.

"I like his cause so little, that I must reject the man," replied Susannah, though not very firmly.

"But if the war were ended to-morrow you might accept the Colonel the day after?" said my uncle inquiringly.

"Oh, father," cried Susannah, "you know the war will not end for many to-morrows. You must end this for me—by saying no."

Then Susannah ran out of the room, looking ready to cry.

"Judith," said my uncle, "what shall I do? I have feared that the girl cares much for her English lover. She is of a gentle nature, and I am sure she will be unhappy, after I have said 'no.'"

"Still, you must say it," replied Judith; "she would be much more unhappy to marry, or form an engagement, the way affairs stand now."

“I shall say it,” returned my uncle, “but she will follow this man’s fortunes, and mourn over his wounds, or death, as bitterly as if there had been an engagement between them—and as for the Colonel personally, I do not know any man whom I should prefer for her husband.”

“The Colonel will not take the ‘no’ for his final answer if he finds that Susannah’s objections are not against him personally,” said Judith. “Ah me, what a pity that these had not all been little girls, in war times,” and she looked toward Hester and me, and gave a sigh to Susannah. I am sure our Hester will never trouble Judith by breaking her heart for any body, she is too merry and careless; and as for me I shall never marry. I am quite firmly resolved.

It was just as Judith said about the Colonel; he pressed his questions so closely, that my uncle was obliged to tell him that the war only, so far as he knew, stood in the way of his happiness. Said the Colonel, “Susannah and I are both young, and wars do not last for ever; I shall wait in hope, and offer myself again, as soon as peace is declared.”

My uncle, however, bound him not to renew those offers, nor press any love-making, until the war was finally over; also, more than that, not until the Colonel had had the full and free consent of his own family; for my uncle plainly told him that Susannah should not go unwelcome into any household.

Having pledged himself to observe my uncle’s requirements, the Colonel wished to continue his visits, and this matter was referred to Susannah. Her secret wish for his

society, and her views of what might be prudence, were in a somewhat long contention; however, she decided at last—"Let him come."

"Poor Susannah," sighed Judith.

There are rumors-afloat that General Howe is to be superseded by General Clinton; also that the British will not try to hold Philadelphia much longer, but will concentrate their strength in and about New York. At this news,

"Poor Susannah," said Judith again—but will it not be "Poor Judith" also, and "poor Henry Seaforth," as he must then go away?

Bessie Warley is much of her time with Mistress Seaforth. I met her there the other day. I told her about Mr. Bowdoin, and that he seemed so sorrowful, and was looking pale. Bessie asked me carelessly,

"Did you see much of him?"

"No," I replied; "he is so mistaken as to think me your enemy, Cousin Bessie, and because of that opinion he will not be a friend to one who is not your friend."

"How very amusing," said Bessie, lightly.

"Beautiful fidelity," said Mistress Seaforth. "Bessie, you are despising a most noble affection."

"Do, Cousin Bessie, consider what a good man he is," said I, "and what a safe, happy, and peaceful home you would have."

"I don't care for peace so much as for pleasure," said Bessie, "and Mr. Bowdoin despises my sort of pleasure."

"You managed to content yourself well with what contented him for a long while," I retorted, sharply.

“It could not have lasted forever—that is, not for the term of one’s natural existence,” said Bessie.

“You make a poor exchange, I fear,” said Mistress Seaforth, “giving up this good minister for Captain Banks. I have watched the Captain narrowly, Bessie, and I am not confident of his good intentions.”

“His intentions are good enough,” answered Bessie, flippantly, “for yesterday he asked my father’s leave to marry me.”

“And did you consent?” demanded Mistress Seaforth.

“Why,” said Bessie, confused, “I asked two days to consider, and”—she added, as one distressed and striving to be gay—“you see I am considering by just not considering at all.”

“Will you tell me why you asked for that delay in reply?”

“I can not tell, to save my life,” responded Bessie. “All at once I felt as if I could not say ‘yes,’ and I would not say ‘no,’ and I had an irresistible desire for time before taking the important step. That is all I know about it.”

“My dear child,” said Mistress Seaforth, “perhaps some good guardian angel put this idea of delay in your mind. If you truly loved this man you would not feel as you say you do—that you could not say ‘yes;’ and, child, what will be your married life without love? Besides, Bessie, what do you know of this man’s character, his history, his private life? He is known to go to the faro-table, and he has been several times intoxicated.”

“But he is an officer in His Majesty’s army, and ex-

pects soon to receive his promotion. He will be Major Banks."

"His Majesty has some proper villains for his officers," said Mistress Seaforth, with a degree of heat. "The King can not be responsible for the personal character of all who buy commissions. Bessie, you know nothing of Captain Banks; all that you have seen of him in balls, parties, theaters and calls, may be merely assumed to suit society; and the *real* man may be very different, either better or worse, but more likely worse, than this. Remember that you do not marry merely for public occasions, but for private life, and that the man as he is at home, or in secret, is the man with whom you will have to do. If he is a deceiver, passionate, selfish, brutal, what will be your future? and how can you be assured that he is none of these? On the other hand, Mr. Bowdoin is a man who is well known to you in his private life, his personal character, and his past history; how much safer would your future be if you chose him. Besides, you admit that he is accomplished, agreeable" —

"Yes, and very good-looking"—interposed Bessie—

"And Captain Banks is none of these," said Mistress Seaforth, sharply.

"But Mr. Bowdoin lives a humdrum life, in a humdrum place," cried Bessie. "I should die of nowhere to go but to church or a quilting; no fine dressing, no amusements. I do hate these stupid Colonies, and I want to marry an Englishman and get to London, where there is some stir in life."

"I am English, and have lived in London," said Mis-

tress Seaforth, but I have been very happy in the Colonies; happiness does not consist in London and gay life, but in mutual love and respect, and unselfishness; in home comfort and the fear of God, in an orderly, pious and reasonable living."

"Dear Mistress Seaforth!" cried Bessie, who had been attentively considering the toes of her shoes, "do you suppose I could get bridal lace and satin from New York? and where would I be married, our suite of rooms is so small, and I am without a chaperon to arrange for me?"

Now this was such an impertinent ignoring of Mistress Seaforth's advice, and such a bold hint that our dear lady herself might offer to have the marriage under her own supervision, that she only gave Bessie a reproving look, and said no more to her, leaving me to entertain her. Bessie asked me many questions about the camp at Valley Forge, but I evaded all. Before I left Mistress Potts' house Lady Washington herself warned me to tell nothing that I had heard or seen at winter-quarters, lest, saying only what seemed to me harmless, I might divulge matter that would prove important to the enemy and injurious to the patriots. Lady Washington also did me the honor to say that I hardly needed the warning, and that I had much more prudence than was usual to young women. Not for worlds would I forfeit her good opinion.

When Bessie found it time to go home she suddenly realized her errors toward Mistress Seaforth, and with one of those bursts of penitence which are common to her, and real while they last, she ran and knelt down before that dear lady, and caressing her hand, cried: "Ah, you will

not be angry with me. If I had had all my life such a friend as you are I should have been a better girl. Do smile at me. I will be good. You shall choose for me."

"Suppose I choose Mr. Bowdoin?" said Mistress Seaforth.

"Then I must take him; and in six months I will break his heart, and in six months more I will go mad from remorse of killing so good a man, and I will commit suicide. That will be a romance of only two chapters; a tragedy in two acts, Mistress Seaforth."

"Romances and tragedies have nearly ruined you," sighed Mistress Seaforth. "Suppose I choose Captain Banks?"

"Oh! I'd take him—and there would follow recklessness, dissipations, quarrels, an elopement, divorce; a bad story that, too."

"My dear girl," said Mistress Seaforth, solemnly, "far be it from me to choose for you between these two men. My earnest, my last advice to you is, to give them both up; withdraw from the society and amusements which you keep; read only solid reading; learn house-keeping of Judith; be industrious; follow after godliness, make it your aim to be a good, reputable woman, and think no more of marriage until you are fit to be a wife, and God sends you the right husband."

Bessie looked grave, and shook her head.

"I couldn't. I should die of so dull a life. In two months I should be going up and down distracted, like Ophelia, and Abbey would be obliged to plant roses over me before June. Besides, Mistress Seaforth," she added,

in a gayer tone, "my father would be crying: 'War will not last forever; what will you live on by and by? Make your hay while the sun shines, daughter Bessie, and have two strings to your bow.'"

Her tone was such an absurd caricature of Mr. Warley's, that I burst into a fit of laughter; but Mistress Seaforth began:

"Honor thy fa—"

The words died on her tongue. Who *could* honor such a father as Mr. Warley? However, Bessie had patched up a peace with her good friend, and the two kissed at parting.

That night Bessie came to stay with me. She said she felt restless and lonely, and could not stay at home. I strove to lead the conversation toward urging her to take Mistress Seaforth's advice, but Bessie was in her maddest mood. She talked all kinds of nonsense; told how she would appear at court; how she would dress and have her house furnished, and how she would arrange her wedding. Then she meddled with Judith's and Susannah's affairs, and declared Hester might make a sensation by her wit and *brusquerie* if she chose to do so; and finally she informed me that Annie Seaforth had had an offer of marriage from a British officer, and might have had more if she had not shut herself up, "wearing the willow for her rebel lover." This angered me, and I retorted:

"You will please to remember that that 'rebel lover' is my Cousin Charles, and stands in place of a brother to me, and that I think he is worth being constant to."

“Eh,” said Bessie; “this constancy is a great bore, anyhow. I’ll have none of it!”

The next afternoon she rushed over to tell me that she had accepted Captain Banks, and that her father, having had a stroke of good luck somehow, had given her plenty of money, so that she should send to New York for her *trousseau*. After this Bessie went and consulted Mistress Seaforth as to her dress and behavior, accepted all her advice, listened tractably when she set before her her duties and responsibilities, and, in fact, behaved so well, that at the end of a fortnight our generous friend offered to have her married at her house. This has made Bessie quite happy for the nonce, and since that she behaves better than ever. As to Captain Banks, he conducts himself with propriety, and seems fond of Bessie. Indeed, he has just got his promotion, and is now Major Banks, to Bessie’s vast delight; she calls him *the* major on all occasions, as if there were but one in the world! But surely this is any thing but a proper diary in Dame Warren’s understanding thereof, with so much about Bessie and her love-making.

APRIL 19, 1778.

Though there have been hints of the evacuation of this city by the British, there are as yet no visible preparations for it, and the officers here conduct themselves as if they would stay forever. ’Tis said that General Howe hath not captured Philadelphia, but Philadelphia hath captured General Howe. The good city of the Quakers never expected to be so riotous; my uncle says the plays and displays here going on, will spoil us all for being

proper citizens of a republic, for republics, to continue, should have citizens grave, decent, thrifty, and self-denying. But our Philadelphians seem generally, vying with the British officers in extravagance. The officers, by a tax on their pay, have opened a large house for amusement. Here, in one large room, they hold a weekly ball; in another is the theater; there are rooms for gaming, for wine suppers, for reading, and for chess. Captain Seaforth and Colonel Nelson go to these last two rooms, and one day Captain André, meeting Susannah, Hester, and me out together—and we are seldom upon the streets nowadays—took us to see the curtain which he had painted for the theater, and prayed us to come to the representations which occur thrice a week, but we should never be allowed. Uncle was quite vexed at our going to view the curtain with Captain André. Captain André is quartered in Dr. Franklin's house. Mistress Bache left the city before the British entered. Poor soul! it was hard for her to leave so commodious and dear an abode, filled with her good father's special treasures, and she had also a babe but four days old when she left. She carried with her all the books she could get conveyance for, but my uncle, who has gone several times to call on Captain André, says that the other books and all the musical instruments are being carried off. However, as Captain André is too much the gentleman to have drunken riots at his abode, the house is being much better preserved than many here. The captain vows he will carry off the doctor's portrait which hangs in the dining-room.

Captain André gave a party last week at his house, and

he prayed us earnestly to attend, but my uncle would not permit us to do so. He says we are too gay as it is, with all the company coming to our house, and which we can not keep away. To be sure, we are polite to all that come, and Captain Seaforth and Colonel Nelson naturally bring their friends with them to visit us. Hester gives our guests some sharp touches once in a while. No one cares less for attentions from "our enemies" than does she. Hester has a harp, and plays very well upon it, but it has been silent since our city was captured. Among our visitors is an ensign, a fair little youth, who sees fit to admire our dark Hester prodigiously. The other evening he begged hard that Hester would play on her harp. She replied:

"The strings are broken, and I shall not get them mended until our enemies are gone from America."

"And how do you expect them to go?" asked Captain André, sitting by.

"By the same *Gates* that Burgoyne went, doubtless," returned she.

Captain André looked vexed, but the rest of us had much ado to keep from laughing. Some one, to be even with her, asked cuttingly:

"How is that starving army of yours doing up at Valley Forge?"

But he reckoned without his host who expected to entrap Hester. She spoke up quickly:

"Oh, it is all *Greene* up there now, so they are living in clover," and good [enough, too, for her to say it, for since General Greene took the commissary our men have

had food and clothes. Hester's wit was in the ascendant that evening, for when her ensign lover was goaded to say, "Well, we shall go up there and bag them all some fine night before long," the girl retorted:

"Once I fancied you would show us *Howe* that was to be done, but now I see there is no probability of it."

Still they come to visit us in spite of such passages-at-arms as this, and I think Colonel Nelson explained the reason of it the other evening to Susannah. He said: "Our officers here are living in riot and festivities because they are relieved from the restraints of home, and are tempted by the evil example of a few: yet amid all their dissipation the memory of their English homes, with innocent sisters and gentle mothers by the hearths, is like a shrine in their hearts; and here in your house, and at Mistress Scaforth's and some few other places in this city, they find all the calmness and refinement and purity which they themselves have driven out of other houses, and so they come here for the sake of more innocent days and honester employments than they have now."

"Ah me!" cried Susannah, "what a pity that they ever came from their good homes to do wrong and to get wrong!"

"I am glad that *I* came," said the Colonel.

"There is Captain André engaged to be married," added Susannah; "what a pity that he is here, where he may go into battle and be killed."

"What a pity that he is here robbing Doctor Franklin of his house!" cried Hester.

"But Doctor Franklin is in Paris, and does not need it;

and the captain is more careful of the place than many would be," suggested Susannah.

"Thanks to the Cliffords for taking care of it," said Hester.

Yes, Doctor Franklin is in Paris still, and we are in hopes to hear very soon that a treaty of alliance has been entered into with France; then our success would be sure indeed with such an ally. Even now our ships run into French ports to refit, to load, to escape pursuit; and we have had several cargoes of military stores sent over; yet half the vessels are wrecked or captured on the way; and then we take revenge by capturing a British cruiser. So the war goes on, vexing land and sea.

Yesterday uncle went out to buy some chairs for our parlor, and took me with him. Of course we went to Mistress Ross, widow, upholsterer, as she is one of our Patriots—indeed, she made our first national flag, General Washington himself giving her the pattern of it, in 1776. When we had looked at the chairs the widow said to my uncle:

"There are some of your way of thinking back in my parlor, come in and have a crack with them."

So she led the way to the parlor behind the shop, where, around the fire, were three gentlemen, who made room for my uncle in their midst. They offered me a seat by him, but, not being cold, I sat on the sofa behind them. Mistress Ross presently brought in a tray, with cups of coffee and a dish of cracknels, and treated her guests. The talk first ran on what news we were likely to get from France. All hoped the best from Doctor Franklin's popularity.

The good old sage is a favorite wherever he goes. One of the gentlemen was sure that we should hear of a treaty with Spain as early as one was made with France. My uncle thought not. He said:

“Romanism in Spain has not merely cut down the plant *Free Thought*, but it has rooted it out, sowed the ground wherein it grew with salt, and burned it with fire. There is nothing left in Spain for the idea of liberty to take hold of. In America the idea of political freedom is the legitimate offspring of religious freedom; in Catholic Spain there is not one emotion left to beat responsive to Protestantism, least of all the stern Protestantism of America.”

“But France is also Catholic,” urged one of the gentlemen.

“That is true. But the French nation have not yet felt it a sin to *think*. Philosophy and science there make a way for the notion of individual rights, and the idea of liberty is welcome to noble and peasant, and presses itself upon the attention of kings. There is opportunity there of alliance with America, but I doubt it will not be lasting.”

“Once this war is over,” said one of the gentlemen, “we do not want allies. Set apart from the rest of the world as we are, we should be friendly to all nations, bound to none.”

On the way home I said to my uncle: “Sir, if you find reason for or against alliances in religious opinions, then Britain is our legitimate ally, being the only nation truly akin to us in religious feeling and history.”

“That is true,” said my uncle, “and once we get all questions of rights between us fairly settled, I trust England and America will be in friendship, a Jonathan and David among the nations.”

As for our affairs here in America, my uncle says that the independence of the country is, in his opinion, virtually secured. Only Newport, New York and Philadelphia are in British possession. Our cruisers are getting strength and number on the sea, so that it will make it more and more difficult for them to get troops and supplies from home; and as our armies continually become more effective, they will more thoroughly prevent the British from getting forage or foothold inland. My uncle always talks of the state of affairs at dinner table. He desires to keep us informed, and we never have guests at that meal. My uncle tells us that the British are likely to gain advantages and territory in our Southern States, they being more exposed in various ways, but if the Howes and Clinton could be captured with their armies, or defeated like Burgoyne, we could make peace on advantageous terms, and demand the complete evacuation of all the colonies by the British; and, of course, the war must go on until every foot of every one of the thirteen colonies is FREE. My uncle thinks, from what he hears, that the King of Prussia will succeed in preventing any more mercenaries being hired in Europe, and that will make a vast difference to the King of England. I shall be glad to hear that no more men are hired out like brutes to be killed, and driven at the point of the bayonet from their homes, and wives, and little children, to come fight in a

war about which they care nothing. We hear, too, that those vile men—I hate to call them princes, for princes should mean something noble—had rather have their soldiers killed than not, so that they can get more money from the English. I am sure King George must despise them, even while he is dealing with them.

Uncle says our two greatest dangers lie—in a weak government, and in our Continental money. In January, February and this last March, two millions and a half have been issued, and it is rumored that now in April six millions more will be sent out, and this money is worth nothing, or almost nothing, and the credit of the country is being ruined. Uncle says that as a consequence of this worthless money, prices will run up enormously high, and recklessness, extravagance and bad faith will be the result. Then, as to our weak government, the States do not send their best men to Congress; indeed, they do not insist upon their coming at all, and we learn that this winter there have been only from nine to seventeen members in Congress; and these are supposed to represent the government of thirteen great colonies! The consequence is, that the different colonies govern themselves, call out armies, manage their affairs in their own way, and there is a lack of united action. Besides, the men who are in Congress are timid and irresolute; if there is one thing that I hate it is changing one's mind. All our best men, who made Congress worth something once, are now scattered abroad. Washington is with the army, Franklin and Deane are in France, and John Adams is ordered there: Jay has gone to Spain, Thomas Jefferson

would have been in France but for illness, and is now at home; Rutledge is defending South Carolina. Still there are a few of our good statesmen left in the Government, and uncle says they are doing wonders, all things considered. Uncle says it is very easy for people in a house ashore to look out at the sea in a tempest, and wonder why the helmsman of some staggering, mastless bark does thus and so, and why he does not run her safely into port. We would know better what the difficulties were if we stood in the helmsman's place. When these times are long gone by, and independence is secured, then, uncle says, it will be known what a storm was this, and what were the rocks and dangers on every hand, and how sorely bestead the ship was; how maimed and dismantled; how fearful were the leaks she sprung, and how matchless was that seamanship that brought us safely through. Uncle never despairs.

APRIL, 23, 1778.

I was writing just here of a ship, and since then we have been interested in ships. My uncle Matthew Temple got pass in here this week, and is now gone again. His friend, Matthew Ridley, of Baltimore, is at Nantes, in commission business; and Judith concluded that, as it had been a long time since we had any good clothes, and it might be longer ere we should again have opportunity to get any, we should give an order to Uncle Matthew that he might get transmitted to Nantes for us, and we would have a parcel sent from France; good luck if ever it gets here. Bessie heard of the plan, and begged that she might send with us; so Judith gave her leave, and Annie

Seaforth sent also. Our parcels are to come, for greater safety, by three ships. Bessie sent for a pink silk negligee; shoes, feathers and ribbons to match; white silk gauze, six pair silk hose, as many pair kid gloves, five yards blue velvet, and three pair white embroidered slippers. The others of us were more moderate. Annie Seaforth ordered a maize-colored satin petticoat and a lace scarf and an embroidered fan. Judith is to have a bonnet and a satin cloak. I do hope the parcels will come safely; it will be such a treat to see new things.

Bessie is very busy making arrangements to be married. She has set the day for the eighth of May. She is at Mistress Seaforth's much of the time. The other day she sent for me to come there and help her make a tucker, as she was pleased to say that I was handy at such things. Judith bid me go; so I put on my work-pocket and went. When Bessie finally laid me out the pattern and the material I perceived that it was some of my dear grandmother's old lace; very rich and beautiful it is, and I recalled so clearly how she used to wear it, and how well it became her when she put it on upon state occasions. I also remembered what a wise guardian she had been to my childhood, what a devoted wife to my grandfather, what a pattern of industry, patriotism, piety and steadfast friendship; also what a truthful, loyal, straight-speaking soul was hers. And thinking of these things I wept. Bessie noticed my tears, and cried out, "Why, how now, child? Are you vexed that you did not have that good lace?"

I replied indignantly that I did not desire the lace.

She said: "Why, surely, you can not be crying over your grandmother after all these years!"

"Indeed I am," I sobbed.

"Oh, how strange to remember so long!" shrieked Bessie. "Why, I would *forget myself* in two years' time."

Now I am ashamed to record it, but this amazing declaration of Bessie's set me from crying into a fit of laughter. Bessie thought she had quite cheered me up. I made the tucker as well as I could, and Bessie put it on. She had on a rose-colored gown over a drab petticoat, and truly the tucker became her well, toning her high color, and softening the outlines of her face, and serving the part that the moss does to the rosebud. We all complimented her on her appearance, and for herself, she was quite satisfied with it. Captain Banks came in the afternoon and asked Bessie to go for a walk with him. They wanted Annie Seaforth and me to go with them, and obedient to a sign from Mistress Seaforth we went. She does not like Bessie's going by herself as she does. As we went up Market Street we saw General Howe coolly riding along in Mary Pemberton's coach, drawn by Mary Pemberton's horses. As soon as he came to the city he seized these for his own use, and since then Dame Pemberton has gone on foot. Just after the General passed we met an old, long-bearded man, carrying fruit baskets. As my eye fell on him it flashed upon me that I had seen him somewhere. I seemed to have a sudden half recognition of him.

Bessie cried out: "There is the fruit-seller who goes so often to General Howe."

Some half-defined idea moved me to say, "Let us buy some fruit."

"Oh, yes," said Bessie, "pray do, it will be so amusing to buy of the old creature!"

The man was hurrying on, as if preferring not to sell, but Captain Banks, to oblige us, called him to stop and let the ladies have a taste of his wares. He therefore stopped, and while Captain Banks was trading with him, I ventured to carp a little at the fruit and prices, in order to have a delay, that I might study the merchant's face. The beard, the wig, various other alterations had made strange work with the countenance, but at last I knew my man. Only one thing that saved me from openly challenging my old neighbor thus: "Why here, and disguised, Mr. Brown?" The thing that saved me was this—the reading at worship in the morning from Luke ii. My uncle remarked to us on the verse, "But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart": "Mary is an example of wise reticence; some people speak out without consideration the instant they see any thing strange or wonderful; some make public talk of their private affairs—he loses nothing who ponders events in his heart before speaking concerning them." So I took the mother of the Lord for an example of prudence in speech, and only told my uncle privately of my discovery of Mr. Brown. He had me write a careful description of his appearance and give it to him, and he bid me say nothing of what I had seen.

APRIL 25, 1778.

Yesterday three of the prisoners whom we are now

nursing in the attic fell very ill, and uncle feared it was a contagious fever. He said we girls must leave the house, lest we all took sick. Susannah only would go so far as Mistress Seaforth's, so that if uncle or Judith took sick she might at once be with them. Judith, however, got a pass through Colonel Nelson, and sent me with Hester to Madame Logan's, to stay until called for. We were loath to leave the home friends in danger, but Mistress Seaforth's house was full, and uncle insisted on us coming hither.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAY 3, 1778.

WE rode out to Mistress Logan's under escort of Captain Henry Seaforth, and of Pompey, who carried a satchel of clothes for us. The Captain left us at the gate, having a review to attend; Mistress Logan received us kindly, and said half in jest, "that we were welcome to the shelter of her roof so long as she had any." She told me privately that she feared she had aroused the hostility of General Howe. Mistress Logan has been so hospitable to the British officers, and has made them so many entertainments, that she has been regarded, generally, as neutral, or a Tory; still, it has not been possible for her to give aid and information so often to Patriots, without being at least suspected; and the other day she endangered her safety by a careless use of her tongue—so she tells me. The British government, all too late, have passed "Conciliatory Bills"—bills which, passed five

years ago, might have mollified the Colonies, but now come too late to heal the division that evil counsel has made. Governor Tryon, of New York, has published copies of these bills, also of a resolution, to offer pardon to all insurgents. Governor Tryon had the impudence to send copies of his bills to General Washington at Valley Forge, asking him to distribute them among the soldiers! The General did so, knowing that nothing but recognition of American Independence would satisfy the Patriots, and that these bills, in their blind ignoring of that, and the terrible price of blood already paid toward obtaining it, would only make his soldiers more resolute to defend their cause. One of these bills, by some means, got to "Logan House," and aroused Mistress Logan's sarcasm, and she turned it into ridicule before some English officers, who were calling upon her. She says that not an officer has been near her house since, and that she has had hints that General Howe has heard of what she said, and is angry.

Mistress Logan tells one that these bills have done a world of harm to the king's cause. Not only have they awakened the contempt of the Patriot, but they have filled the Royalists, and the British army, with indignation, because they show such a falling off in the tone hitherto used toward the "rebels," and indicate such weakness and irresolution in the king's government. The Royalists have been fighting, dying, suffering, exiled, to maintain rights which the king could, but would not concede at first, but now, humbly offers, when it is too late. We hear that there is great displeasure in England toward

General Howe. They say that he is insolent and half-hearted; that he throws away all his advantages, and has lost a winter; and that he might have saved Burgoyne if he had tried to do so. Word is, that he is to be recalled; but his officers and men are very fond of him, and will be loath to have him go. The weather was most lovely when we went to Mistress Logan's. The trees were coming into leaf; the birds in her beautiful shrubbery were busy; the myrtle, violets, daffodils, and primroses were in bloom; the little brook sang on its way; the bees had begun to work, and all the fields were green. Hester, Miss Logan, and I could hardly keep in doors, and we wandered in the garden all the day after our arrival. Mistress Logan would not suffer us to go into the fields, there are so many strangers lurking about.

The second day of our stay had nearly been our last. We were preserved from a great trouble entirely by Mistress Logan's presence of mind. My Cousin Judith often talks to us about the worth and beauty of this presence of mind, and condemns that frantic excitement that can never do the right thing at the right time. Mistress Logan's example will doubtless avail to me and Hester, as much as a thousand disquisitions on the subject.

About noon, as we ate our dinner, we were startled by a loud rapping on the front door. Mistress Logan herself answered the summons, and there were two British soldiers. These men told her gruffly that they had been sent by General Howe to burn Logan House. Mistress Logan endeavored to argue the matter, or to get them to

delay while she sent a petition into the city; but they told her plainly that the right or wrong of the affair was none of their business; that all their duty was to obey orders, and to delay would be as much as their lives were worth, for the General had sworn that the house was a nest of rebels, and should be in ashes by night. The soldiers were quite sober and in deep earnest. They warned Mistress Logan to make no delay, but to set herself at once to save what few valuables she could get out of the place. Fifteen minutes was the utmost that they could give her, and this short space they should spend in the barn preparing combustibles.

By this time the whole household had gathered in the square entrance hall behind Mistress Logan, and the maids were shrieking and wringing their hands, and Miss Logan was weeping. The men turned off to the barn, and Mistress Logan cried to us all to rush through the house and gather the silver, linen, and best things in sheets or baskets, and carry them to the cellar. I comprehended at once what she designed—we should carry down household stuff as long as we might, and then, while the house was burning above, we could be below getting these things into the subterranean passage, where they would be quite safe. Away we flew. Hester, and Miss Logan, and one of the upper maids worked with much dispatch and judgment, and I helped them, but was stopped once or twice to call the other servants to their senses. The youngest servant went to flinging china and earthenware into the cellar, covering thereby the steps with broken bits, to the ruin of the crockery and our

detriment in coming down; the cook flew after iron pots to carry them off, as if the fire would seize first on grid-irons and saucepans; and the gardener began tugging with all his might at sideboards, too huge to enter the cellar way, and at great stationary mirrors, built in between the windows.

I wished to help the maid put the china expeditiously in the great laundry baskets, bade the cook tie up the books in table-cloths, so that she could carry them below speedily, and persuaded the gardener to hurry the elegant parlor chairs into the cellar and tear up the carpets, and let the sideboard and mirrors be. Mistress Logan had flung open the parlor windows, and was pulling down the silk and lace draperies, gathering up ornaments and making the most of her time, while she kept her eyes on the road. Ten minutes had passed when an officer galloped up to the front gate. Mistress Logan went out to meet him—not rushing, screaming, and praying, but calmly, as if nothing were wrong, and waited for him to speak first. Well for her that she was so wise. It was Captain Banks, a little the worse for wine, out after *deserters*. He bawled out:

“Mistress Logan, are any of our confounded runaways hiding about here? By Saint George, they think the king’s service is not good enough for them, and they run off by dozens!”

“Yes,” said Mistress Logan, calm and decisive, “you will now find *two* meddling about in my barn; pray, be quick, or the rascals will get the advantage of you!”

I had heard this, as I tied up Mistress Logan’s silk

hangings, and I recognized Captain Banks. So as he spurred off to the barn by the road I flew there by the shorter way across the yard, that I might, perhaps, say or do something for my friend's help. Coming up to the small barn door at the side, I beheld the tipsy captain dash up to the great open door, where the sunshine was falling brightly, and just within which the two soldiers were preparing barrels, filled with straw and fine shavings, wherewith to fire the house—several rooms at once. The captain, full of his errand, and assured by Mistress Logan that these were *deserters*, bellowed out:

“Ha, sirrahs! you beastly thieves, I’ve caught you! Back to the city; you did n’t get far this time. Out with you!”

“By your leave, captain,” said the men, saluting, “we were sent by General Howe to burn this house.”

“None of your lies,” roared the captain. “Fall in line and trot into town at the top of your speed.”

Perceiving how the affair was likely to go, and being in a good position for observing unseen, I continued to peep in at the door. The other soldier said:

“We must execute our order, captain.”

“I’ll execute you,” yelled the captain in a fury, whipping out his sword, “if you do n’t toddle into town in two minutes.”

The men, alarmed, turned from their work, saying:

“What are we to do?”

“Do as I tell you!” shouted the valorous captain.

“The general’s explicit orders—”

“You have *my* orders!” cried the captain, frantic;

“and, zounds, if you do n’t heed ’em, you’ll not live to heed others.”

“You are our superior,” said one of the men; “we must obey but the general.”

“I’ll attend to the general, and blast me if I do n’t attend to you too,” shrieked Captain Banks in a fury, lunging at the soldiers with his sword, and so nearly falling headlong from his horse.

The men sprang aside, and saw it best to start for the city; they therefore set out along the road from the barn at a keen pace, the captain following them and making flourishes and pokes at them with his sword, that might have harmed them had he not been too tipsy. One of the men thus running bethought himself of the general’s written order, which he had in his pocket; therefore as he went he jerked it forth, and turning, waved it at the captain, for him to take and read. The captain, however, regarded this as a fresh insult, and clipped so dexterously at the paper with his sword that he sliced it in two, and it was a mere accident that he did not cut off the man’s hand. Thus the captor and the captured rushed along past our saved house, and my mind, relieved of instant fear for that, reverted to the men; and anxious lest the captain might slay or cut down one of them, I flew to the garret and looked out from the roof, meaning to speed with the gardener to the rescue, if one were left by the wayside. However, I beheld the zeal of the captain moderate when he was no more opposed, and as he had some ado to keep his seat, he sheathed his sword and fell from running to trotting, and then to a reasonable

pace, so my fears for the men abated before they were out of sight; therefore I came down, and picking up the two halves of the general's order, I committed them to the kitchen fire.

Mistress Logan had kept on with her work of removing her goods, and, expecting that the general would promptly send men to finish the interrupted work, she continued to dismantle her house, until nearly every thing was conveyed to the cellar. Anxious not to open the passage, except as a last resort, she left the goods in the cellar, which was dry and airy, and herself hid the silver, money, and jewelry in the secret way. The thirtieth came without any further disturbance, and that day Henry Seaforth rode out to bring Hester and me home. He told us that the fever had turned out other than my uncle had feared, and that it was safe for us to return. He also bade Mistress Logan restore her house to order and fear nothing, for the general's wrath had blown over, General Knyphausen, Captain André, Colonel Nelson and others, having interceded to save the property.

As we rode home Captain Seaforth told us that Captain Banks brought his two innocent prisoners into the city and locked them up, and for two days they were left in ward. Then they were called for as *deserters* on his charges, and being brought out, it was first discovered how the General's order had been contravened. The poor fellows were returned to their company, and a hearty laugh was enjoyed at Captain, or rather Major, Banks's expense. The General was enjoying the mollifying effects of this laugh when General Knyphausen and

others persuaded him to spare Logan House. On promise of strict secrecy, lest the laughter might reach Bessie and mortify her, I told Hester and the captain of the scene in the barn and on the road; so we were all merry as we rode home.

Captain Seaforth told us that General Howe is to be relieved immediately, and that the officers mean to give him a grand entertainment before he goes; also that Captain André is preparing the programme for the festivity, and that all the most beautiful Philadelphia ladies will be asked to take part in the affair.

On reading this over I feel ashamed that I wrote down Major Banks's bad words. Two or three years ago I would not have done so for any thing. I am growing much worse I fear, in city life.

MAY 16, 1778.

When we reached home we found a great stir of excitement, for General Howe's resignation having been accepted more promptly than he had desired, he is to leave presently, and all the army is sorry, for he is a grand favorite; they are heaping up their regrets into a great medley, called the *mischianza*, to be given in his honor, and the officers and ladies who are to take part are agog with expectation; it is to come off on the 18th.

But we had our own private excitement besides, for Bessie had at last fixed on the 12th for her marriage, and she was to be married in Mr. Duché's church, and have her wedding party at Mistress Seaforth's. Bessie begged that Hester and I should be her brides-maids, but Uncle John would not allow it. He did not wish us to be taking part

in such festivities when Charles and so many of our dear countrymen may be suffering or dying at that very hour. Besides, the officers who were to be groomsmen were not to Uncle's taste. However, we all went to the wedding. I had never seen an Episcopalian wedding before. The ceremony is very different from the simple fashion of my grandfather, who, in the home of the bride or in our own house, took the vows of both parties, prefacing and concluding with a prayer, and usually giving a few words of instruction and congratulation.

I must say for Mr. Duché that he performed the ceremony very impressively and affectionately: he was in his robes, and the altar and railing were dressed in flowers. There was also music, giving away the bride, which Mr. Warley did very cheerfully, the giving of the ring, the prayers and much more, which made a long service.

Bessie looked very beautiful—a little paler and more subdued than usual, and her dress, of white satin, lace, and orange flowers was truly exquisite. I wonder if Susannah, who is much more beautiful than Bessie, *could* look more lovely when she was being married; if so, I think she would look just exactly like an angel, and I would expect to see her fly away.

We went from the church to Mr. Seaforth's. General Howe had been invited, and came in for half an hour; he kissed the bride. The only ladies who were introduced to him were Judith and Susannah, and that because he especially asked it. The General is not a well-behaved man, in our Puritan opinions, and it did me good to see that his rank and power could not win from my cousins

any courtesy which they would not show to a *poor*, ill-behaved man. Colonel Nelson introduced them when the General came up, and they each swept him a curtsy, very magnificent indeed, and then stood stately and cold, with just the very least little bow to his compliments. He invited Judith to lead a dance with him, and she replied:

“Excuse me, General, we are Puritans, and do not dance. We are only at this wedding because the bride is in a manner related to our family.”

“Eh,” said the General, “not dance! How singular. Would you not dance with Captain Seaforth, Miss Temple?”

“He knows my opinions, and does not ask me,” said Judith.

“And never dance?” he continued, “why, what will you do when the Captain takes you to England, and you are presented, and shine at court?”

“The only court where I expect to be presented,” said Judith, serenely, “will be that of General Washington; and in a republican court we can all obey the dictates of our own reason.”

General Howe bit his lip, shrugged his shoulders, and said:

“You republican women are as persistent as the men.”

“We are all of one stock, sir,” said Judith, and he passed on.

We left the party soon after supper. Many of the officers were taking too much wine. Major Banks and Mr. Warley were especially prominent in over-indulging.

Bessie did not seem to mind it; she danced twice with the Major, and after that with every body. We have heard that they danced until the sun was well up. I fancy Mistress Seaforth and Annie were glad when it was all over.

Major Banks had arranged a very handsome suite of rooms for himself and Bessie. They gave a wine-supper there the second day after the wedding, and have card-parties every night. Bessie says it is just the style of life that she likes. She said, a few days after her marriage, that Annie Seaforth and we girls must come and see her often. We were silent, but Mistress Seaforth said, plainly:

“No, Bessie; you will be obliged to do all the visiting, for the persons they would meet at your house are not suitable company for young maidens. I am sorry you do not take my advice about your associates and entertainments.”

Bessie laughed, saying:

“But you also bade me please my husband, and these are the companions the Major likes.”

I had forgotten to set down a talk I had with Bessie two days before she was married. She told me she had had a letter from Mr. Bowdoin, and had answered it. I said:

“Then, Bessie, I suppose you told him that you had changed your mind, and were about to marry Major Banks?”

“No, I did not,” said she. “I never told him a word of it.”

"What did you write to him for, then?" I asked, amazed.

"Because he begged me to, and it was such fun to smuggle a letter to and from a rebel."

"Oh, Bessie!" I cried, "you were wicked not to tell him."

"Wicked," says she, tossing her head; "'tis wicked to hurt one's feelings, and do you think I would hurt his, when he is moiling away in that cold camp, eating pork and beans? Let him have what consolation he can."

"And does he trust you yet after all your neglect?"

"He is too fond of me to accuse me of neglect. He thinks my father over-influences me. As for himself, he gives me good advice and calls me his dear, charming Bessie, and hopes for better times. I wish he had been a Major in the British army instead of a parson. I am sure Major Banks never calls me half as nice names"—and she burst out crying. Oh, poor, wicked, unhappy Bessie, to marry, feeling this way! and poor Mr. Bowdoin to trust and be deceived! I wonder will she write to him, now that she is married? If the British do go away from the city, as they say, and our army comes in, I shall tell Mr. Bowdoin of Bessie's marriage. She shall not trifle with him any longer.

MAY 20, 1778.

Well, the mischianza has come off, and what a stir the city was in about it. 'Twas of Captain André's arranging, and held at the Wharton mansion, one of the most elegant places in the city, with lawns and flowers, trees

and shrubbery, and the river winding in front—every thing to make it lovely.

The fête was a regatta and a tournament; we had tickets and so had Annie Seaforth, and she and Judith and Susannah were prayed to take part in it, but both Mr. Seaforth and my uncle regarded this extravagant display as most wicked folly. Captain André was at our house and said to my uncle:

“Surely, Mr. Temple, you will not forbid these ladies to enjoy so charming a festa?”

“Captain,” my uncle replied, “you forget that their countrymen are suffering and fighting in open field, and that at any hour they may be called to mourn a brother and lack even the poor consolation of burying his corpse.”

Mr. Seaforth was yet more open in his condemnation. He said that he could not understand that, either as a man or as a soldier, General Howe merited the applause about to be heaped upon him; that he thought nineteen thousand men could serve their king better than by imitating the absurdities of the tales of chivalry; that, while the horrid realities of war were close about them, to mock it in a pantomime was ill-advised; that these officers were, perchance, dancing on the edge of their open graves; and that the young women who would, dressed in extravagant Turkish costume, take part in such a display, were not wise, prudent, modest or sensitive; and that no daughter of his should so much as look at the parade.

I saw one of the Scotch officers passing our house on the morning of the 18th, and some one meeting him said:

“Do you not think that Washington will seize this day of festivity as a favorable opportunity for attack?”

He replied:

“If Mr. Washington possesses half the wisdom and sound policy that I have ever given him credit for, he will by no means meddle with us at such a time. The excesses of this day are, to him, equivalent to a victory.”

No expense was spared for this entertainment; rooms were painted and decorated, refreshments were most magnificent, dresses were in the height of splendor, and ornaments and lights for the apartments and pavilions were begged, borrowed or *taken* from almost every house;—for instance, the ball-room had eighty-five mirrors and thirty-four branches of wax lights. At ten they had fire-works; at twelve supper, and then they danced until four in the morning; but doubtless the most absurd folly was in the day, when seven ‘*Knights of the Burning Mountain*’ and seven ‘*Knights of the Blended Rose*’ contended on horseback for the favor of fourteen beauties, dressed as Turkish princesses, and sitting in fair view of all beholders. Lord Howe and Sir William, Sir Henry Clinton, their suites, many ladies, General Knyphausen and three other English Generals were present; the noise of the performance filled the city.

We kept our house closed, as also Mr. Seaforth; here we were of perfect accord. At morning worship my uncle read the account of Belshazzar’s feast.

During the evening it seemed as if the city were about to be taken from its riotous possessors, for a company of patriots came up to the *abatis* with kettles of combusti-

bles and fired the whole line. The guard along the *abatis* is strong and pursued the attacking party, who withdrew in safety. The long alarm-roll was beaten, but the ladies in the ball-room knew nothing of the attack which disturbed the city.

The day after the *mischianza* General Howe withdrew to New York, whence he is to sail for England on the first ship. Sir Henry Clinton took command here on the 11th. He is not very popular.

Preparations for evacuating the city are now going on.

JUNE 16, 1778.

There has been little quiet anywhere around us of late. Sir Henry Clinton was ordered to evacuate Philadelphia, and the breaking up of quarters here occasioned great turmoil. There was a packing up of effects, selling goods and stores at auction, lading of transports with hay and horses, shipping of cannon, arms, and ammunition. Not only this, but a great number of our citizens were wild with excitement and terror. They were those who had been Patriots, and had turned Tories when the British came, or who had taken a virulent part against their patriot fellow-citizens in denouncing them and helping to rob them. They now feared that they would suffer in their turn. These people crowded the ships to go to England or New York to the number of three thousand, who took with them so much of their effects as they could obtain transportation for. Their terrors were groundless, but a guilty conscience does not pause to reason.

On the contrary, how peaceful and assured is a good conscience—as Mr. Seaforth's.

Major Banks said to him :

“Are you to leave the city, sir?”

“Should such a man as I flee?” replied Mr. Seaforth, who is apt in quoting Scripture, though Scripture was wasted on Major Banks; “I have wronged no man, accused no man; here is my home, here I expect always to live.” Then he added, laughing, “I shall abide under the palladium of my friend Temple’s protection, as he has lately been abiding under mine.”

Mr. Duché is of those who are flying to Europe. Mrs. Seaforth is very sorry to part with him, she is also very grieved that she must now lose Henry. When he goes from her will he ever come back? Bessie is delighted to go to New York; she says it is nicer than Philadelphia. I fancy she finds us some restraint upon her; perhaps, too, she is ashamed that we know of Major Banks’s drinking and gambling.

Col. Nelson is very sad at leaving Philadelphia; he hoped much from the arrival of the Peace Commissioners, who are—Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle; William Eden, and George Johnstone. They arrived on the 6th of June, and were very indignant when they found that the order to evacuate Philadelphia had been concealed from them. We know why commissions are now sent. France has made an alliance with us; the news got to Congress on the 2d of May, and on May 6th they had a grand rejoicing because of the treaty, at Valley Forge. We hear that the men had new clothes, abundant rations, a grand parade, fire-works, and at the head of each brigade the chaplains offered solemn thanksgiving

for this new aid given America in her extremity. The news was long in getting to us here in the city, but none the less welcome when it did come; the treaty was concluded on February 6th; this we owe doubtless to Dr. Franklin, and uncle says, "See here the influence of the scholarly and temperate man, hale and venerable in his old age, commanding universal respect, wise by study, observation, and experience, able to use in the service of his country the fruits of a long life."

We get a little more news now; in the stir of departure people creep in and out of the city more easily. We learn that the Marquis La Fayette was almost captured on the 19th of May. Sir Henry Clinton had nearly surrounded him, when, by skillful management, he got away from White Marsh in safety. They tell us also that General Lee has been exchanged for General Prescott, and that Colonel Ethan Allen, after his long captivity in England, has been exchanged for a British colonel, and sent home. He went to Valley Forge to visit Washington. I am glad the sturdy old soldier is back; my grandfather would have been pleased to hear that.

The Tories welcomed the Commissioners heartily, trusting that they would end this weary war; the Patriots, however, feel that these envoys, like the conciliatory bills, come too late; beside, they are not the right men.

Mr. Seaforth had the Commissioners to tea at his house, and invited my uncle to meet them. He says that Lord Carlisle is a young man of fashion, flippant, amiable, and indolent, the last man in the world to convince or captivate our sturdy yeomen, our scholarly

Schuyler, our brilliant Jefferson and Henry, learned Witherspoon, far-seeing Washington, matter-of-fact Adamses. Mr. Eden is very bitter against the Americans, and calls them rebels, traitors, louts, who have been too gingerly handled. This is unlikely to commend him to our people—to enthusiastic Samuel Adams, or veteran Greene, or ardent Rutledge. Mr. Johnstone is the strongest of the party; he knows the Pennsylvanians, has stood our friend in England, and will be regarded with respect here, even though his mission can not avail any thing.

Mr. Seaforth told the Commissioners that a deal had been done to embitter the Colonies, and that the conduct of Cunningham, Provost Marshal here, toward prisoners, had been enough to enrage a whole nation, and that in his view the first step toward a reconciliation would be to hang Cunningham before the two armies. He said that he spoke this as a warm royalist, intending to stand by his king to the last dollar and last drop of blood.

Our army of nineteen thousand conquerors of this one poor city, has gone off piecemeal. Five thousand went to attack the French in the West Indies; three thousand went to seize Florida; the cavalry went to New York, and then ten thousand remained here with General Clinton.

On the evening of June 17th Colonel Nelson came in looking very mournful, and told us he had come for his last visit for the present, as the army would depart next day. He and Susannah have been learning a song by Waller—"Go, Lovely Rose;" they sang it together.

Henry Seaforth also was to leave next day, and he and Judith went out in the moonlight for a walk in the garden. When it was time to say farewell—as Judith and Henry had not yet made their appearance—Colonel Nelson begged my uncle to bid Judith adieu for him. He shook hands with me, and with my uncle; then he turned to Susannah. She made a grand effort to bid him good-bye with composure; but, as his voice and hand trembled, she suddenly turned away, laid her arms on the table, bent her head upon them, and burst into tears. The Colonel at once dropped on his knees beside her and begged her to change her resolution and promise to be his wife. Susannah with difficulty controlled her feelings, and, lifting her head, responded that she had chosen the part which had seemed right to her, and could not alter her determination.

“If I am living when peace is declared,” said the Colonel, “I will at once come to you to ask for the promise which you now refuse. But when I come then, shall I find that some one of your compatriots, happier than I, has now your hand?”

“No,” said Susannah; “you will find me just as I am now.”

He laid in her hand a little box, and then, kissing her on her bowed head, he left the room. Susannah that night showed me what was in the box—a very excellent miniature on ivory, of himself, and a ring. She put the ring in a case with some relics of her mother, but I can not tell what she did with the picture: I have not seen it since.

Uncle John gave Susannah a little good advice next day :

“ Youth, my daughter, is volatile, and camps do not encourage steady habits. I do not doubt that, now, Colonel Nelson is sincere ; also, I know that you are worthy of any man’s utmost fealty. But men change ; and it is dangerous to set all our hope and faith on any thing beneath the skies.”

“ He WILL NOT change, father,” said Susannah, quietly ; then, in a firmer tone : “ and if he did, why, it would only show that the man I cared for was not this Colonel but an ideal ; and I would keep the ideal and let the changeful real go.”

I said, merrily :

“ Oh, Susannah, do you know that on the day when the Colonel came here first—to turn us out of our quarters and send us to the attic, you know—he said that he wished he had had his good clothes on, so that he would have looked better to your eyes ?”

“ He always looks well enough,” said Susannah.

“ You seemed to think him frightful that day,” said I, “ for you carefully kept the length of the room between you two.”

“ It was not the man, but the uniform, that frightened me,” said Susannah.

“ And it was the uniform, not the man, that was going to send us to the attic !” cried Hester.

“ Have done, children,” cried my uncle. “ The Colonel has paid for his temerity—he came to conquer and was conquered.”

"May that be a type of affairs between England and America," exclaimed Hester.

"As Susannah was victorious by beauty, so America will be by the justice of her claims," said I.

"Nonsense," said Uncle John. "You have driven that poor child from the room by your tormenting remarks."

Well, they are gone. The invaders whom the autumn saw enter our town have departed with the early summer. I do not know what advantage they gained by coming here, only to have a pleasant place to spend the winter. Judith has been happy—in one way at least; and now that Henry has left us there is in her eyes that look of patience and apprehension. But that dear little Tory, Annie Seaforth, in spite of her Royalist principles, looks happier than she has all winter, for we are expecting Charles every day.

What a queer overturning tyrant this love is. I am glad that I am not in love with any body—and I wouldn't have any one fall in love with me for the world!

General Washington has sent General Arnold, one of our bravest officers, to take command of the city. This General is lame from a wound in the leg received in the fight at Stillwater last autumn. We were all anxious to see so famous a man. He is very splendid in his dress and appearance, and we girls were quite enthusiastic about him until we asked Uncle John to join our praises, when he said:

"Undoubtedly he is a great patriot, and I love him for

his cause; but he has the face of a man bold, haughty, selfish, unscrupulous; and his history has not been free from blots of harshness and dishonesty. *As a man* I believe I had rather General Howe any day."

How very odd of uncle. He is surely mistaken this time. General Burgoyne is not to be allowed to go home with his army until the British Government

ratify the terms of surrender. Congress thinks he means to try and deceive us.



CHAPTER XIV.

JULY 24, 1778.

I WAS so ignorant of military affairs as to suppose that when General Clinton stole out of our city between two days, we should see presently General Washington riding in in state, followed by all his army in holiday trim. My uncle laughed at the fancy. He says our General has no time for mock heroics or May-day parade; what engages him is work. So, indeed, it seems that it is; for while he sent General Arnold with a few troops to occupy the city, himself remained to get a battle with Sir

Henry Clinton, if he might; but Clinton was too wary. All he desired was to get off safely, and to cover the retreat of General Knyphausen with the baggage. However, there was a battle at Monmouth on the 28th of June, and every one says that it might have been a glorious victory, except for the mistakes—or worse, evil intents—of General Lee, whom I heartily wish had been kept a prisoner and not been sent back to bother us. The day of the battle of Monmouth was very hot, and many men on both sides died of sunstroke. In the night General Clinton quietly withdrew. He is now safe in New York. It is said that during his retreat through the Jerseys, he lost two thousand men by sun, wounds, and especially desertion. The Hessians desert whenever they get a chance; and I do not wonder at it, for they know that their king wants them killed, so that he can get the pay for them; and that when they are crippled, or on parole, or sick leave, he will not let them come home, lest they tell things that will hinder his hiring out any more men for the war. As they are thus prevented ever seeing their families more, I suppose they desert, hoping to have health and homes and a future in this country.

The commissioners sent to treat with the colonies, *as colonies*, have entirely failed to convince any one. Mr. Morris showed my Uncle John a letter which he had from Mr. Johnstone, which was an evident but craftily-worded attempt to bribe General Washington, General Reed, and a few others—as if such men could be bribed! General Reed has said some wrong things, and he has done some weak and timid things, but in the eyes of the

country he has atoned for all these in the reply he made to an offer of bribe from Johnstone: "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it." I am sure all honest-hearted Englishmen must respect such patriotism as that, even in an enemy.

On the eighth of this month a French fleet, sent to help us in our operations along the coast, and to harass the British shipping, anchored at the mouth of the Delaware. What a pity that the weather had detained them so long on their voyage, else they might have caught Admiral Howe's fleet here in the river!

In this city we think we have seen something of the war; and I, who saw the struggle open in Massachusetts, am apt to relate the wonders of my experience to my young friends. But how little do we know of war's cruelties and misfortunes in comparison with those who are on the frontier, where the Indians have been aroused up to the deeds of violence. We have just heard news that has stirred all our hearts; the British and Indians have descended on the beautiful Wyoming Valley, and have massacred men, women, and children. Most of the able-bodied men were in the army; four or five of these returned to defend their families, but the militia at Forty Fort were old men or boys, and these, under Colonel Zebulon Butler, after a brave fight were routed, and almost all of them butchered. Women, children, invalids, and aged men fled, without food or horses by night, pursued by the yelling Indians. Some died of fatigue and hunger on the road. Oh, the poor women and little ones, whose

husbands, fathers, and brothers were killed!—homeless, hungry, and beggared, flying through the terrible woods! We all feel so badly for them, that we can hardly eat or sleep for thinking of those whom we would gladly help, but who are past our helping.

I do not see why this war should go on any longer. All the continental nations think we have virtually gained our independence. General Howe said when he left, that all the disposable forces of Britain could not conquer America. Lord Carlisle says: “Things go ill here, and will never go better for us.” Sir Henry Clinton declares that “he is not strong enough to enforce the King’s authority.” All the British plan now is, to lay waste the country within reach of their armies. What benefit will that be, if we succeed in maintaining a sovereign right to the land? We hear that in England the Commons are tired of the war, and want their armies home. They say the sooner peace is made the better. Here, my uncle says, is the disastrous power of the King. His influence, thrown against that of the people, can drag the nation into a course from which their better sense revolts. My great-grandfather would have said that this is because kings do not rule in God-fearing and man-loving, and do not make Christ, the King of kings, their pattern.

JULY 30, 1778.

The breaking up of the army at Valley Forge, and its scattering for summer operations, has widely separated our soldier friends. We can not feel too thankful that Charles is among those who have been detailed to occupy Philadelphia. His company arrived so much later than the



"The beautiful Valley of Wyoming."

major part of the regiments sent hither, that we feared they had been ordered elsewhere. Charles was at the battle of Monmouth, and escaped without a scratch. Henry Seaforth's company was not then engaged, as it was covering closely the movements of Knyphausen.

Charles came home on the evening of the twelfth. Annie Seaforth had been visiting us, and Hester had just called Peter to attend her home. It was after night-fall, and our front door was open. As Annie was going out, she turned to speak to me. While she was drawing her shawl over her shoulders, and still kept walking backward, so it happened that she walked exactly into Charles's arms, as he came into the door. She was so surprised and delighted to find Charles back, after his long, anxious absence, that she threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him several times; then, shame-faced at this exhibition of her feelings, she ran and hid behind Judith, while the rest of us welcomed with enthusiasm our returned hero. My uncle said: "Come away, Annie; do not be ashamed at having given Charles a kind welcome. I am sure Judith kissed Henry when he came."

"Oh, but it is different to kiss Henry," said Annie, simply.

"Yes, *for you*," said Hester; and we all laughed. Annie forgot to go home, and we forgot to send word to Mr. Seaforth, and when it became late—about ten o'clock—he came over to see what was the matter; then he ran to bring Mistress Seaforth, and we all talked and enjoyed our reunion until midnight.

General Putnam, with two brigades, has been stationed

near West Point—the possession of the forts and passes of the Hudson Highlands being a main object of the enemy. In the companies who have thus gone near West Point are Robert Shirtcliffe and Mr. Reid. Thomas Otis, and Isaiah Hooper, and Mr. Bowdoin are with the regiments who are gone to that most dangerous field, continually ravaged by Indians, and filled with the terrors of Brandt, the Mohawk and Schoharie Valleys. Joseph Dana and Hannah are with Wayne's army in the Jerseys.



BRANDT.

General Washington is at White Plains, watching for the first movement of Sir Henry Clinton; and the French fleet and some of our forces under Greene and Lafayette are now endeavoring to regain possession of Rhode Island. If this can be accomplished, the British will be restricted to New York and the Southern coast; and my uncle says that if Sir Henry Clinton can be beaten in New York, the Southern States must be evacuated by the British.

Mr. Reid, Thomas Otis, and Hannah Dana were all at our house for the first week in July. They were in the city on different errands. Hannah had altered much

since I left her the 1st of March. She is very thin. She wears a cap like an old woman, but all her indomitable spirit shines in her eyes. I told her that she had better remain in the city for six months at least, to recruit. She could attend to the sick, wounded, and prisoners here; and my uncle bade her make his house her home, so long as she would stay. She replied that the disabled in the city would fare much better than those in the camp, and that her place was where there was most danger and suffering. She said that when she first went to the army, there seemed to be several hinderances in her way, but that these had been removed. She had thought that she might not be permitted to follow with the camp, or that she and Joseph might be separated; but she had been made welcome, and her services had been well esteemed by officers and men; also she had been always near her brother. She had questioned whether, though she was very strong, her strength would hold out for such work as she had chosen, but she had been able night and day, in all weathers and dangers, to attend to her duties; then, she had apprehended that she might be recalled from her post by home affairs; her parents might be ill, or her mother might die; but of these cares she had also been relieved, for her elder brother's widow and two children had gone to live at the deacon's, so there was provided help, society, and family for her old parents, even if she and Joseph never returned home. "And see," continued Hannah, "how God has blessed me. I had been very unhappy, because I had means to do so little, but suddenly I have been provided with means, *hard money*, for all I

want," and then she told me that a bachelor uncle, knowing that she would never marry, had made her heir of his little hoard of money, and that she had come to the town to buy such things as she had long needed for her army work.

"But, Hannah," I said, "your uncle meant that money for your support, if you are ill or grow old."

She replied: "When I have given my country *myself*, can I not also give what money falls to me? I believe that for this use it was given to me." And so here is Hannah Dana spending her all for the Patriots. My uncle and Mr. Reid have helped her make her purchases. She got a covered wagon and a pair of strong young horses. The wagon is arranged to carry as many sick or wounded as it will hold, and there are boxes and cases fastened compactly in it to hold lint, bandages, knives, scissors, bottles of wine, fruit, jellies, biscuits, and other things useful to the sick; also two cases of medicines arranged by Doctor Binney; and strapped along the top of the wagon are half a dozen good blankets for covering the wounded in cold nights.

When it comes winter, Judith means to send Hannah our famous fur cloak. I hope no one will ever capture Hannah's wagon. What a world of good she will do with it. She took some of her money with her, sewn in her clothes, and gave the rest to my uncle, to be sent her, or laid out as she should order. I marveled much at Hannah Dana while she was with us; she is as short of speech and as silent as formerly, but a new patience, and compassionateness, and experience, have grown up in her

heart, and I noticed that every one listened with careful attention to all that she said, and that she never wasted a word. I said one afternoon to Mr. Reid, as he chanced to be sitting near where I was at work: "Has Hannah Dana changed, or have I altered so much in three years? She appears to me a very different person from what I thought her long ago." Said Richard Reid: "Hannah is one of the noblest natures that God ever made. No one can know her as well as I do, without feeling for her, not merely respect, but reverence. To those who have seen her as I have, rising from the short sleep of stormy winter nights, to bend over some sick man's pillow, and comfort him with words of the future he is winning for his children, or console him with hopes of heaven; who have seen her, tender as a mother to some dying boy; who have beheld her brave as a man, in the face of some fever maniac; who have watched her on the field of battle, when balls were flying around her, calmly binding up wounds and giving water to thirsty lips; who have heard her in the horrors of the night after a conflict, praying for some expiring patriot on the bloody earth; who have seen her searching for life in the ghastly faces turned up to the sky: to these would Hannah Dana always appear glorified as a saint. Strangers see her a woman prematurely old, weather-beaten, gray, plain, abrupt. To those of us to whom she has come, an angel of mercy in the midst of war, she stands in the beauty of self-sacrifice and entire self-forgetting—made on the pattern of her Master, loving not her life unto death."

Yes, this is Hannah, the true Hannah; and Richard

Reid, who holds goodness and duty higher than any thing else, ought to love and admire her. I sat by my window in the moonlight thinking of it, thinking of how much nobler Hannah's life is than mine; and while *she* gives all to her country, *I* do nothing. Judith came in and asked me why I was crying. I hardly knew that I was crying until she spoke, but I told her what a difference I saw between Hannah and myself. Judith said: "Yes; we can not estimate her work too highly, but remember that God does not call all people to do the same work. He did not make you for the exact kind of work that he did her. God makes in his world oak-trees and rose-trees: oaks to be strong and useful, rose-trees to be beautiful and sweet; each speak alike His wisdom and goodness, each are best in fulfilling His design. There is neither rivalry nor comparison, if each grows as he made it, just the best of its kind, oak or rose."

"But the world needs oaks more than roses," I said.

"Perhaps not," she replied; "we do not know how much need the world has of roses. God has made them grow from the Alpine snows to the warm valleys of Cashmere."

I did not tell Judith that there was a thought in my heart that men like Richard Reid care most for useful oaks; and why should I feel sorry for that, if it is so?

Hannah went off as soon as she had completed her purchases. I think the few days here had done her good, for she looked brighter and stronger. We loaded her with all the presents that we could find, suitable for herself and patients. Forty men were going to join General Wayne. A surgeon was traveling with them, and Hannah went too.

She drove off in her wagon, looking pleased as a queen, and Mr. Reid accompanied her for five miles on horseback. Thomas Otis was the next to leave. The evening before he went we had a long talk about the old home at Plymouth, and the fishing on the bay, the visits to Dame Mercy, and all the merry old times when I think there could have been no trouble in the world. Thomas showed me the lock of my hair, done up in silver paper, in his note-book. I am sorry now that I did not tell him that I thought giving hair was foolish, and that we could remember each other without that token—I feared it would make him feel badly if I said that. Thomas is going to a very dangerous place; I wish he had been sent to West Point. I felt very sorry when he went away, and so did Hester; indeed she felt worse than I did. I suppose she must be more tender-hearted than I am. Why did she cry the most? Thomas Otis had not been her friend all her life, catching fish and lobsters with her, and putting up swings for her, and playing keep-house under the hayrick, or on the rocks by the shore. I told myself all these things, and it seemed quite cruel of me not to feel more heart-broken than I did at his going. I hate to be hard-hearted, I am sure.

After Thomas Otis was gone, my uncle got a letter from Mr. Bowdoin, inclosing one to Bessie, and praying him to see that it reached Miss Warley, wherever she was. She is in New York, and not Miss Warley: so he has not heard of her marriage, poor man. How I wish I had told Thomas Otis, and had bidden him tell Mr. Bowdoin all about it, not sparing any thing that would arouse

him from his delusion. But I quite forgot Bessie and her wedding while our friends were here. What would Bessie feel if Mr. Bowdoin were killed by the Indians?

Mr. Reid's business in Philadelphia was concluded, and he went to join General Putnam. He asked me to walk in the garden the evening before he left, and, my mind being full of Bowdoin's letter, and the one uncle had sent on to Bessie, I mentioned Bessie's marriage, but I thought it dishonorable to repeat her conduct to Mr. Bowdoin. Mr. Reid said he felt that this war time was not fit for marrying and giving in marriage. There would be widows and orphans enough as it was to weep over dead soldiers. But if he were living when peace came, he should offer himself to one whom he had loved since his first meeting her at Plymouth.

Of course I knew that this meant Hannah Dana, so I said, "I hoped she would accept him." And he replied that "he hoped so too," but somehow he did not speak very cordially about it; maybe he thought that I should have felt *sure* that she would, and not only 'hoped.' Speaking thus, made me think of Judith's remarks, and connecting them with a rose-bush that we were passing, I pulled off a cluster, and presently said, impatiently, that they were useless things, living only in summer and sunshine; and as I spoke I tossed them out of my hand. Mr. Reid caught them, and said that I valued them too lightly, for that roses spoke of the generous giving of God, who bestows on us more than the things that are for use or for need. I do not know why I said tartly—

“Of course roses are necessary to nobody.” “This one is to me,” said Mr. Reid, and he put one bud in his pocket-book. I stood vexed, divided in my mind between his having the rose and Thomas the lock of my hair—but it means nothing in either case. Before we went in I begged Mr. Reid to be especially good, if he had opportunity, to Robert Shirtliffe, who had saved my cousin’s life, and in event of any danger or trouble to Robert, to write to my uncle. He said that he would do so, and I hope I have procured another friend for poor Deborah, who is now parted from Hannah. And so, with Mr. Reid’s departure, the last of our friends of the army had gone, and we were able to give our attention to what passes in the city.

Mrs. Bache has come back, and is now living in Dr. Franklin’s house. She was vexed to find her father’s portrait taken off, but said things were better than she expected to see them.

We begin to think that uncle was in the right about General Arnold. His conduct in the city is not giving satisfaction. He is very extravagant, and has already begun a style of living that does not suit the poverty of the colonial cause, nor the sorrows of the present time. It is said that he has shown himself much pleased with Miss Margaret Shippen, one of the Tory ladies, a great belle of the mischianza, and a particular friend of Captain André. The general has his quarters in “William Penn’s house,” on the corner of Second Street and Morris Alley, and he maintains a finer style of living than any one else in the city. He keeps a coach and four, and servants in

livery, and has given a splendid banquet already. My uncle was invited but would not go, as he likes not such display when our men are barefoot in winter, and our currency is depreciating to be worth only five cents for a dollar.

Charles heard it whispered the other day that the general had lately desired an exchange into the navy, but that the matter had dropped.

I just now noted the lessening value of our currency; the coming of our army has flooded the city with continental paper worth almost nothing; prices have risen to fabulous height. Mistress Bache yesterday declared that a servant who carried a market basket on one arm, must carry an equal basket of money on the other to pay for the filling.

The reason of this light value of the paper is that there are no taxes; no central government is able to tax all the colonies, and to be responsible for the redemption of the money issued. There are hopes of foreign loans, but Spain is evidently ill disposed; the Duke of Tuscany hates us; the king of Prussia has not declared himself; Russia keeps aloof. We get a little money from France, and Congress can do nothing better than order renewed issues of bills that are only worth the paper they are printed upon. It is from this, our financial distress, that England expects her success.

This morning I went with Judith to the widow Ross, to see about getting our sideboard mended, and while the widow was talking with us she said, pulling open a little square drawer, some four inches deep, "See, once I

thought myself doing well if in a day I got the bottom of this covered with silver and gold; but now behold my cash drawer!" and she pulled open a great bureau drawer,



GENERAL FRANCIS MARION.

to obtain a grand future for our country. Sorrow before success."

with quantities of paper in it, saying, "Tis hardly worth while to lock it up; no one covets the stuff."

"At this rate you will be ruined," said Judith.

"Well," said widow Ross cheerfully, "our children will rise to prosperity on our ruin; we can afford to be sacrificed

SEPTEMBER 30, 1778.

The chief movement in the North this summer was that for the re-conquest of Rhode Island; storms and misunderstandings put the Colonial forces on shore, and the French fleet at cross purposes. The attempt failed with loss on our side. The French have gone to the West Indies. La Fayette has been sent to the Mohawk Valley.

In the South we have indications of an attack upon Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida. The Southern delegates have requested that Major-General Lincoln be

sent to their department. It is said that Count Pulaski, our brave Polish helper, will go there also. They have such men as Pinckney, Marion, McIntosh, Pickens, and James Jackson, and surely in the end such patriots and heroes must win the day.

In the Jerseys there have been many surprises and skirmishes accompanied with sad loss of life. Hannah Dana must have her hands full of work; my uncle once sent her some stores. I had a letter from Bessie. She told me a deal about the gayeties of New York, of the dances, plays, and gaming. She said she was sometimes very lonely, as there were days when she never saw the Major or her father; again there were days crowded with engagements until she was tired to death. She did not feel very well; wished she could go to England; sometimes wished she were back in Philadelphia or Boston; wished she could see Mistress Seaforth and me. Bessie's letters are all *wishes*; some more wishes were in the postscript, which meant more to me than all the rest of her letter. Bessie said she had received uncle's inclosure from Mr. Bowdoin. "Why," she said, "did things always happen wrong; she thought this world very unsatisfactory. She wished Mr. Bowdoin had been a captain, or major, or colonel in the British army. Why was he only a parson on the weaker side? Or, if he must be a rebel, why was he not a dashing General like Arnold, a Marquis like La Fayette, a brilliant cavalier like Lighthorse Harry. She wished things had been different, and she wished those goods for which she had sent to Nantes by Uncle Matthew would arrive." Well, one at least of

unsatisfied Bessie's wishes can be gratified—the parcels from Nantes came safely, the very day when I received the letter, and within a week we were able to forward them to New York. I hope they will cheer her up, she is evidently unhappy.

This very day I had a curious meeting in the street. I went with Susannah on an errand toward the upper end of the city, and saw Dr. Binney's small carriage and his pretty orphan niece driving it, with an invalid young man by her side, supported by a pillow. When we bowed, she drew up near the sidewalk, saying: "My uncle has brought one of his soldier patients home, and I am taking him out for a drive." The patient's eyes were closed as he leaned back on his pillow, his head had been shaved, and was covered by a close cap of black velvet, but there was something singularly familiar in the pale face; and as the eyes unclosed I once more recognized—Deborah Samson! I could not restrain an exclamation of astonishment, and to cover it, cried: "What, Robert! wounded again?" then I added to the lady—"This is the soldier who, as you may have heard, once saved the life of my cousin Charles; he also came from Plymouth." At these words, Susannah rejoiced to see her brother's preserver, declared that we should have had the privilege of nursing him. The invalid seemed much overcome. "Oh, me!" cried the fair nurse, "this is the first outing, and my uncle will be so angry if our patient gets worse—I must drive home, he is becoming excited."

I called out, "Be sure and send me word how soon

Dr. Binney will allow me, an old friend, to call. Do not forget."

And so promising to send me permission for the visit they went away. I am in a sad state of anxiety to get to Deborah, she may need my help. She looked dreadfully.

DECEMBER 25, 1778.

This is the Christ-day; the day when angels sang of peace and good will to men. I wish such a strain would break over this unhappy land. There are many troubles to tell of, but I begin about Deborah Samson. After several days I had a note from Dr. Binney himself, saying that his soldier, Shirtliffe, had been worse, and that as soon as he was able to see me I might come. It was nearly the last of October before I was sent for. Uncle bade me bring the patient back with me, if the Doctor thought proper. I saw Robert alone, not looking quite so pale, and hair grown somewhat. The trouble this time was brain fever. Many of the men around West Point were taken with this disease. When Deborah first felt the symptoms, she suffered beyond expression, most of all with apprehension of discovery. No Hannah was near to shield her. She felt tempted to go and throw herself into the river, as she felt that she would only die at the most, and by drowning herself she could keep her secret. She said only the memory of my grandfather's teachings saved her from suicide.

As she lay under the shelter of a tree, feeling too prostrated to do duty, Captain Richard Reid, who had several times been kind to her, came up, saying: "Why, Bob, are you also sick?" and then felt her pulse, and inquired

into her symptoms. He saw that brain fever was approaching, and having called the doctor, and administered some remedies, he proposed that "Shirtliffé" should be sent with some invalids and convalescents, who were that day to start in a wagon-train for a hospital, within twenty miles of Philadelphia. This was agreed to, and Robert was removed with the others. This hospital was under charge of Doctor Binney. Deborah has not the least recollection of reaching it, nor of what occurred after she came there, until, opening her eyes in a return of consciousness, she heard one say: "Here is poor Bob come to life; we thought he had gone, and he might have been buried but for the doctor." At these words, flashed into her mind the strange thought that she was not yet discovered! Presently some nourishment was put into her mouth, and she thinks she slept soundly all night. What seemed the next morning came, and she was again given food and medicine, but treated as one unconscious or crazed by the nurses who spoke *of* and not *to* her, and she heard one say: "No one but the doctor is to touch Bob; Bob is his favorite." Finally Doctor Binney came, spoke kindly, bathed her head, arranged her pillow, and said that when enough improvement was made "Robert" should go to his house for nursing.

Thus about the 21st of September, Deborah was removed to the doctor's house in Philadelphia, given a good room, good care, a new suit of clothes; the doctor's niece made the patient's shirts, read, sung, took *Robert* out to ride, and every one accepted her as Robert Shirtliffé, soldier. Deborah told me she had watched the doc-

tor's every look, tone, word, to ascertain if he had found out her deception. She thought he *must* have done so, yet he gave no sign. After meeting me and Susannah she became worse, but was now speedily recovering. She had said to the doctor: "It is time for me to rejoin my regiment;" and he had replied, "I must keep you here until your recovery is perfect."

I told Deborah to wait with patience for further developments, and if any fresh anxiety or trouble came to her, to apply to me. I should never whisper her secret to any one, without her permission; but she might rely on my uncle's being her good friend in any event. But again, as often before, I begged her to give up her soldier life. She replied, never while she might so serve her country in perfect secret. If a soul suspected her disguise she would fly at once. I have called on her once since then, accompanied by my cousins, and all remains the same.

We have had terrible news from Cherry Valley, about as dreadful as that from Wyoming. The settlement is entirely destroyed; women and children were murdered, houses were burned. Colonel Campbell's family have been carried off, and no one knows where they are, if they are yet living. Mistress Campbell's mother was aged and feeble, and the youngest child was but a year and a half old—no one knows what has become of these captives. I had a letter from Thomas Otis, and he tells me that in a skirmish with British and Indians, Isaiah Hooper was captured, and he fears has been tortured to death. I have written to Mistress Hooper to soften the

sad story as much as possible, telling her that her husband has been made prisoner in the North, and that I hope he will escape or be exchanged. It will be a dreary winter for her, knowing how terribly he suffered



INDIAN MASSACRE IN CHERRY VALLEY.

in his former captivity. General McDougall is now in command at the Highlands. General Washington has extended his troops in a strong line from the Sound to the Delaware, and has established his head-quarters near Middlebrook in the Jerseys.

FEBRUARY 6, 1779.

Yesterday morning I had a letter from Dame Warren. She is with Lady Washington in the camp at Middlebrook; so are Mistress Greene, Mistress Knox, and other notable ladies. The officers intend to celebrate the first anniversary of the alliance with France with as much splendor as possible; but the festivity is put off until the

eighteenth, because of General Washington's absence, he being here in the city. I would he remained here all the time, so might he hold General Arnold in check. Arnold is now to be married to Miss Margaret Shippen, and he is now continually surrounded by her Tory friends. Not that I dislike honest Tories, they must do as they think proper, but they are enemies of our cause, and one of our foremost generals should not be taking them for friends in preference to Patriots. Indeed, even last month, people in speaking of him, said that he was a part Tory, and should be discharged. The tyranny of this man is worse than that of Lord Howe. He is perfectly extravagant, and takes shameful means to replenish his purse. Under pretense of supplying the army, he forbids the shop-keepers to sell or buy; then he puts all goods at the disposal of his agents, and they make enormous profits on them, and share plunder with him. My uncle being one who would not connive at such doings, his warehouses are now keeping a sort of Sabbath all the week. There is nothing doing at them. One thing I can say for General Arnold, when my uncle went to him for protection for Mr. Seaforth's family and property, he got it readily—that was kind.

The people of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia are furious at Arnold, and the council will probably prepare charges against him. My uncle says there may be some excuse for him, as he has been soured by neglect and unkind treatment, when his great bravery demanded high recognition. General Washington felt that Arnold had not met due kindness; but from what I learn

he must always have been cruel, hasty, selfish, and extravagant. General Washington has had a thousand times Arnold's provocations, and no one ever heard of his becoming angry or embittered toward his country by it. Then Arnold has had a good mother, and his first wife was a most noble woman; so Dame Warren told me long ago.

But this brings me back to Dame Warren's letter. She desired me to come to camp and visit her, and be present at the *fête*. She kindly said that she loved me for my grand-parents' sake, and that she would see me again, in memory of old Plymouth days; and she added a postscript to my uncle, begging him to bring her young country-woman to visit her. My uncle kindly consented, and to-morrow we are to set forth. My uncle has some business in camp, and, wonder of wonders, we are to ride in the general's retinue, as he returns to Middlebrook. My uncle has to-day had my roan's saddle re-furbished, and Judith lent me her best riding habit and the new hat that came from Nantes. Susannah and Hester and I have been busy to-day, preparing a dress suitable for me to wear at the festa. I hope to have a grand visit.

MARCH 3, 1779.

So the visit is over, and I am back to write about it. We set forth in style, Peter riding behind us with our baggage. We joined the general's troop five miles from town. Our journey was delightful. My uncle rode by the general several times, and had some conversation with him. The general says that the alliance with France is paralyzing our energies by begetting a false

feeling of security ; dissensions and party feuds in Congress are harming us more than do our foes, and he thinks the States too busy in local concerns, and too careless of the Central Government. The best men are not in Congress, and the land suffers for want of their guidance. The general most of all deplores the dissipation and extravagance of the times. He says the revelry in Philadelphia cut him to the heart when he thought how the soldiers are unpaid and unprovided, and true patriots are sinking into ruin. To this country the general stands as a father, and how is his great heart burdened when he sees the folly and idleness of some of his children, the hopeless sufferings of others, and the approaching financial ruin of the household! He mourns that we are so lacking in honest republican simplicity.

Would that all the nation followed the example set them by General and Lady Washington! My uncle did not wish to intrude upon the general too long. He told me of all these things when he fell back and rode beside me in the rear of our cavalcade.

CHAPTER XV.

MARCH 5, 1779.

WE had remarkably good weather and firm roads for our journey. The fine weather continued for our fortnight's absence from home, so that we had only two stormy days. We left camp on the 20th of February, and reached home the next day. We found the army in their winter-quarters, *huttet* as last year, but the huts were better, the interstices filled with sod and clay, and the officer's cabins having separate kitchens. The huts also had better floors. The camp presented a very good appearance, like a regular, clean, and compact village. The soldiers were better clad, better armed, fed, and drilled than last winter, and they looked healthier and more cheerful. Baron Steuben had his quarters at Mr. Staat's house. The Baron is as active and faithful as last year, and has less trouble, as now the men understand him better, and see the value of his drill, and he knows more of our language. The Baron's grand, dignified manners, his urbane treatment of every one, and his elegant dress, impress all who meet him, and all feel the debt we owe to the noted warrior, who left honors and ease to become drill-master for our forlorn cause. He begins now to see the success that looked nearly impossible a year ago. At head-quarters I found

Dame Warren as guest of Lady Washington. There were a number of other ladies at camp. My friends are more scattered than last winter; indeed, none that I knew were near us. Hannah Dana and Mr. Reid were at Pluckemin, where the artillery lies. Joseph Dana was there also.

The second day after our arrival, my uncle, who has been engaged of late in getting in foreign supplies for the army, had business with General Washington. They had nearly concluded, when Uncle John dropped his glasses and broke them. This left him quite helpless, and he called for me to read his papers for him, and make the needful notes on the margins. I am accustomed at home to help him in this way, and he thought no one could do it so well. After about an hour, some question arose, and finally my uncle and one of the general's aids said they would step over to the quartermaster's to settle it. This left me by my desk in the corner, alone with the general, except for an attendant, who stood by a window. The general was writing busily, when a knock came and some one entered. I stole a look—weary of staring at figures—and there was *Robert Shirtliffe*, a promising looking young soldier, health restored, hair grown! Said Robert bowed low, and handed a large letter to the general, but trembled, flushed, and looked in an agony of apprehension.

Our good general, pitying this excessive embarrassment in his presence, kindly bid his idle attendant to take the soldier to the kitchen for refreshment. I saw that some

terrible crisis in Deborah's life had come. I recalled her fortitude, her sufferings, her lonely, bereft life. If I could comfort her in trouble, I should do so. I forgot my awe, and said, after the attendant had conducted her from the room: "Your Excellency, I know that soldier; may I go and speak to him?"

The general was just breaking the seal of the letter. He glanced at me, a little surprised, rather severely, and bowed.

I found Deborah seated in the general's kitchen—a cup of coffee and a plate of bread and meat before her. I whispered, "What is the matter now, Deborah?"

"I do not know, but I think, I fear, that I am discovered."

"Keep up your courage," I said. "I will return where I was, and will stand your friend." So I ran back to my uncle's paper, and began a vigorous scratching with my pen. The general had two letters in his hand and was reading them with an immovable countenance. At last he began to write, and after a moment or two of that, I heard him open a drawer, and handle some money. I dared not move my head. And then Deborah—soldier Robert—came back, saluted, and stood crimson, with downcast eyes. The general motioned dismissal to the attendant. We three were alone. The room seemed terribly still. The general handed a paper to the trembling soldier. I heard Deborah choke down a sob as the paper rustled in her hand. Then she bent her head, and her eyes overflowed. He then gave her some coins and a letter, in perfect silence, and motioned that she might with-

draw. As she turned I could not refrain from giving him an imploring look. I saw that he assented to my speaking with her, and so followed her into the hall.

“Deborah!” I said, catching her arm, “promise me that you will not serve again!”

“Never,” she replied, in a trembling voice.

“And tell me where you will go.”

She hesitated, then said:

“To Isaiah Hooper’s. If I can not be a soldier, I can preserve a soldier’s family and home. I shall there be welcomed and unquestioned. Good-bye.”

I returned to the desk. The general leaned back in his arm-chair, in a stern sort of reverie. I felt that at the bar of his judgment poor Deborah, guiltless of all but too rash a patriotism, was standing condemned. All her life she had been desolate and misunderstood, and now he would judge her severely, and her cause was unheard. I could not bear the thought. I stood behind my chair, and looking firmly toward him, I said: “Your Excellency, I have known this Deborah Samson for many years; and then forgetting my awe of him—forgetting all things but my compassion for Deborah—I hastily told him of the neglected child, painfully gathering up knowledge from passing children; of the indomitable courage of the young woman; of the loneliness, self-sacrifice, fearlessness of the soldier; of my cousin’s saved life; of wounds, and escapes, and of her falling into Dr. Binney’s hands. Suddenly, as I told this story, I became conscious that the general was regarding me with that paternal, indulgent, approving look, that my grandfather’s face wore long ago when

I stood by his study-table in Plymouth saying my lessons unusually well. I faltered, blushed—a consciousness of my temerity rushed upon me. Said the general: “Would that all who err in head or heart might have so generous, so earnest an advocate.” Then he asked me her true name, and where she was going; and when I told him, he made a note in a book. I then returned to my uncle’s papers, and in a few minutes he came in, and when I had written for him a little longer, he sent me to Dame Warren. I am glad that Deborah is out of the army; her being there was truly an error of the head. I shall never tell my uncle the story, unless it first reaches him by some other means; lest he esteem Deborah Samson less than Robert Shirtcliffe.

My uncle took me to Pluckemin for three days to visit Hannah. She is better off than last year, there are less unhelped sufferings to tear her heart, but Hannah looks sadly worn. She said the fur cloak, which Judith sent her, had been of great use in cold days and nights. Richard Reid is very devoted to helping her, and she told me but for him she would have sunk under discouragements long ago. Mr. Reid returned with us to headquarters, and remained two days. After he had gone, Mistress Warren told me that if he lives until peace is declared and the army disbanded, he means to conclude his reading for the ministry and take a congregation.

Well, I think Hannah Dana would make a very good minister’s wife. It is what my grandmother said that she was suited for. Dame Warren said to me, “When that time comes he will want a wife.”

"Yes, surely," said I.

"And he now has one in his mind, whom he will ask," said she, "if before then she does not love another."

"There is no danger," I said, for surely Hannah Dana would not think of taking one less worthy when she might have Richard Reid.

"And you fancy that she will have him?" asked the Dame.

"Oh, I am sure of it," I said.

"Perhaps you do not know who she is," said she.

"Perhaps not, but I think I have a guess," I replied.

"I think you have not," she answered, laughing; but she does not know how Mr. Reid spoke to me about Hannah.

The second day of Mr. Reid's visit, I went out to walk with him at the outer edge of the encampment, and we saw the soldiers crowding about a small cart where a man was selling apples. They were poor apples, and he wanted a continental dollar apiece for them.

"Apples at a dollar each!" cried Richard Reid, "what would my father have thought of that, when his orchards were loaded with fruit?" but my eyes were fixed on the fruit-seller. I was sure that I had seen him before, in spite of the changes again made in his dress. I felt convinced that it was Brown, the spy.

I said, "I must go back to my uncle!" Richard objected, but I insisted. I dared not tell him what I suspected, suppose I should be wrong. And then if this was indeed Brown, and he should be arrested, what then?

I shivered at the thought of causing his death, but evidently it was my duty to tell my uncle.

We found Uncle John at last, and when he heard my news, he hurried off. I went to Dame Mercy Warren, and sat wishing that I had never seen Brown. When about two hours after, my uncle came in saying that the man truly was Brown, and was captured, I felt so badly that I could not eat my supper nor sleep. Mr. Reid came to bid me "Good-bye." I said, "Oh, I wish I could let Brown out, he has a wife and children."

"But consider the harm he might do. It is thought that he led the party that found Baylor's dragoons, and slaughtered them."

"Then he will surely be hung," said I, "and I will always feel that I caused it. Oh, I wish I had remained at home in Philadelphia." I meditated begging the general to have Brown imprisoned until the end of the war, or sent to England, and so I tossed about all night in wretchedness, not repenting that I had done my duty, yet half wishing I might undo it. I had my trouble for nothing, for the next morning Brown had escaped, no one knew how; and then thinking what mischief he might do, I was sorry that he had gone! What worrying times war times are. I wish some one would catch Brown, and I not know any thing about it.

Well, the *fête* put all these troublesome thoughts from my mind. The people from far and near came to witness the display of fire-works and illuminations. I wish that the Marquis La Fayette had been here to see, but he has returned to France to his family. He is coming back if

there is more fighting. The celebration began at four o'clock in the afternoon, with a discharge of thirteen cannon. There was then a dinner, for an invited company. I was among the guests, on account of my uncle and Dame Warren, I suppose. Richard Reid was of the company. He is the one officer to whom it does not seem natural for me to say *Captain*, or otherwise give his title. I suppose because I first met him as plain *Mr. Reid*. The ladies at the dinner looked very grand, especially Lady Washington, Mrs. Knox and Dame Warren. I had a blue brocade dress, over a white satin petticoat, and I wore my mother's lace and pearls. In the evening we had displays of illuminated pictures, mottoes, and fire-works, and after that there was a ball. I stopped for awhile to see the dancing. The general opened the



RETURN OF LA FAYETTE TO FRANCE.

general opened the

ball with Mrs. Knox. It was very grand, and the music was delightful.

The day but one after the festival my uncle and I came home. We found that while we were gone letters had come from Colonel Nelson and Captain Seaforth, and that Mrs. Logan had been to visit Judith, and had taken Hester home with her. Judith and Mrs. Bache are as usual busy for our soldiers, and especially for the sick and wounded who are sent into the city. The Council of Pennsylvania have preferred charges against General Arnold, and he is to be tried by court-martial.

JULY 20, 1779.

Another long break in my journal, but I have been where I could not carry these papers, and could only jot down a line or so in my note-book. A dreary time indeed has it been to me. I had, about the end of March, a letter from Bessie, written in very low spirits. She said that she was sick and unhappy; that she often saw neither her father nor husband for days together. The 2d of April I received another letter, feebly and irregularly written, saying that she was very ill, and thought she was going to die. She had no friends, only careless servants to attend on her. She had not so much as a Bible. She begged me to come and stay with her until she died. To this letter her father added a line, entreating me to come, saying that he thought Bessie would drop off in a consumption, as her mother had done, and inclosing a pass, which Major Banks had procured for me to enter the city. Mr. Warley said that Bessie was now in the house of an excellent Quaker lady, who would

be very kind to me, and that there were no officers nor strangers in the house with her. My uncle, after long deliberation, felt it his duty to allow me to go, and as he would not have me unattended in the city, he decided that Nervev was to go with me. A small ship with a flag of truce had come up the Delaware to exchange prisoners, and on this I went to New York. We had fair weather and a quick passage.

The commissioners who came last year from England were enthusiastic in their praises of this country, its mighty rivers, and magnificent prospects. I do not wonder at this, when they had just sailed up the Delaware. The broad river; the fertile, low-lying shores; the wide plains; the white, peaceful villages; and the noble forests, offer pictures of unparalleled beauty. As long as daylight lasted, I remained on deck, watching the varied scenery of the shores, and the ships, and fishing-boats upon the river, and here and there the dark mass of a frigate, and I wished the day would be as long as that wherein Joshua warred with the five kings, that I might longer enjoy prospects so new and fair. But though day departed, we almost realized the promise for the heavenly land—"There shall be no night;" for as the sun sunk below the horizon, a broad full moon filled the air with a subdued splendor. The ships and the shores were still visible, and I was so fascinated with the spectacle that I would not go below. So poor Nervev, who has no taste for fine scenery, wrapped her shawl over her head, and lay down on the deck at my feet to sleep.

Around the deck were scattered groups of exchanged

prisoners. They looked as if they had been well cared for, which is more than can be said of those who were exchanged for them. One of these prisoners was an officer, and his wife had come to meet him. The two sat at the bow of the ship, clasping each other's hands, and enjoying in silence their restored happiness. Another soldier was a mere boy; his arm was in a sling; his mother had come for him, and he lay on the deck sleeping, with his head in her lap, while she, seated on a coil of rope, was too glad to pass in sleep the hours which assured her of the safety of her son.

We found the noble harbor of New York filled with English ships, men-of-war, and merchant vessels. Truly New York is a very wonderful city, as big and noisy as Boston and Philadelphia put together. I do not know whether I had most dreaded having Mr. Warley or Major Banks come and meet me, two men whom I detest; however, they *both* came, and truly they were very kind. They had brought a little carriage, and they put me and Nervey and my trunk therein. They said Bessie was very poorly, and most anxious to see me.

I was glad to find that the house where she was lodging was in a quiet, retired street, and the good Quaker lady, who owns it, welcomed me kindly. Her name was Mistress White. It seems my fate to be with Quaker ladies while I wait on the sick. At Trenton, Valley Forge and New York I have been in their houses. Mistress White took me into her parlor to lay off my hat and cloak, while Major Banks went to tell Bessie of my arrival.

Mistress White said: "I am glad thee has come; that young thing needs a friend to comfort her; young women, who live on this world's follies, have sore need of comforters when they are laid by in a sick room. What is called natural affection is a poor thing without godliness. Thee has the face of one who knows the power of the world to come; and perhaps thee can teach that young thing up stairs that when father and husband forsake, the Lord can take her up."

Poor Bessie, is she so lonely as to be termed *forsaken*?

I left Nervey to arrange the little room assigned me, where a pallet had been made for her at the foot of my bed, and I followed Mistress White up to see Bessie. The poor, dear girl looked very ill; her eyes were hollow, her hands wasted, her cheeks feverish. She also looked poorly taken care of, her cap and gown were tumbled, her bed disordered, the light from the window fell broadly across her eyes. Major Banks was lounging in an easy chair by the dressing table, drinking brandy from a flask standing there, and eating bits out of a rich cake, which lay on a towel upon a chair.

He said to me, "Bessie's maid went off yesterday; she was such a thief we could not keep her. The Quaker woman is too busy to do much, but I'll look up another maid as soon as I can find one, who only steals small things, and does not get more than moderately drunk."

The prospect of having a woman of Major Banks's selection, thievish and drunken, always near me, was so frightful that I said, "Pray do not get any one until I see if Nervey and I can not do alone."

He seemed well pleased at the suggestion. Presently he rose, saying: "Well! glad you've come. You'll get better now, Bess; and I sha'n't hear so much about neglect, and lonesome, and all that fol-de-rol."

"It did not trouble you," snapped Bessie; "you have not been here since day before yesterday."

He muttered something about "sickness being a confounded bore," "no time," "drill," "peace of life," and so on; and then telling me, more civilly, that he "hoped I'd soon bring my patient round, guessed she only had the megrims," he departed, his sabre and spurs clanking loudly on the stairs.

Bessie clung to my hand and cried, and said I was "too good" to come. She "wanted to die in my arms," and that she was "perfectly wretched, and believed that both her father and the major wanted to get rid of her." She was evidently ill of a low fever, aggravated by unhappiness and no care. I found that she had not been out of bed nor bathed for three days, and that her morning's food had been cake and brandy. I only wonder she was not dead.

I said to her plainly—for I know she needs decided dealing with—"Now, Bessie, I'll stay and nurse you; cure you if I can, if you will do as I say; but mind, I rule here, and if you do not let me do as I wish, I shall leave."

"I'll do any thing to have you stay," said poor Bessie.

I called Nervev to bathe and dress Bessie, make the bed, and set the room tidy. I cleared out the wine and brandy, the cake, sweetmeats, and medicine; brought in

fresh air, shaded the windows, sent for a bouquet, and borrowed from Mistress White a cage with some pretty birds in it. Then I comforted Bessie by looking over her boxes and wardrobes to see what the late "*maid*" had left. Poor Bessie, so ill, so unhappy, and yet so feverishly anxious to know how many laces, jewels, and nick-nacks she had remaining!

Among other acts of authority, I refused admission to all Bessie's acquaintances, allowing only her father and the major to come to her room. They, for decency's sake, and, perhaps because the apartment was now less forbidding, and Bessie less morbid and querulous, began to call once a day. I encouraged the good Mistress White to come and sit with us for half hours, as she had time, for her converse was wise, pious, and restful; and I hoped it would do my cousin good. I would not allow Bessie to talk of her late dissipations, of scenes of excitement, of the delinquencies of her husband; but I often talked with her of Plymouth, of old times, of my uncle's family, and our home life. I sung to her a great deal, usually the hymns which my grandfather had loved; sometimes, for a change, the songs which I had caught by hearing Colonel Nelson and Susannah practicing together.

I had brought a few books with me, and found a few others in Mistress White's possession, and from these I read to Bessie each day, beginning with the Bible. I do not think she *cared* much for it, but she accepted it quietly, and seemed to take some consolation in thinking that "it was the right thing to do." I often puzzle over

the various ways in which people receive the Bible: some take it as a medicine or as sick diet—tasteless but needful. Others can say with David, “I have esteemed Thy word more than my necessary food.” Always in that blessed old home in Plymouth I saw the Book of God the daily food of my grand-parents—feeding on which their souls grew, like the child Christ, in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

Nervey and I continued to be Bessie’s only nurses and attendants. From the first few days of my visit, the army surgeon, who called on her, expressed more favorable opinions of her case than he had previously done. He said care, comforting, and nerve-rest were what she wanted. I did not forget the promises I made to uncle and Judith, and each day exercised in Dame White’s garden, or went out to walk with her. So with that, and good food, and early hours, I kept my health.

Captain Seaforth, Colonel Nelson, and Major André called upon me. Henry was particularly good to me, and took me out several times, but in the third week of my visit he was sent South, and I did not see him again. Colonel Nelson could not hear enough about Susannah. He is as enthusiastic about her as ever. He brought me a charming letter from his mother to read; it gave me a most favorable impression of all his family.

His mother said that she, like the great majority of the English people, longed only for peace to be made, that the armies might return home. It was a bitter thought to her that her only son was absent from her, exposed to death, and to all the evils of a camp; not for

winning honorable laurels for his king; not to uphold justice in the world; but to fight against a kindred people, in a cause that, at best, was doubtful. She said he was doing his bounden duty as a soldier, and she trusted that he would be brave, honorable, and merciful in war; but desired that the war might have a speedy termination. She also prayed God, that if he truly and ardently loved "his beautiful American," it might be his happiness to return home with her, and that any one that he loved would be sure to receive the tenderest of welcomes from his mother.

She added on behalf of his uncle, whose heir he is, that he was so anxious to have him marry and settle on the estate, that if he would but sell his commission, and bring home the wife of his choice, she would, with all honor, be installed mistress of the mansion. She said that his sister was sure that if Miss Temple "excelled all women whomever he had seen," she must be a marvelous paragon, for he had seen many charming ladies, both at home and abroad.

Indeed, in the whole letter, there was such a tenderness, simplicity, and sincerity, that I was greatly delighted, and exclaimed,

"How pleased my uncle would be with such a letter."

Involuntarily he half returned it to me, then checked himself, as unwilling to use his mother's letter in his own behalf, said:

"But you—" and again his delicacy checked him, in suggesting the conferring of a favor.

I said: "I can tell him about it, with your permission."

“Thank you!” he cried, greatly pleased, and added: “If Susannah makes me the happiest of mortals, by going home with me, you must add to our happiness by visiting us. It will not do for her to think that she would be quite separated from her friends and family.”

This put the idea of parting with my dearest Susannah before me in a painfully clear light, but the suggestion of my ever visiting that glorious and storied home-land was delightful.

I spoke of Susannah and the colonel to Bessie that evening. She said, pettishly:

“Yes, Susannah has wondrous luck; what marvel if the colonel holds out so well as he has begun!” Then she told me that Major Banks never seemed to get any letters from England; never allowed her to see any that came; never gave her any messages from his friends, and was angry if she spoke of the possibility of their going to England. She cried, and declared that she “would not be surprised if he ran off to England and left her, and that he cared for nobody.”

I tried to calm and comfort her. A day or two after she happened to tell me that she had answered the letter from Mr. Bowdoin that my uncle had sent her, and that she had received another to her father’s care, and had answered that.

I cried in amaze: “Surely, Bessie! you have never concealed your marriage.”

She looked embarrassed—then said: “Why not? He would not answer me else; and it would be unkind to hurt his feelings by telling him such news.”

“And why do you want to hear from him, Bessie?”

“Because—” she faltered—“because it is nice to know that any one cares for me;” and she began to cry bitterly.

“Oh, Bessie, Bessie!” I said; “what a pity that you were not wise in time, and that you did not marry him.”

“I should have died of Plymouth, if I had married him, not knowing that other things could be worse.”

So sighed Bessie, and I recalled what she had said to Mistress Seaforth, jestingly, about an elopement, and I was

glad that she had the defense of Mr. Bowdoin's goodness. When he knows of her marriage he will drop the acquaintance, I thought, and I resolved to write to Thomas Otis to tell him, as soon as I got home.

I left Philadelphia on the 4th of April; reached New York on the 7th. Bessie got better steadily after my coming, and in a month's time could walk about her room,



BESSIE CONVALESCENT.

and was regaining flesh and color. About the 8th of May, Major Banks was lounging out part of a morning in Bessie's parlor, when his servant brought him in two or three letters—an English ship having just come up the Bay.

He tore open one in terrible haste, turned his back on us, seemed to read it hurriedly, and broke forth into a perfect storm of curses.

“For shame, major!—how can you?” cried Bessie.

“Sir, you insult me,” said I in anger, rising to leave the room.

He bounced up, saying: “Beg pardon. Confound my luck. I'm going. What a world of fools it is.” And crushing on his hat he tore down stairs.

“He has been losing at play,” said Bessie, “or has missed remittances.”

She did not seem much disturbed. The major did not return for three days. Finally he sauntered in, looking as if he had been drinking a good deal. His visit went well enough, until Bessie asked when the ship *Tempest* was expected. He darted up, and asked, with an oath, “why she cared?”

“Because, I sent for some gowns by it,” said Bessie.

“I would it and all the gowns in it were sunk,” said he, and with little more ado away he went.

He did not visit us again for two days, then he came, looking unusually haggard; and so called each day, until the 20th, when he said he was off for an expedition, and would be gone for a month—“perhaps he would be shot; if so, look for no will, for he had no effects.”

All the notice Bessie, who was much stronger, took of this, was to say after he had gone, "she wondered what she would have to live on as a widow, and how she would look in black"

It so disgusted me that I went off to sit with Dame White. The 22d, the *Tempest* arrived, a boy was selling hand-bills with the news printed on them, and I bought one. Bessie was all elated because of her new gowns and ribbons; she went to the glass twenty times to see if her complexion had been harmed by her illness, and declared that she would be about now when she had clothes worth wearing. She had been out once for a drive, and twice to walk a little way.

I now told her that she was well enough to be left, and that I should go home as soon as Mr. Warley could get me a pass. I also gave her an invitation from Mrs. Seaforth for her to come to her for the summer. Colonel Nelson had brought me a letter from my friends, sent under cover to him. The colonel had said farewell when he brought it; his regiment was ordered to Rhode Island.

Bessie cried, and made such an ado at word of my going, that I resolved to continue my preparations in silence. The 23d of May, Mr. Warley brought Bessie her parcel from the *Tempest*. She was very well contented that day and the next, in trying on her new decorations and in preparing a fresh bonnet, and a cardinal. Mr Warley promised to see to my getting home as speedily as possible.

On the 25th, there was to be a grand military review, and Bessie had secretly written to Major André for tick-

ets to a stage prepared for viewing it. The major sent a polite note with the tickets, saying that he was about to leave the city for a week, or he would offer his escort, but that he put his servant and carriage at our service. This was the first that I knew of it. Bessie would go, and sent for Mr. Warley to attend us; she was wild to exhibit her new gown; and truly when she put it on she looked most charming, her illness had not spoiled her appearance, and she congratulated herself on her costume, and on having a place to show it.

Well, we arrived at the staging, which commanded a view of the parade ground near the battery, and as Bessie came up, I saw some whispering and surprise; no one had expected her to be able to come, I thought. A strange officer, struck with her frail appearance and her beauty, gave her a chair near a young English matron, evidently just arrived, on whose knee leaned a beautifully dressed and noble-looking little lad of five. I sat next to Bessie, and did not wonder at the looks of curiosity and amaze that rested on her and her neighbor. The two women were indeed a contrast, one fresh, modest, dignified, matronly; the other lovely, delicate, girlish, vain.

The two fell into conversation. One said she had just come from England, the other longed to go there. One had been more than five years parted from her husband—the other said she had been married only a year. After awhile Bessie, pleased with the child, gave him a sweetmeat, and then would have him on her knee, and so praised his beauty, kissed him, petted him.

A young officer—Hester's *ci-devant* ensign—came to me

and said in a husky voice: "Take that child away from her—take her home—'tis no place for her—it will kill her—take her away—let me call your carriage."

"Why, what do you mean?" I said; "she *would* come, but I think it will not harm her seriously." Then, as he flushed and stammered, my ear caught *their* talk again.

"My husband is a major," says Bessie.

"Is he? why so is mine, and there he is now. Bobby, see papa; see, dear, there with a sword, this way, with his hat off."

"Why!" cried Bessie, leaning forward, "there is *my* husband, and I thought him gone from the city. There is *my* husband with his hat off giving an order. Abbey, what a husband Major Banks is to come back, and not let me know!"

There was a stir and exclaiming around us.

Said the English lady, looking Bessie in the face firmly, "that auburn-haired major, bareheaded, Major Robert Banks, is my husband, this boy's father."

Bessie sprang up, looked wildly around, then at the anxious, honest face before her, shrieked: "Major Banks, *your* husband! oh, heaven, he is *mine*;" and she threw her arms above her head, and sank down at the English wife's feet with a great cry.

Several rushed forward. The ensign moaned in my ear, "I told you this would kill her. 'Tis true, that is Banks's wife. Take her away."

What should I do to shelter my Bessie, to hide her and her misery from all these cruel eyes. Mr. Warley was gone. Several kindly stepped forward and lifting Bessie, who

was in a fearful convulsion, carried her toward our carriage. I turned as we went, and saw the sweet white face of that deeply wronged Englishwoman, lying in unconsciousness on a friend's arm, and heard above all the tumult, the shrill cry of a child.

Beyond this scene, I caught a view of Major Banks, aware of the excitement on the platform, hurrying from the parade ground. He would not come near us. His fearful game has been played to its bitter end; and what was Bessie to him?

I took her home to Mrs. White's, sent for a surgeon, and put her to bed. She was raging in a brain fever in a few hours, and Nervey and Dame White and I stayed by her all night. Mr. Warley could not be found. Captain Seaforth, Colonel Nelson, Major André, all were gone, and in that terrible, hostile city, I stood by my unhappy, ruined cousin without a friend.

About daylight Mr. Warley came. He sent for me to the parlor. He was partly intoxicated, and greatly excited. He asked: "Is this true about Bessie? I was off on some business, and then found that you were gone, and during the night I heard from some officers who were with me, this—that Banks had a wife come from England, and that Bessie met her to-day."

I knew where he had been, and what his business was, haunting the faro tables in which he has a share.

I said: "It is all true. The wife from England looks like a good, true lady, and she has with her a child. Bessie is in a brain fever."

"Why!" cried Mr. Warley, striking his hands together

violently, "the girl's prospects are ruined! And I thought the major a fairly good match for her."

"Oh, sir," I said, "her happiness is ruined. Her life is in peril."

"Let me see the poor girl," he said, and I took him to Bessie's room. No doubt, fatherly and pitiful emotions stirred his heart as he saw Bessie lying there at death's door, and heard her moans and half articulate ravings. He groaned and wrung his hands, muttered curses upon Major Banks, and then strode away with a wild, angry look that frightened me.

Mrs. White brought me some breakfast. She told me that she had expected some *denouement* like this, for Major Banks had seemed to her a very bad man, and very neglectful of his wife.

Scarcely had I taken my breakfast, when I was again sent for to the parlor. This time the kind little ensign was waiting for me. He seemed much distressed. He said that "Major Banks had not been known in England to any officers of his regiment, he having exchanged into it just before they left England. Thus, none of them had suspected that he was a married man. His conduct was a disgrace to the British army and nation. He desired to help us in any way that he could. Thought that Banks should be 'called out,' would do it himself, only his dying mother had made him take a solemn vow against dueling. He wished Nelson, Seaforth, André, or other of my friends were in the city to fight the major."

I told him if a duel would be the result of their presence, I was glad that they were gone. I thought duels

very wicked, and should grieve that to his other crime Major Banks could add that of shooting one of my friends. In short, I told my young friend that he could do nothing for me, except try and secure me a pass home when I was able to go.

The ensign then told me that Mrs. Banks, weary of long separation from her husband, had come to America, uninvited by him, in company with the colonel of a regiment which came over on the *Tempest*. This colonel's wife was with him, and was a friend of Mrs. Banks. This colonel had noticed that Major Banks had not seemed glad to see his wife, and had been in haste to remove her from the city, saying it would be unhealthful for the child. He had secured lodgings about six miles from the town, and had insisted on taking her there at once, until her friend, the colonel, had made some sharp remarks at his singular endeavor to hide her, and Banks had agreed to have her remain to a dinner that was to be given the twenty-fourth, to the review of the twenty-fifth, and go to the country the day following.

I saw that the major's plan had been to put his real wife out of town, and hustle Bessie off to Philadelphia with me; for he had eagerly advocated her going to Mistress Seaforth.

The ensign further told me that Mrs. Banks was quite ill from her distress at discovering her husband's iniquitous conduct; and that the newly arrived colonel was about to lay the affair before Sir Henry Clinton; he added that Mr. Warley's conduct had not been such as to render himself or his daughter greatly esteemed. The ensign,

with further proffers of service, withdrew, and I went back to my post.

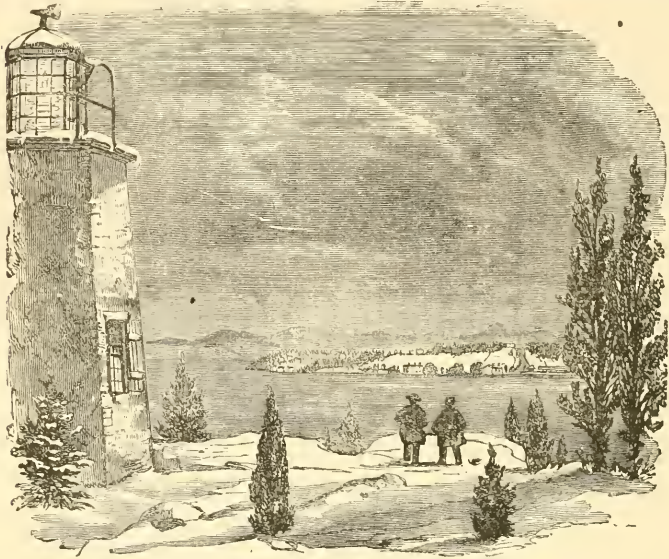
As I watched Bessie, the loneliness of our position in this city of strangers grew upon me. Mr. Warley was rather a hinderance than a help to me. I concluded to send for Mr. Seaforth to come to me, and to ask the ensign to dispatch the letter for me. I sat on the foot of the bed in the darkened room, my hands on my lap, thinking what a help and comfort the home friends would be, until I almost seemed to hear their voices in my ear, and to feel their hands clasping mine. This impression, deepened by sleeplessness and sorrow, so hung upon me that when Mistress White's servant boy looked in, saying that I was wanted in the parlor, I started up, sure that some one had come from Philadelphia.

Full of this idea, I rushed down stairs. I only half saw a group in the hall; did not heed their exclamations, looks, calls to me. I darted across the passage way, flung open the door, feeling as if I should spring into my uncle's arms. Oh, fearful sight! I stumbled, almost fell upon a bier set down just within the door; a bier with a cloak thrown over it, not covering it, but leaving exposed the set, ghastly, dead face of Mr. Warley, with wide open eyes staring up at the ceiling, and a hole in the forehead, and a broad mark where blood had run down. I can see it still. I think I shall see it so long as I live.

The next thing I saw was sunshine, the snowy curtains of Mistress White's bed, the kind face of mine hostess bent over me. It had come upon them suddenly, she said. They had meant to tell me carefully. The boy in

his excitement had called me to the parlor, and I came so quickly they could not stop me.

Then she told me how it was. Mr. Warley in a frenzy had sought the major, and found him in a coffee-house.



VERPLANCK'S POINT, FROM STONY POINT LIGHT-HOUSE.

He had challenged him, and the major had refused to fight. Mr. Warley then struck him in his face with his hand, and then with the butt of a pistol, and had insisted on fighting then and there. They paced off a short distance, and Major Banks had seemed to mean to shoot above his antagonist's head; but his hand and eye were uncertain from drinking, and the ball passed through his brain.

They buried Mr. Warley; sealed up his effects, and sent them to our lodging. The ensign, through the proper authorities, sent for Mr. Seaforth, and he came.

On the 30th of May, Sir Henry Clinton sent an expedition up the river to get possession of Stony and Verplanck's Points. They succeeded without fighting. Major Banks was with the expedition. The army encamped on either side the river, and on the night of the 31st, a soldier, said to be cleaning his gun, and not knowing it to be loaded, shot the major through the heart as he stood at his tent door. Was it accident, private revenge, or was this the judgment of Heaven—death for death?

And so in the few weeks of my stay in New York, all this terrible change came. Bessie slowly rallied. Mr. Seaforth cared for us like a father, and on the 15th of this July we were able to return to Philadelphia, bringing poor Bessie to my uncle's house.

Before we left New York, I was sent for to see Mrs. Banks. She was in widow's dress, and is going home to her father. She questioned me very kindly about Bessie, and I told her the whole story. It was only justice to Major Banks to tell how long he had lingered, seemingly uncertain about proposing marriage, and the fact seemed to comfort the poor soul a little. She shed tears over Bessie. Spoke of her beauty and girlishness, and asked had she friends. I told her my Uncle John's heart and fortune were large enough for all demands that could be made on either; and so I left her, wondering how such an angel could have fallen to Major Banks's share, and how he could have so lightly esteemed her.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1779.

BESSIE'S affairs have drawn my attention away from public interests, but poor Bessie has now become a quiet daily care. She is very feeble in health, and much broken in spirits. She has no pleasure in dress and gayety which she formerly loved, and has no fondness for books or good works; no solace in her trouble. But the tender sympathy of Mrs. Seaforth, the hearty piety of my uncle, and the strong courage and faith of Judith, must surely open to my unfortunate cousin a nobler life.

General Arnold is still residing in our city, but not in command; when charges were preferred against him, and a court-martial was ordered, he resigned his position here. Since then, as nobody is now afraid of him, he is reaping the reward of his arrogance and extortion, for he is assailed with taunts and indignities, and lately he is followed in the streets by a mob. He asked Congress for an armed guard, but they declined, not considering him in danger, nor deserving of honor.

The war has been this summer of a predatory character. Sir Henry Clinton has ravaged the shores of Connecticut, and has burned, pillaged, and nearly destroyed the towns of New Haven, East Haven, Fairfield and Norwalk. Plundering expeditions into New York along

the Jersey coast, and to Maryland and Virginia, have distressed our people, but have done little to weaken our cause,—serving only to arouse greater hostility, and a more determined opposition to Britain.

On the 16th of July, General Wayne, called often “Mad Anthony,” made a brilliant and successful attack on Stony Point, losing but fifteen men, and making nearly six hundred prisoners. The coun-



GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

try rings with this exploit, and it is expected to make our cause stronger in Europe. Major Lee, the popular “Light-horse Harry,” has also his spirited achievement to boast. He captured the fort at Paulus Hook, on the 19th of August, carrying off the garrison prisoners, but not attempting to hold the place, as it is within sight of New York, and within reach of the guns there.

Speaking of names assigned to various heroes, recalls that given to our chief—“*The American Fabius*”—for his cautious policy. Some complain of this policy, and want all risked at a blow; but every year justifies the steady

self-command, the immovable decision of our Washington, and my uncle says that future years will yet more grandly exalt his conduct of this war.

On the ocean, Paul Jones is winning laurels for our cause, and showing that America is no unworthy child of the nation, long called "Mistress of the Seas."

General Washington is now at West Point, but has sent some troops south, as Georgia and South Carolina are now suffering all the most terrible evils of civil war. Plantations are ravaged; citizens shot, hung, or chased into swamps; the houses are burned, or turned into quarters for the enemy. The slaves are seized, and either set against their masters, or given to royalists. Laurens and Hamilton urge the arming of the slaves, and say that they could raise several brave and effectual regiments.

In Rhode Island the slaves were freed on condition of serving as soldiers, their masters being promised some compensation by the State. Uncle says that this was equitable in every way. If the slaves shed their blood for a country, they should have equal rights in it. They should not be slaves, but citizens, where they manfully risk their lives, and, as the State profits by their freedom, she should, according to her ability, pay the masters for the loss of their laborers.

NOVEMBER 18, 1779.

Rhode Island has been evacuated by the British, Sir Henry Clinton concentrating his northern forces at New York, and sending what regiments he can to the South. The war appears to be gradually leaving the

Eastern States, where at first it broke out. When we were seeing in Massachusetts the desolation of war, it seemed to me as if the South was an earthly paradise of beauty, peace, and plenty; where the people were as generous as the soil and climate, and where no trouble could



SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CONTINENTAL ARMY.

ever come; now they are paying their price for freedom, as we have been doing here. The brave General Pulaski has been killed, and the French Admiral D'Estaing wounded. Savannah is in the hands of the British, and they are likely soon to have Charleston.

Our army is said to be in a more desperate condition

than ever for want of food, clothing and ammunition, while this winter promises to be bitterly cold. The soldiers are not regularly paid, and the currency is worth so little that it is of small use to them when they get it. Thirty paper dollars to one hard dollar is the rule now, and it is likely to sink lower than that. Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Bache, and many others are talking of renewed organizations for relieving the wants of the army. They had a meeting yesterday at Mrs. Reid's, and we all went but Bessie. She spent the day with Annie Seaforth. At the meeting Judith proposed that if funds for providing clothing failed, the patriot ladies should give their jewels and trinkets. She said that she was willing to give all hers, and that she was ashamed to be wearing valuable ornaments, while her countrymen in the field were destitute of shoes, coats and flannels. The other ladies approved heartily of her remarks, and said that they would freely make the sacrifice.

When we came home Bessie told me that while she was at Mrs. Seaforth's, the Misses Shippen, sisters of Mrs. General Arnold, called. They are very indignant that the council has dared demand a court-martial for General Arnold, and say that it is just like the ungratefulness of pretended republics.

A great sorrow came to us this evening. Charles is ordered to West Point. He has now been in the city for a long while, and is impatient to be on active duty again; yet the order for departure came unexpectedly to him, and the thought of leaving us all, especially Annie, was a severe blow. Our house is thus a house of mourning.

APRIL 3, 1780.

This winter General Washington had his quarters at Morristown, butted as before. The cavalry were sent into Connecticut. Mr. Reid called here before he went there with his command. I said to him that Hannah must be very grieved to have him leave her; but he replied that the only thing which could trouble her, was lack of supplies for her suffering army lads. One of Mr. Reid's company told my uncle that Captain Richard Reid had taken no pay since the war opened, and that twice he had disbursed his private funds to the men. Many of our officers do the same. I know that Charles does. How our army keeps together is the marvel of every one who understands the circumstances.

Mistress Reid told us yesterday at the ladies' meeting for soldiers, that General Washington wrote to President Reid, that the army had never been in such extremity. Not only do the soldiers have the present need to bear, but they know that their pay will be worth nothing when they get it. Continental money is down to sixty to one, and even Congress reckons it forty to one.

This winter has been terribly cold. The horses in camp here died from exposure and lack of forage. Hannah wrote to us that she had lost both hers; but uncle sent her word, to keep her courage up; she should have horses or mules in the spring to draw that wagon, if he had to sell his house to buy them. We have gathered up three loads of stores, and sent them to Hannah for her sick soldiers; but now when we beg for flannels or blankets or socks, people tell us their supply is exhausted.

My uncle has been twice to the camp. He says that the general is deeply distressed at being forced to impress supplies from the country to save his army from starvation. He gives the most earnest and touching charges to those who go out for corn or fodder, and the people in the main bear the imposition very well. Uncle has taken all that he could remove from his farm for the use of the camp. I told uncle, the other day, that in fifteen months I should be of age, and then I should give all my property to the army. He patted my head, saying: "Poor child, what a drop in this ocean of need your little heritage would be!" Then he added more brightly: "Let us hope that the war will be over by that time. What will Judith and Susannah do, if peace is not declared, so that their Tory lovers may return?"

Mr. Morris and my uncle were talking yesterday about the army, and they said that Jersey could never be praised enough for what it has done. Drained as it has been of its wealth, by both parties, it has subsisted the entire army part of this winter, when deep snows have prevented provisions coming in from other States. So cold has it been since December, that New York Bay was frozen over, and the Hudson River had ice so thick that the heaviest artillery could be drawn across.

My uncle was in the Jerseys in the coldest time. We feared greatly for him. He told us, when he returned, that wherever he went the women were spinning, knitting, weaving, sewing, robbing themselves to furnish out the soldiers; and that he had been in some houses where

the fire on the kitchen hearth never went out, and a great kettle hung over it all the time, with meat, porridge, or vegetables in it, and every passing soldier was warmed and fed. "Now," said my uncle, "this shows a fixed principle. We must oppose here the power of endurance and self-sacrifice to the power of wealth and warlike equipments, and I am more and more convinced that a new separate life has awaked in this nation, and that the only end of this war will be recognized independence."

The trial by court-martial of General Arnold has proceeded, and the sentence was merely for a reprimand by the commander-in-chief. All who know General Washington and his regard for the bravery of Arnold, know that his reprimand will be the lightest and most courteous that could possibly be given. We hear now that General Arnold proposes to leave the army, and establish a colony in north-western New York.

JUNE 2, 1780.

Again I have been from home. My uncle was about to go to Morristown on the 10th of April, when we had a letter from Joseph Dana, saying that Hannah was very ill, and had been removed to a farm-house, and asking for some needful things to be sent to her. My uncle concluded to take me to her, and Judith having prepared various comforts for an invalid, we set out. I found Hannah more in need of sympathy and nursing than of medicine, and devoted all my time to her. The farm-house was a lonely place about two miles from the camp, its sole inhabitants being an old man and woman,

a little black girl, and an enormous mastiff. The three sons of the family were in the garrison at West Point. Joseph Dana got leave, while Hannah was at the worst, to sleep at the house, but he took his breakfast and went to the camp at day-break.

I felt the house lonesome after living in the city. The old lady was deaf and feeble, and spent most of her time in bed, and my sole consolation was the dog, a fierce brute, the terror of strangers; but the creature took a great fancy to me. It was about the 20th of April, when Hannah had began to amend, and the weather was very fine, when our farm became the scene of some excitement. Early one morning old Mr. Ray went off to a distant field; his wife was in bed, I with Hannah, and the little black girl was in the kitchen. This girl came to me with a very gay kerchief, saying that a peddler had given it to her for a breakfast, which he was then eating in the kitchen. She was obliged to go to the barn to feed the calves, and wanted me to go to the kitchen until the stranger departed. I rebuked her for letting people of this sort into the house, but seeing no help for the matter now, as the man was said to be quietly eating, I agreed to go down.

It seems that he had asked the girl if there were any men in the house, and she had told him no. Feeling at ease, therefore, he had left his pack with a pistol laid upon it in the shed, through which he had entered the kitchen. I had been sweeping Hannah's room, and went down with a kerchief tied over my head, a broom in one hand, and my other hand in the collar of my friend, the

mastiff. Not liking to stand gazing at the traveler, I concluded to behave as one of the household and proceed to sweep the kitchen, which might also be a hint to him to depart.

He did not notice me particularly, but as soon as I fixed my attention on him, I recognized certain peculiarities of head and neck which belonged to "Spy Brown," and no other. He had been in the camp, and might be making off with information which would ruin the few thousands gathered there. To cover my anxiety as I pondered what to do, I kept sweeping, the dog close by me; and sweeping along by the door where his pack and pistols were, I pushed it shut. He turned about from the table and looked squarely at me, standing with my back against the door; at that moment I felt no terror. If I had his pistols in my hand, I would have ordered him to surrender. He recognized me, and saw that I knew him.

With a great oath he said: "It's parson Temple's girl!"

"I know you, Brown," I said.

He stepped toward me. My dog growled ominously, his eyes blazed, his fangs showed, and every hair on his body seemed to bristle up. Brown halted, ran his eye over the table, only one knife there, and that a dull old thing. He said:

"See here, girl, I don't mean any harm to you, come away from that door, and I'll go; but you must go on your knees and swear that for twenty-four hours you will not hint of me or my name to a living being."

"I will not swear such a thing," I retorted, slipping my hand out of my dog's collar.

Brown gave another oath. "I believe you were in my being caught before. I heard some whisper about a girl. You've got the Temple eye, keen as a razor—it's your life or mine; if I must throttle you or blow out your brains, be it on your head."

The length of the room had been between us. He made a dash toward me, but as he did so, my dog with a *roar* rather than a growl, hurled himself into the air,—Brown whirling about to escape those red, gaping jaws—and leaping forward as he turned, the dog came upon his bent shoulders, and slipped down his back, his nails making a tearing along Brown's coat, and his teeth snapping.

My enemy's coat had a short, stiff pair of tails, for he was dressed as a jaunty trader, in a blue coat with gilt buttons. As he had whirled about the tails of his coat stood straight out with the motion, and upon these tails my dog's teeth closed as he slid down his foe's back. Brown is tall and strong, the mastiff grasped the coat with all his strength; and his paws, searching for a holding, found it in the seat of Brown's breeches. Brown's turn had set him facing the front door of the kitchen, and out of that he tore like a madman, going over the field with long strides, and still the dog held on. The fences had mostly been turned into fuel for the camp. I ran to the door, and as far as I could see, I beheld Brown, hatless, tearing over the fields, the dog whirled after him on two legs, sustained by the grip he had on the coat and breeches.

I dragged the abandoned pack into a closet and locked

it in. I took the pistol, ran to the barn, and bid the girl leap on a horse, ride to camp, and bid Joseph Dana and some other soldier ride out to me in haste. She at once seized the idea that Hannah was dying, and made that report to Joseph. I locked up the house, kept the pistol in hand, and spent my time in going from window to window to see what was coming. No Mr. Ray, no Joseph, no dog, no peddler. Finally, a beat of hoofs, and I opened the door for Joseph; hardly had he got in than a panting sound was heard, and in bounded the mastiff, covered with sweat, and laid at my feet—a pair of blue coat-tails.

Evidently he had returned when the long resisting tails had given way, and let him down on all fours. He wagged *his* tail in triumph over his plunder, and I fell on my knees and hugged his big ugly head, and kissed it with all my heart.

I told Joseph the story, so he took the pack and the fragment of coat and hastened back to camp, leaving me with dog and pistol to defend myself and the house. Scouts rode off on all hands among the heights to capture the fugitive, but toward the end of the afternoon Joseph Dana and two others—one of them on horseback—returning from a bootless search along the edge of a ravine, found Brown, who had somewhere got a earter's frock to cover his impromptu jacket. Unhappily he had also obtained a pistol, and he fired upon his pursuers. The ball entered Joseph's arm, shattering the bone above the elbow. Joseph being now helpless, his two companions undertook to bring their prisoner to camp. Brown unex-

pectedly closed with one of them and flung him down, and the other seizing him, Brown struck him in the face with a knife.

The two soldiers were now furious, and decided to hang their prisoner on the spot. They took the bridle from the horse, and having pinioned Brown's arms behind him with a handkerchief, hung him on a tree over the steep edge of the ravine. They were in too great haste, happily or unhappily, for no sooner had they swung the wretched man off, than the tree limb gave way, and he went crashing down into the ravine. Down went the soldiers after him, clambering over the steep sides as well as they might—but no Brown was to be found, and so a second time he made his escape from merited death.

Joseph Dana was brought to Mr. Ray's farm, and we thought his wound not likely to be serious. But one difficulty after another followed to hinder the healing, and, when on the 15th of May I came home with my uncle, Hannah being quite well, we brought Joseph to be put under Doctor Binney's care. Joseph, once the gay, bold, vain, generous, hearty young man, the secret pride of the old deacon's heart, is now a worn, thin, anxious, resolute soldier; and more than that, alas!—to-day without his right arm. For Doctor Binney's best efforts failed, and as the only means of saving life, the amputation was performed this morning. Joseph is here in our house. Uncle was with him during the operation. His only regret seemed to be that he must leave the army; and so if he recovers now, his parents will have him back.

Three days before I left Mr. Ray's, the camp was filled

with joy at the return of the Marquis La Fayette. He came the bearer of good news. French troops and a French fleet, arms, ammunition, and camp equipage were coming to us. The Marquis hastened on to Philadelphia, and when I reached home the city was in a joyous commotion, because of his arrival and the good news. General Arnold was in the city at the same time; his project about western New York has not succeeded, and he wanted to rejoin the army.

On the 25th of May, a mutiny broke out in camp—some of our poor fellows getting desperate with the privations of their situation. It is not the open field, but the tortures of camp, with poor food, shelter, clothing, and no pay, which is wearing out our men. The general quelled the disturbance in his masterly manner, and he wrote to Mr. Reid for instant help. The president, council, and legislature sent what aid they could, and our ladies' association came nobly to the rescue. Some of us brought the last silver in our purses, and many sold trinkets and jewels.

Our committees went about the city begging whatever could be turned to use. Hester and I were on one committee for begging, and we got all manner of articles. Continental paper, French silver, rings, spoons, overcoats, sheets, shirts, and towels, blankets, and webs of linen; the whole city seemed inspired. A black woman, named Phillis, gave her hard-earned seven and sixpence, and the Marquis La Fayette, in the name of his wife, brought a hundred guineas in specie, and the Countess de Luzerne gave us six thousand paper dollars, equal to one hundred

in hard money. We prepared twenty-two hundred shirts—twenty shirts were made at our house—Bessie, Nervey, and the chambermaid sewing with the rest of us.

JULY 12, 1780.

On the eighth of this month, Joseph Dana was able to return home to Plymouth. Hannah came from camp and remained a week with him. I had thought that she would go home when he did; but no, she says that now she understands her work, and will not leave it. The day before Joseph went away, I had a letter from Deborah Samson. I had not known that there was so much tenderness in her nature as this letter showed. She knew how my heart clings to that old home, and she had visited the dear spot, and told me exactly how it looked; what flowers were blooming; what birds haunted it; where the great-grandfather's oaken chair stood; what crops throve in what fields; how the neighbors spoke yet of my grand-parents, and how the graves in the church-yard were tended; and she sent me some leaves from the big apple-tree.

She is now at Mistress Hooper's. Isaiah has not been heard from, but one from that regiment, who returned home, believed Isaiah to have been captured by the Indians, and a captive who had escaped, said he fancied he had been sent to the Shawnees. Mrs. Hooper is heart-broken, and believes that she could more easily have borne the news of his death. Indeed, Deborah's description of the fatherless household is very touching. She said she found her services greatly needed. No one questioned her about her absence, only there is a rumor in the neigh-

borhood that she had run away and married an English soldier. At the close of the letter she said, "I do not repent of what I did; but it was a terrible hour to me, when I felt that my course was condemned by such men as Dr. Binney and by our general. No words can express my gratitude to *him* for his silence. I stood before him overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and he spoke not one word to add to my distress; but his letter, though short, was full of the noblest advice. It was a compensation sufficient for my years of service."

The heat has been very great in the city this summer, and Judith and Hester have been away for a visit. They returned on the 9th, and yesterday Susannah and I came out to Mistress Logan's to spend a week. This evening a little before sunset, I went out by myself, and passing through the garden to the brow of the hill overlooking the creek, I wandered about the little burial-ground. This burial-place lies above the Logan vault, and that is a spot which has a sort of fascination for me, I know not why.

Going down the steps at the hill-side, I went to the iron grating door of the vault, and looked into the damp, dark cavern. It has not been entered for some time; the slabs which seal up the burial recesses are moldy, and from the hooks in the arch great chains of cobwebs droop to the floor. Standing thus, I heard near me a sound like a sigh, or groan, and turning, I saw an Indian with folded arms, and rifle laid at his feet, leaning against a great maple which stood near. His hunting-shirt and leggins were stained and frayed; the jaunty fringes and the moe-

casins were in tatters. The dark, sad face was that of my old friend Ta-ga-jute.

I held out my hand to him, "Welcome, Logan!"

He took my hand with a grace which might have become Colonel Nelson.

He said, "The word is sweet to a lonely heart."

"You have come from far, Logan," I said.

"Logan has no home, and no rest," he replied. "My people are at Detroit. Cornstalk is with the Shawnees, at Scioto. The cabin which was plundered is desolate. Ta-ga-jute has come to look upon the grave of Shikellimus."

His words gave me a good thought.

I said, "When the women and the children were killed, then the chief knew what it was to be desolate indeed. But sometimes the women and the children sit and wait for one who never comes. There is no hand to bring bread; no arm to protect. The mother and her babes sit alone, and the Indians keep the father prisoner."

He roused himself and said:

"Is it true? What does the maiden wish? Have any of those many friends been taken captive?" and he looked quizzical at the words "many friends."

I told him, then, of Isaiah Hooper in his home.

He remarked, "He was happy; the earth gave him food; he loved the Great Spirit, and hated firewater."

I continued the story, telling about the departure for war.

He said, "He was brave; his heart was strong."

I told him of the dismal captivity, the man dying

and starved, who would not give his word to fight no more.

He shouldered his rifle in enthusiasm, crying, "He was true. Where is Logan's white brother?"

I replied, "He is captive in a Shawnee town. No more can he see his wife; no more bring bread to his children. Logan knows what it is to have a lonely cabin. What would Ta-ga-jute do if his squaw or his child had been taken captive? Now let Logan find his white brother."

"It is done. The maiden sets me a good work," he said, "and I will search the Shawnee villages and the other tribes for the captive before I come again to the grave of my father. But the way is long. The maiden must wait many moons before the captive is led back, or Ta-ga-jute comes to tell her that her friend is gone to the Great Spirit. Ta-ga-jute goes to-morrow."

I promised him a reward if he brought back Isaiah Hooper. I described the man to him; impressed his name upon him; and to keep him in mind, I broke a little gold chain that I wore, and made him a ring of part of it. So now I hope that to-morrow help may be on the way to friend Hooper, if indeed, after so many trials he is living.

JULY 18, 1780.

My visit at Mrs. Logan's was shorter than I had anticipated. The day after my last writing, Logan set off for the West, early in the morning. At breakfast Mistress Logan spoke of some purchase which she wished made in the city, and I offered to ride in and do the errand

for her. I set off at once, before the day became hot, and went first to our own house. I was standing in the parlor, talking with Judith, when we heard the noise of wheels, and Susannah, running to the window, announced Hannah Dana's wagon.

Hannah herself came in immediately. She had come to the city with four patients, wounded at the battle of Springfield, June 23d, when Knyphausen last invaded the Jerseys. The four patients promised to be long ill, and Hannah, at the request of the surgeon, brought them into Philadelphia for care at the hospital. But one, she said, was an old friend of ours, and since my uncle had told her that our house was always open to the wounded, she had brought him to us for especial attention, if possibly we might save his life. We bade her bring her patient in, and without stopping to ask his name, Judith called for Pompey and Peter to come and carry him to the bed-room on the first floor, which she made haste to throw open.

The sufferer was carefully laid in the bed, Hannah remarking that moving him had been, in her opinion, a mistake, for he had grown worse. She then threw aside the kerchief, which had been over his face, and I saw that here was Mr. Bowdoin! I resolved not to return to Mistress Logan's, but to do my part as nurse for our old friend; and I begged Susannah to do Mistress Logan's errand, and ride out there to finish my interrupted visit.

Hannah Dana was greatly grieved about Mr. Bowdoin; so long as they were together in camp, he had done so much to aid her in work among the wounded, that a strong friendship had sprung up between them. Having been

with the army in the Mohawk Valley, he had returned with a company to West Point, and had been sent thence to New Jersey, just in time to be present at the battle of Springfield. His wound had occasioned fever, and the fever had now attacked his brain. Hannah said it was at his own urgent request to be brought to my uncle's, that he had been moved from the neighborhood of Springfield.

Mr. Bowdoin remained unconscious until after Hannah's departure. Bessie was staying with Mrs. Seaforth. She is very feeble and unhappy, singularly restless—sometimes we think she is going into a consumption. In the evening I went over to Mrs. Seaforth's and told her about Mr. Bowdoin. Nothing would do but she must see him. As he was insensible, it could do him no harm, and I took her to his bedside. She stood there crying passionately. I felt deeply pained for her, and tried to comfort her. She would not return to Mrs. Seaforth.

Mr. Bowdoin continued unconscious until the morning of the 16th. I was sitting by his bed early in the morning, when he opened his eyes and called me by name, adding: "This is kind, to be my nurse." I gave him his medicine and some nourishment, and that day we hoped he was improving. Bessie wanted to see him, but we feared to permit it. In the afternoon he began to speak to me of Bessie, and to my utter amazement I found that he had never heard of her marriage, and believed her still to be with her father in New York. He spoke fondly of the letters which she had written him from that city, and of his hope that when the war ended they

would be married. He asked if I thought Mr. Warley would continue his objection to the marriage. I said "no," but begged him to be quiet until he was better. Presently he slept for an hour, and when he woke he asked me such a question about Mr. Warley, that I was obliged to say that Mr. Warley was dead.

He said: "Oh, my poor Bessie, what will she do?"

I prayed him to be calm, saying that my uncle had resolved to treat her as a daughter, and that she had been staying with good Christian friends. This composed him. About eight a change came over him; we sent for the physician, and he told us plainly that Mr. Bowdoin was dying. Mr. Bowdoin felt this himself, and beckoning to me he said softly, that I must take a message "for his Bessie;" if he could have seen her, he would be content.

I said, "Mr. Bowdoin, you can have your wish. Bessie has come from her friend to my uncle's. She is here. I will bring her to you, but she is much changed, she has been ill."

I then went to Bessie, and told her that Mr. Bowdoin wanted to see her. I said, "Bessie, he does not know that you were married. He thinks that you have been true to him. He is dying. You must control yourself, or you will hasten his death. Let him die in peace."

Then I took her to the room. Uncle and Judith were sitting there. Mr. Bowdoin lay with his eyes fixed on the door; when Bessie entered he smiled joyfully, and held out his hand. Bessie fell on her knees by the bed, and hid her face.

He stroked her hair, saying: "My dear girl, I must

leave you. I had hoped for better things, but God is good that I may see you at last, and bid you good bye, and know that you have not forgotten me, my Bessie."

Bessie sobbed wildly, that "she could never, never forget him."

"Then let us meet in heaven, my Bessie, where all these our sorrows and partings will seem like dreams of a night. I have always trusted you, Bessie. I know you were true to me."

"Oh," murmured Bessie, "if I could only be good like you, and hope to meet you again!"

He drew her head toward him, and softly spoke some words of religious instruction and comfort to her; then he begged her to be calm, while my uncle should read and pray with him.

Uncle John stood at the bed's foot, and read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and then prayed. When the prayer was ended, Mr. Bowdoin looked around on us all, and feebly waved his hand as in farewell. Then he took Bessie's hand in his, and with a last effort, said: "Good-bye, Bessie." He had died believing in her!

Poor Bessie, when she knew that he was gone, burst into the most piteous lamentations—"Oh, why was I so blind, so foolish, so wicked! Oh, but for me, we might have been happy now, and you might be living! Why can not I undo it all. If I only had back the past." And so she raved, clinging to that dead hand, which living she had despised and rejected. "He believed in me! he loved me; the only one in all the world who ever really cared for me!"

Thus she raved, and Judith and I could not quiet her. Finally we got her to bed, and by day-light she fell asleep, sobbing in her dreams, and looking so pale and so pitiful that I only could compassionate her, and forget her wrong-doing. Surely she has suffered for all the wrong that ever she did. I went for Mrs. Scaforth, who always can comfort Bessie better than we can, and she staid with the unhappy child all next day.

Uncle buried Mr. Bowdoin in our own family cemetery on the river side, above the city. We laid him there to-day about sunset. Mr. Bowdoin was a man alone in the world. He had no relatives, and, being of a reticent nature, few friends. Without any ambition but to be good, he would gladly have spent his whole life laboring among my grandfather's old people. His love and trust were entirely fixed upon Bessie. I sit now thinking what a good and peaceful life hers might have been, if, unallured by worldly follies, she had married him that pleasant spring-time when he and she were together at Plymouth. And whose fault is it that Bessie was so willful, so vain, so false? Surely she learned nothing else from her father, and the girl was motherless!

I said to Uncle John to-night: "Why must poor Bessie see so much more trouble than Susannah or I?"

He answered: "The children of the Covenant come to the Father by a straight and pleasant path. There are others who, through much tribulation, enter the kingdom of God. Through all these woes and wanderings, God is, perhaps, teaching Bessie the insufficiency of the world to make her happy, and is answering in His way your grandmother's prayers."

CHAPTER XVII.

OCTOBER 20, 1780.

THE presence of La Fayette in the spring, the arrival of the Count Rochambeau with troops a little later, and the promise of further succor, have somewhat revived the spirits of our people ; but still our condition is desperate. Supplies for the army are wanting ; the money is valueless ; much of the summer General Washington has had but three thousand available troops ; Congress and the general differ about the conduct of the quartermaster's department, and General Greene has resigned. The success of the British in Georgia and the Carolinas has been most disheartening to us. If they complete the conquest of the South, and when peace is declared are in a position to dismember our colonies and retain the southern land, many will feel as if we had obtained but a poor price for our long-continued struggle.

General De Kalb was mortally wounded in the battle of Camden, and on August 16th, Sumter and Gates were routed. The Tory element is very strong along the southern seaboard, and the depreciation of the currency there is fearful, owing, my Uncle Matthew writes, to the British having found means to throw an enormous quantity of counterfeits of the currency into Virginia. My Uncle John says that our present weakness is owing to

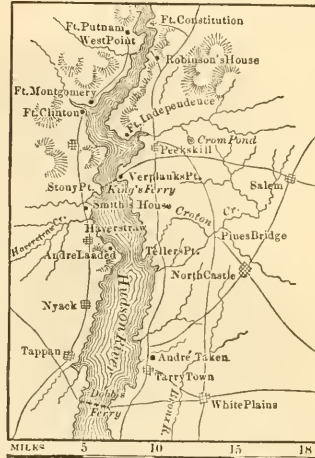
the lack of organized unity between the States; there is no powerful central government, but really thirteen distinct bodies, thirteen armies, thirteen ways of raising the taxes, thirteen governments, thirteen heads—and have we one, thirteen, or *no* body politic? This lack of unity has demoralized and reduced the army, and has been the true reason why Washington's favorite project of an attack on New York could not be carried out. Another of the distresses of the summer has been the ravaging of northern New York by parties from Canada. The counties whence our general expected supplies of corn, have been destroyed; Forts Anne and George are captured; villages are burned; the Indians are out in force.

But by far our saddest loss, our bitterest disappointment, our greatest danger of this summer, has been one upon which I have dreaded to touch, even in this journal. On these pages I have written of much that is patient, true, self-sacrificing, heroic; now I must set down *treason*. We all feel ready to say with our general: "Whom now can we trust?" America has learned a new word for traitor; the word is, ARNOLD.

About the beginning of August, Arnold obtained command of West Point, our most important port. He pleaded desire to save his country, and inability to walk or ride because of his wounds. Yet during this time he was in correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, bargaining for a high price for the betrayal of his country. The loss of West Point, its dependencies, its forces, and stores, would have been the death-blow to our cause, now when affairs in the South go so badly. Our former acquaint-

ance, André, had been made major and adjutant-general of the British forces. Unhappily André was the officer chosen to treat with Arnold.

Arnold's quarters were at the Robinson House, Beverly. Arnold agreed to seize a time when the commander-in-chief, with the main body of troops, would be below King's Bridge to co-operate with the French in an attack on New York. Arnold would surrender his post with almost no resistance, claiming that he had not force sufficient to hold it.



SCENE OF ARNOLD'S TREASON.

Having sent to Washington for help, Arnold would surrender before reinforcements arrived; and the commander-in-chief, drawn from his attack on New York, must be surprised by his victorious enemy. Arnold had in a feigned name and hand carried on a correspondence concerning this treason. His price was to be money and a brigadier-generalship in the British army. The endeavor was to obtain a meeting with André under a flag of truce, on pretense of business relating to confiscated property. General Washington would not consent to the flag, and André came up the river on the ship *Vulture*, and effected a meeting with Arnold, as he supposed, *without* the American lines.

The terms of the treason were agreed upon. When

André found that he could not rejoin his ship that night, next day she was forced to drop down the river, and André was left on shore, and obliged to seek New York by land. General Clinton warned André not to disguise



THE ARREST OF MAJOR ANDRE.

himself nor carry any papers. He disobeyed both orders at the instance of Arnold, putting on a disguise over his uniform, and carrying in his boots papers relating to the treason.

Arnold charged André to take the *inner* route to New York by White Plains. André, about six miles below Croton, left the road by White Plains, and took the highway from Albany near Tarrytown. Here about noon, as he proceeded to the city, believing himself quite safe, he was captured by three good Americans, who formed a

self-constituted guard to the highway. He offered one hundred guineas, or any money they might ask, if they would send him to New York. The men were incorruptible. On the evidence of the papers and his hidden uniform, they recognized him as a spy, and took him to Colonel Jameson.

He was allowed to send letters to Arnold at the Robinson House. Mistress Arnold and her infant had been there from Philadelphia but a few days, and on the morning of September 24th, General Washington and his suite were to be there at breakfast. They were late. Arnold and his family sat down to eat, and as they were at table, the messenger from André entered. Arnold saw that he was discovered. He called his wife aside, told her the story, and leaving her insensible, he fled through the Highlands, and taking his barge and hanging out a white flag, reached the British ship *Vulture*. Another messenger reached Washington in the afternoon at West Point. Arnold had escaped, but André was less fortunate. Taken as a spy, but one fate awaited him. He was executed the 2d of October.

It was a sad day for us when the news came. We remembered with interest our gay and gifted friend; so young, enthusiastic, and thoughtless. What a fate was his! We thought of his mother and sisters of whom he had spoken to us, and we shed many tears for them. André had not *intended* to come inside our lines; he had not *intended* to assume a disguise, but he had done both. Court-martials deal not with *intentions*, but with *facts*. No man ever entered an enemy's territory with more

hostile intentions than André. He came, hoping to work our entire ruin. He desecrated a flag of truce, and told complicated falsehoods; at the same time he was the unhappy victim of a most false, cruel, and unscrupulous man.

Some thought that Mistress Arnold was a party to the plot, but Charles, from whom, as now stationed at West Point, we learned all the circumstances of this terrible business, says that evidently the treason was as much of a surprise to her as to any one. General Washington sent her under passport to her father at Philadelphia. As soon as she arrived here, she concluded upon a separation from Arnold. Why she desired this is a question. She has seemed to be fond of him, and he is marvelously devoted to her. Is the idea of leaving her friends too bitter? Does she think his prospects are ruined, or does she resent the death of André, formerly a great friend of hers, and her knight at the Mischienza.

The executive council here ordered her to leave the State within fourteen days, and not to return during the war. She and her father agreed to give pledges to have no communication with Arnold, if she might stay, but they insisted upon her leaving, and she is gone to New York. So pretty Margaret Shippen is gone from Philadelphia. But lately we have had a greater loss. Mistress Reid is dead; many cares and labors destroyed a naturally delicate frame. She died on the eighteenth of last month, and all the city mourned at her funeral, for she was greatly beloved. There has been no purer and more ardent Patriot than this young English woman, only a

few years a resident in this country; her time, her means, her affections, all belonging to the land of her adoption.

Bessie went with us to the funeral. It was the first time she had left the house since Mr. Bowdoin's death. She seems improving in health this autumn; but there is a far greater improvement in her spirit. She does not seem like the same Bessie. I believe that she is growing like Mrs. Seaforth.

NOVEMBER 10, 1780.

It is a long while since Susannah has heard from Colonel Nelson. Letters frequently come to the city from officers in the British army, but for months not a token from the colonel. My uncle thinks that he has gone to England, or has forgotten Susannah, or that in New York his fancy has fixed on some other beauty. He said to Judith the other day that he wished he had sent Susannah out of the city as soon as the colonel began to pay attention to her. Judith, like the rest of the ladies, seems inclined to put confidence in the colonel, and says that if he is living she is sure his silence will be explained. But in war time, *if he is living* means a great deal.

I have been very sad this some time. I am sure Thomas Otis is dead. It is many months since we heard from him. Still, that was not so very strange, as he is in northern New York; but about a week ago, a major, who had been with General Van Rensselaer, came here; my uncle brought him home for the evening. He told us that on the 19th there had been a sharp battle at Fort Keyser, and more than forty had been killed. He

helped bury the dead the next day, and he described finding a young man with light curling hair, blue eyes, and a fair face, lying dead, and in his hand a paper and a lock of fair hair. Oh, I know, I know, that was Thomas Otis, and that he died thinking of me.

I was near the door, and when the truth of this terrible story came upon me, I stole out and ran up to my room and locked myself in, and I cried all night, thinking of poor Thomas, and the merry days we spent in Plymouth, and that he is dead, and that there is no one to mourn for him but me. He had no mother or sisters; no one cared for him—unless I did—and indeed, I too was forgetting Thomas. I did not miss him while he was away. I did not feel anxious for him to come back, as Judith does for Henry. I was not unhappy at not hearing from him, as Susannah is about the colonel. Oh, how cold-hearted and ungrateful I am, while Thomas was true to me, and died thinking of me, and with my token in his hand!

I did not tell any one about this. Judith would say that I was not sure that this was Thomas, and Hester would talk to me about him, and accuse me of not caring enough. But I can be true; and a soldier who died for his country, and thinking of me, shall not be forgotten. Once, when I was in Plymouth, I liked Thomas more than any one, except my two grandfathers. I could not be expected then to like any one more than them; but—well for a year or two I have not thought so much of Thomas, and I have had an idea that other people might be nicer, and that I might possibly like some one else better than

I did my grandfather—and such a poor patriot I am, that while Hannah can go into the camp, and give her money and her very life for her country, and Deborah can take a musket and fight, I am so selfish that I was forgetting one who never forgot me, and who was giving his life for the cause of freedom.

Yes, Thomas was a true hero; he always was; and a hero shall always be remembered. I can not get this idea of my dead friend out of my mind; we neither of us thought of such an ending when we were talking in the lanes between the clover fields, or rocking in the boat on Plymouth Bay. Thomas expected to do great deeds, and rise to be a general, and save the country. So I suppose many others dreamed. Perhaps Warren and Montgomery had such thoughts, and yet how soon they fell.

I have been feeling so sad over these things that I looked sad, and I could not tell any one why. I felt it a duty to be sorrowful. It was all the amends I could make for having thought less of Thomas than he did of me. Judith thought I was ill; uncle declared that half the life of the house was gone, and he began talking—of all things! of Richard Reid—and it made me angry. I will never think a thought of Richard Reid again, *he* never cared for me as Thomas did; of course he cares for Hannah, and he ought to, she is much better than I. True, he asked me for a lock of hair too, but I know he would have lost it. Thomas kept his, and cared for it, and held it in his hand when he died.

Hester said that I left her alone to keep the house

bright, and that she would die of doing double duty, but no wonder she can be gay. Thomas Otis will never be any thing to her. Well, yesterday, I wanted something in Susannah's room, and knocked at the door, and hearing no answer thought that it was empty and that I might go in. But Susannah was there, only she had not heard me. She was sitting on the floor crying over something that lay in her lap. At first I meant to go away, then I could not bear to leave her alone, and so I ran and knelt down by her to comfort her. She had in her lap the colonel's picture and ring.

"Oh, darling Susannah," I said, putting my arms around her, "I did not know that you felt so; you keep so cheerful before us all."

"It would be wrong for me to burden the others with my troubles," said Susannah, "we all have Charles to be anxious for, and Judith has her care for Henry, and father is always lonely for my mother, and so I must be as cheerful as I can, for their sakes."

Her tears was still falling over her treasures. I said: "Keep up your heart, my darling, he will surely come back."

"He must be dead, or I would have heard," she sobbed.

"My uncle says—unless he forgot," I said.

"Why, he could not forget *me*," said Susannah; "could I forget him? No, he has been killed," she cried, bitterly.

Well, I tried my best to comfort Susannah. I told her that maybe he was wounded, and would come back well; perhaps he had been taken prisoner or unexpectedly sent

home. How was it about Isaiah Hooper coming out of prison that time, long after his wife believed him dead? There was always hope, unless there was the fact of death; and so I comforted Susannah somewhat, and she made me promise that I would not tell how I had found her grieving. She would not add to the family sorrows, she said.

This rebuked me for my own indulgence in my feelings. I had made a duty and virtue of sorrowing, but Susannah's example showed me "a more excellent way," and I know that Susannah truly is far more unhappy than I am, for she has thought of her colonel every hour in the day since he left. Yes, there is a time when private sorrow must not be made too much of. Uncle says that we have fallen on evil days, but the evil days must come, and there must be a generation to suffer in them, and then all that remains for us is to be firm and patient, for the world's sake. These times are no harder than the covenanters saw in Scotland in my great-great-grandfather's time, nor worse than the days when the Puritans came from England in those first bitter years of the colonies, nor indeed are they so bad as the times of religious persecutions in the valleys of Piedmont, and the trials of the French Protestants, and the cruel hour of Saint Bartholomew.

I think of what the apostle says, that "no temptations have overtaken us but such as are common to men." Uncle was talking to us about that last Sabbath morning at prayers. Bessie was with us. She is part of the time here, and part with Mistress Seaforth; and that morning, as she listened to uncle, she said:

“But, oh, sir, sometimes your troubles are of your own making, and then they are harder to bear;” and she leaned her head on my shoulder and cried.

My uncle said kindly, “Dear child, God will make a way of escape even from them.”

I remember my grandfather had in his study a motto of which he was fond, though he told me it came from a heathen poet, named Virgil, “God will give an end to these evils also.”

JANUARY 21, 1780.

Winter is always the hardest time for our troops and our cause. The camp breaks more hearts and destroys more lives than the field. The general has but few troops with him this winter. He has sent Colonel Lee south with the best cavalry. General Gates has been severely judged for his losses in the South, has been removed from command, and General Greene has charge of the Southern Department. General Gates has retired to Virginia, where General (the Baron) Steuben is now in charge.

General Washington has persuaded Congress to send Colonel Laurens to Paris to ask a loan. Without such help, Robert Morris says that he does not believe that we can sustain our cause. General La Fayette said lately, “Human patience has its limit, no European army would suffer a tenth part of the cold, hunger, and nakedness which the Americans endure. It takes citizens to support toil, neglect, pain, utter want of pay for the sake of their cause and country.”

Yes, this is so, but the endurance of citizens comes to an end sometimes, especially if their government treats

them with stupidity, treachery, or injustice. We have had a sample of this. The Pennsylvania troops are again huddled at Morristown. Many of them had not gotten even a paper dollar for a year, and their rations were short, poor, or altogether wanting. The term of their enlistment expired, and Congress, dreading to lose soldiers of three years' experience, misconstrued, boldly and wickedly, the terms of enlistment. To crown all, a quantity of gold, destined for the army, was given, not to the veterans, long unpaid, but to six months' recruits, to pay them for enlisting for the war. And after all, as usual, it was the whisky that did it—that "thief in the mouth that steals away the brains." Our soldiers, on New Year's, got too much whisky and too little of every thing else, and so, between their wrongs and their liquor, they mutinied.

The Pennsylvania line turned out *en masse* to march, under conduct of their sergeants, to Philadelphia, and demand from Congress decent treatment. General Wayne is beloved by them, but could not control them. There was an affray, in which several were wounded and killed on both sides—of these, one captain. Thus, thirteen hundred strong, with six field-pieces, they set out for this city. General Wayne sent two officers to warn Congress, and then with two colonels put himself among the mutineers, and marched with them, a sort of honorable prisoner. General Washington dared not leave his position on the Hudson, lest his troops should mutiny, or Sir Henry Clinton should rush out of New York and seize the Highlands. Clinton, by means of his spies,

heard of the mutiny, and sent emissaries to the camp of the insurgents, offering them any thing and every thing if they would come over to him. Then he prepared his troops on Staten Island, ready either to fly at the Highlands if Washington left, or join arms with the insurgents if they acceded to his proposals.

In this city we were in a state of horror. All seemed lost. On went the mutineers to Princeton, and encamped. President Reed and a delegation from Congress spurred off to Trenton, to offer a redress of injuries. As affairs were in this State, Sir Henry's envoys arrived full of hope; but they had reckoned without their host. The mutineers' rage at Congress did not make them in love with Britain. They were Americans, if they were insurgents; so, deeply offended at Sir Henry for thinking they would all turn "*Arnolds*," they put his envoys in irons. Hearing this, President Reed made one of his grand remarks, which sometimes come up from the depths of that quiet and often seemingly timid and irresolute heart: "I have but one life to lose, and my country has a right to it."

So off he went to Princeton, sole representative of the obnoxious government. President Reed was prepared to make concessions and redress wrongs. He agreed to take a just view of the enlistments; to furnish clothes and arms at once; to give certificates of arrears of pay; to pay as soon as possible; and to give forty days furlough to all who desired it and would re-enlist. This satisfied the troops. They agreed to return to duty; and as a sign of their feelings, they at once hung those two unfortunate envoys or spies at the cross-roads. I am so sorry for

those men. Probably somebody cared for them, and they were not fit to be hurried out of life. Oh, me, if they had only stopped at home!

MARCH 26, 1781.

Robert Morris and his wife have been here to tea with some other friends. The affairs of the country engrossed all the conversation. Mr. Morris and my uncle think our prospects are brighter. They spoke of the French loan, and say that we are poor just because our resources are not organized and properly managed. Mr. Morris says that we are really richer than France, and yet we borrow of France. Our revenues from cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco, should be great. We have unlimited wheat and corn lands. What we need is unity. It is time, said Robert Morris, to show the world that a monarchy is not the only sign of unity; that a republic can be a unit; there can be liberty, law, successful administration, without kings. And now we have hope of all these, for at last Congress has yielded to Washington, and has appointed Secretaries of War, State, and Finance.

On the 5th of February, Witherspoon of New Jersey, and Burke of North Carolina, made proposals for vesting taxing power in Congress, and this led the way to further discussion of "Federal union," and on the first day of March we had a grand historic day indeed, for Maryland, the last of the thirteen States, signed the Articles of Confederation, making our country one forever. But, after all, my uncle says, confederation is not union, and the States must move on to such a union as our general urges upon them, or there will be a lack of strength and stability.

We have had a letter from Uncle Matthew Temple from his plantation on the James River. That terrible traitor Arnold has been ravaging Virginia, which is this winter almost defenceless. Baron Steuben has been obliged to send off most of his forces to help General Greene in Carolina, and has only about six hundred men left, and these are nearly destitute of tents, blankets, clothes and arms. Uncle Matthew and some other gentlemen have been on an expedition begging supplies for the camp, and he says what they obtained was pitifully insufficient to the need. Generals Greene, Gates, and Steuben have warned the Virginia gentlemen to send away or sell their horses, or they would serve to mount the enemy, and furnish him with a formidable cavalry. Only a few have done so. My uncle is one who has sent his horses into western Pennsylvania; he says he has now in his stables only three aged hacks.

Arnold captured some vessels and came up the river, plundering, burning, and destroying every thing. My uncle and other planters who had tobacco warehouses in Richmond rode into the city. Arnold sent word that, if they would peaceably load his ships with tobacco at the wharves, he would spare the town. He did not know the high spirits he had to do with. The gentlemen replied, that they would burn wharves and warehouses first; and so Arnold came up, cleared the town, pillaged the houses, and burnt the public edifices, shops and warehouses with the tobacco.

Uncle says that from the hills about the town, where the Virginia gentlemen and the militia had retreated,

they could hear the drunken orgies of Arnold's soldiers. Virginia, thus ravaged, must for the present be unhelpt, for the cause demands the army in the Highlands and the Carolinas; and so the Virginians are coolly sending their men and stores south, suffering themselves to be ravaged, and are waiting for the day when they can avenge themselves in some glorious victory.

There have been two chief battles in the South this winter; that at Cowpens, on the 17th of January, which was a victory for us, and the battle of Guilford Court-house, of which we had news by a special messenger to the city this very morning, and where we suffered a defeat, and the victory of the British was as bad as a defeat for them. Lord Cornwallis is in command of the British forces in the South, and it is said that General Greene has been leading him a fearful and perplexing chase. Arnold still holds his place around the mouths of the York and James rivers, doing what harm he can. There is one comfort, the British do not like him any better than we do; they detest his mean treachery and avarice, and the officers do not like to serve under him.

Henry Seaforth wrote to Judith that no honorable officer of any rank whatsoever was willing to serve under Arnold, and that his company was every-where shunned. Henry also tells his mother that he is expecting soon to be made major; and Mr. Seaforth had a letter from Henry's colonel, speaking most highly of him, and saying that he was universally popular. I do not wonder at that, Captain Seaforth has his mother's sweet, gentle, gracious ways, and his father's honest, brave, unaltering

faithfulness; while in person we girls have decided that he must be like those goodly Saxon knights of the days of chivalry. As we sit at our sewing in the mornings, and by chance talk of our friends, we often become enthusiastic about Henry, for he is kind as a brother to all of us. Judith says nothing, but sits listening with a smiling face. Henry sent a letter to Judith with the one that came to his mother. He is heartily sick of the war. He says to all intents and purposes the end is clear, and that further fighting will but be an expenditure of blood and treasure, and of many brave lives with no visible change in the result. England can not hold America unless by America's hearty assent.

Well, that is all true; but then Henry looks at some things in his light and not in ours. He says that the country north of the lakes and the St. Lawrence must belong to Britain, because it so prefers. I daresay that is so. We can not hold Canada against its consent, any more than England can hold us. But Henry goes further: he says that Virginia, and all south thereof, is England's by conquest. It is in possession of the king's arms, and must be held by him; and that a peace should be made, giving the colonies all between Virginia and Canada, west to the Mississippi, and England taking all the rest, except what belongs to France and Spain.

That is the way Henry, as a British officer, regards it; but we Americans will fight longer before we consent to such a dismemberment. What! give England all our fruit, rice, sugar, cotton and tobacco lands? Why that would be to yield the very fairest part of our possessions.

Virginia is our foremost State in point of wealth, commerce, population; and a Virginian is at the head of our armies. And just because Virginia has sent her troops North and South, as the best means ultimately of defending herself, and Arnold has ravaged the country, it is held to belong to Britain by right of conquest. Evidently the war is not ended yet if the British army holds such views.

MAY 1, 1781.

The 1st of April we had a visit from Captain Richard Reid. He had been all winter in Connecticut with his company, which are cavalry, and was on his way to West Point, where the general is. Hannah Dana is at Morristown. Richard told us that there were three great operations before the commander-in-chief, to succeed in either of which would go far to finishing the war. These were, an attack on New York and its capture; this accomplished would bring our enemy to terms at once. The seizure of Arnold and the rout of his forces at Portsmouth; this would have a most salutary effect in Europe, where they expect us to conquer our traitor, and it would arouse the enthusiasm of the army; and lastly, the defeat and capture of Cornwallis and his army, which would be about as effectual in closing the war as the conquest of Clinton, for the defeat of Cornwallis would restore to us the South, and rob our enemies of nearly half their army.

All these achievements have been attempted. The failure of the French fleet to combine with our land forces has hitherto hindered the two former plans, and the country yet looks to General Greene to combine with

further northern reinforcements and effect the last. Richard Reid said that he followed war from duty, not from preference; he would that an end would come, that he might conclude his theological studies and follow the profession which he had first chosen. He spoke eloquently of the joys of peace, of the happiness of home life, and of the honor and reward of pastoral work.

He preferred being with me, which is natural, as we were old acquaintances; but what is strange, he paid me very particular attentions sometimes, and said words which went beyond compliment. He has no right to speak so to me when Hannah is away, and I have fully made up my mind to be true to the memory of Thomas Otis, because he was true to me. I rebuffed Richard right sharply once or twice, and he was both hurt and offended. Judith saw it, and she asked me why I so rejected Richard's attention. I said truly that they belonged to Hannah Dana, and that I would not rob her behind her back, and she in the army. Judith lifted her eyebrows at that, and remarked that she thought Richard regarded Hannah *as a sister*. Now I do not see why that saying of Judith's was pleasant to me. But it was, and I was so angry with myself for such a fickleness, that I was hardly civil to Mr. Reid so long as he remained. I would not allow myself to be agreeable.

Mr. Reid went away in three days. The spring came on pleasantly. By the end of the month we had doors and windows open. Then such a delightful thing happened only three days ago. We were at tea in our dining-room, which is at the end of the lower hall. Nervey

had just gone from the room with an empty tray, when we heard her shriek, and the tray go crashing down into the basement, and Nervey scuttling pell-mell after it. We looked, listened. Uncle sprang up. There was a soft, patting noise in the hall, the dining-room door was pushed open, the steps had been of moccasined feet, there stood Ta-ga-jute in a brave's dress—fringes, paint, feathers, and the broadest kind of a smile; and behind him, in Indian garb, brown, lean, thin, Isaiah Hooper, come to life once more!

Ta-ga-jute paused to greet no one, he gripped Isaiah by the arm, marched him over to me, and, radiant with pleasure, said:

“Ta-ga-jute has done his errand; see, maiden, my white brother is before you.”

Well, there was a shaking of hands and a congratulation, and Nervey was persuaded to return with more plates and provisions, and my uncle made Isaiah and Ta-ga-jute sit down with us, and my Indian would sit by me, and imitate all that I did.

After tea Ta-ga-jute must away to the Logan House, where he had not stopped as he came into the city; and then Isaiah told us his story. He had been wounded and captured by the Indians, and carried to the Shawnee towns by a band of *Cornstalk's* braves. The first idea was to kill him; then an Indian woman claimed him for her husband, as her Indian had been killed. Isaiah was offered his choice between the wife or death, and he elected to die. But this Indian woman had an enemy, an old squaw, who was completely delighted at Isaiah's re-

jection of the wife, and she came forward and claimed him as a son. Isaiah agreed to be her son, and as she was very old, he had plenty to do to wait on her and provide for her.

The Indians conceived quite a liking for him, chiefly



THE LOGAN HOUSE.

because he was religious, kept the Sabbath, asked a blessing on his food, and sang hymns. Often he had all the camp in a circle around him while he sang. Once he escaped, but was recaptured and threatened with death if he did so again. He was closely watched, and had despaired of ever getting home, when Ta-ga-jute came to the Shawnee town, and after a few days had a private talk with him, found he was his man, and persuaded *Cornstalk* to give him up.

Isaiah had been divided between desire to go home for a visit, and to regain the army. Logan would let him do neither, but brought him straight to me. We expected that Isaiah would now go home; but no, he wrote to his wife, refitted at my uncle's expense, and in two days he set off for West Point, resolved, as he says, to stand by the cause of the Colonies—or rather of these States—until either he dies, or they are completely victorious. He says he gave himself heart and body to the cause, and he will stick to that cause so long as Washington does. When peace is declared he will be the happiest man alive, will hasten home, and desire never to go six miles from his own door-stone.

There would be no mutinies if all soldiers were like Isaiah. He has had no pay; no clothes; starvation rations; has been a prisoner, dying on New York hulks; has been several times wounded; has been captive to the Indians; has not seen his family for six years; and he scorns the idea of retiring from the service so long as the country needs one arm raised in its defense. And once I wondered if heroes were left yet in this world, and if plain men like Isaiah could be heroic! How hungrily he listened to the news of his wife and children which I read him from Deborah's letter. He has gone to camp. I wonder if Judith is right, that Richard only regards Hannah as his sister.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAY 28, 1781.

IT seems as if I had lived all my life since the last writing in my journal. I have thought I could not and would not write down this terrible thing that has come to pass, but after a long while Judith tells me the painful impression will wear off, and then I shall be glad that I have written this out while all was fresh in my mind. Uncle and the rest say that I am nervous and prostrated by excitement, and all that, but I will not yield to my feelings and trouble all the rest. I will be like our Susannah, of a quiet courage. Well, but this is not my story; I see that, as is usual with me, I am "writing around" what is painful.

No sooner had Mr. Reid got to camp than he came back to the city on some business for the cavalry which would take him about a week; of course he came here, as uncle has always bidden him do. Uncle Matthew was here at the same time, and Uncle Matthew is always thinking of some pleasure for us. The weather was good and the roads splendid, and Uncle Matthew had some fine horses with him which he had brought up from Virginia, and he proposed that we should have a riding party up the river where the scenery is very fine. We set out—Mr. Seaforth and Judith, Uncle John and Hester, Uncle

Matthew and Susannah, and Mr. Reid and I, about one o'clock on a fine afternoon.

All went pleasantly. Just as we were about turning our horses toward home, I saw a drover with several good cattle near us, and I laughingly pointed them out to Richard, telling him it was a pity they were not near camp where meat is always a-wanting, that he might drive them in. Just then Richard said that he had heard of a French settler, an excellent saddler, who lived about two miles further up the river, and that he would combine business and pleasure by going up to speak with him, and he asked my uncle's leave for me to go with him. As we parted from the rest, I looked back and saw that the drover, who had been sulkily regarding us, put his cattle in a field and struck out for the river. We rode rapidly to the Frenchman's. Richard engaged him for some work, and we turned homewards.

Richard said we must go more slowly, and he rode near me, and began to talk of when the war would be over, and of Plymouth, and asked me if I never felt that I would like to be in the old place again. Now he knows perfectly well that I prefer that rocky old coast to any spot in the world, but I would not say so to him, and I felt vexed with him, as he intends to return there some day; and I said more sharply than truthfully, that my Uncle John's house was better by far, and I would be very foolish ever to think of leaving a place where I had no trouble, and every thing was done to please me.

Richard remarked, "that however pleasant the early home was, young maidens sometimes thought it well to

go in a home of their own when some one desired it very much."

I tossed my head, saying, "Those were the silly girls who did not know when they were well off; that once Judith and Susannah were married, if we could but get Hester to be as foolish, my Uncle John and I would have the peace of our lives, with ourselves and our books."

Richard rode along looking here and there as not very pleased, when all of a sudden he dashed his horse across the head of mine, pushing mine back with his arm. The two horses reared, there was the crack of a pistol, a bullet flew whistling over my head, and Richard fell upon the road between the horses. I sprang from my horse and bent over Mr. Reid, striving to lift him, but that I was quite unable to do. The two horses drew quietly aside—good beasts—and I tried to tie up with my kerchief a wound along Richard's head. He looked dead, or just dying, and I bent over him crying and mourning, and looking for sign of life, when some one dragged me up by the waist, and I found myself in the clutches of the drover—Brown, the spy.

"Curse you," he cried, "that bullet didn't do its work, but I swore I'd kill you, and I will."

"Let me go!" I screamed, "you have killed him! Let me go."

"I saw you point me out to him," he said; "you've been the means of my failing twice before. I'm not safe so long as you're on the earth. No thanks to you that the limb broke that they hung me on."

He began dragging me through the bushes to the high cliffs on the river side, crying:

“Water will do it, if the shot missed.”

I seized the trees and bushes in my terror, and he tore me from them, blood streaming from my cut hands. I filled the air with shrieks. It seemed hours that he was pulling me toward that cliff; and I can see now, when I close my eyes, all the world as it looked to me then—the broad sunlight on the road, the horses with heads down, looking at Richard lying dead in the road, the new summer green of the woods, the blue skies; and though my heart had seemed to die when Richard fell from his horse, the instinct of life was strong, and I screamed for help, and clutched at the brushwood, so that Brown had all he could do to drag me backward to the cliff. I felt *then*, that my last hope was to clasp him closely. I whirled round with all my strength in his grasp, and seized him about the waist, locking my hands behind him. We were close to the precipice—he cursing, I screaming, and the struggle engaging all his strength of rage and mine of despair. I saw nothing, heard nothing, but suddenly a great bronze arm came over each of my shoulders, and two huge, dark, wiry hands clutched Brown’s throat. At once the ruffian’s grasp loosened from me, and he strove to work his hands between me and himself.

“Hold his arms, girl!” hissed a voice in my ear.

Helped by the clasp of the yet unseen friend, I got first one arm and then the other clasped over Brown, who had evidently striven to get a knife from his bosom. A horrible moment! I was held between the two combat-

ants, and under the grip of those dark, firm hands, Brown's face grew purple, his eyes and tongue protruded. The voice cried:

"Slip from between us, girl!"

I struggled from that grasp of death, and Ta-ga-jute held Brown on the verge of suffocation. I screamed:

"Let go, let go! you will kill him!"

A dark look swept over the Indian's face like a flash of lightning, his hands fell from his adversary's throat to his waist, and before I knew what he meant, he caught the half senseless Brown from the earth, and hurled him sheer over the cliff.

I gave a cry of horror, but the deed was done. The doomed wretch crashed into the dark water. One second he rose before my horrified eyes, and then the current bore him down and under, and out of my sight.

"You have killed him," I cried.

"There *you would have been*," said Ta-ga-jute, pointing to the river, "and there is your brave!" He pointed to the road. I waited no other word. I dashed back through the trees and undergrowth, the Indian close behind me. Richard lay as before, motionless in blood and dust, but I fancied as I sank on my knees by him that his eye-lids quivered. Ta-ga-jute took up Richard's hat, and dashed off toward a small creek that wound toward the river near us. He was back in a moment, water streaming from the hat. He went again and again for water to dash on Richard's face, and after one of his excursions treated me to a shower also.

Finally Richard opened his eyes, but lay looking at

me for a long while in an uncertain way. At last, recollection seemed to return, he said :

“ Safe, thank God ! ”

Then from my excitement I began to cry wildly over him, and he clasped my hand, saying :

“ Poor little girl ! ” and closed his eyes.

Ta-ga-jute was a rough-and-ready doctor. He shook his patient out, searching for injuries ; ran his finger along the wound on his head, and said :

“ Hoh, won't die. ”

His grunt sounded like music to me. Then he set me on my feet, smoothed my disordered dress, and brushing off the dust with a kindly touch, said :

“ Poor girl—pretty near a kill—pretty much seared. ”

Then he put me on my horse, bidding me “ be brave awhile, ” and supported Richard with himself on the other horse, and so we crept along for a mile to a farm-house.

It was sunset. The people seemed to know Logan, and knew my uncle's name. They were very kind, and asked few questions. The farmer got out a cart, laid hay and a blanket in it, and put Richard on it, and I sat beside him. The good woman had bound up Richard's wound, and gave him a little currant wine, and me some milk and bread. Then Ta-ga-jute took the horse by the head, left our two horses with the farmer, and in this fashion we got into the city, and by good fortune it was dark when we reached the houses.

My uncle's family were all in a great fright about us. They put their patients to bed and sent for the doctor. I was quite ill for two or three days. When I got better

Judith told me that Mr. Reid was able to go about his room, and in a fair way to be soon well. The ball had passed along the side of his head, cutting the scalp, without penetrating the bone, but producing insensibility. He had seen the pistol aimed from behind a tree at me—had dashed before me to save me, and the motion had deranged the assassin's aim, and the ball had made this close miss of entering his brain. As soon as Cousin Judith had told me these things, I began to cry like a great baby.

“What is the matter?” cried Hester.

“I ’m glad, so glad! for poor Hannah Dana’s sake, that he was not killed,” I sobbed.

“Tuts,” cried Hester. “I ’m glad for his own; he is as much too good to be killed by a spy as Thomas Otis is to be killed by an Indian. Sure, enough have been shot this war without them.”

There it was. Hester did not know what I did, that Thomas was dead, and had died thinking of me. I could not tell them without telling all the story about that, and I did not want to. To be sure, Richard had offered his life for mine. Thomas Otis could not do more than that; but then there is Hannah. I asked after Taga-jute. He had brought home our horses next day, and told Judith that he was going to Detroit.

The fate of Brown much oppressed me. It was so awful to see him die, and he so wicked and unfit, and then I thought of his family. I shall write to Joseph Dana, and ask after the family, and tell him that Brown is dead, and if the wife and children are in need I will

send some money for them. When I fall asleep, I see at once Brown strangling in the Indian's hands, or flying over the cliff to the swift water, or Richard lying in the road. Somehow I could not get over that scene. Mr. Reid got well and went away. I did not see him, but he left kind messages with Judith. Uncle Matthew returned to Virginia. My Uncle John kept three of his horses for him, and we are now going near Trenton for the summer. Bessie wants to stay here with Mistress Seaforth. Uncle John thinks I need change after the shock of this excitement, and he has hired a house of one of his friends. It is on the river above Trenton, and we shall go there quite soon. Uncle says the pure air and out-of-door life and exercise will do all of us good.

JUNE 20, 1781.

This is a charming spot, and we are enjoying our summer wonderfully, although there are drawbacks to our happiness. Susannah hears nothing from the colonel. He was South, we learned long ago, and many have been killed there in skirmishes and nameless fights, and many a brave man of either side has been buried in the Southern swamps. Charles is with General La Fayette—therefore in a place of danger; and frequently when we are out in the pleasant fields, along the bright banks of the river, or seeking flowers and mosses in the bird-haunted woods, there comes to us a thought of the danger that is about the only son of the house—a vision of the battle-fields, and scattered wounded or unburied dead, that checks all our mirth, and we each know the thought of the other, although we do not speak. I fancy Judith is quite at

rest about Henry, because he is now in New York, and there is little prospect of fighting there.

We had a letter from Uncle Matthew. He says that the persistence of Virginia gentlemen, in keeping their blood horses in their stables, has accomplished the forewarned result. They have been the means of mounting the enemy so well, that nothing possessed by our army is a match for them. Greene, Cornwallis, La Fayette, Tarleton, Morgan, Butler, maneuver, maraud, march, countermarch, skirmish, advance, retire, and fill the Southern scene of action with such a stirring and swiftly-changing picture, that what is done and undone can hardly be understood. There is talk of peace negotiations, and we have strong hopes of returning home in the fall with the certainty that there shall be no more fighting on this continent for these present years at least.

August 10, 1781.

Yes, peace may come, and when that glad news spreads abroad, I think we, of all others, shall know what it has cost! We are once more at home, but have come not as we went forth, nor as we had hoped to return, with gladness of heart. How well it is, as often my grandfather said to us, that God hides the future. It was well for us, when those peaceful days drifted on in golden brightness and summer gain, that we did not know what was to come on that pitiful 21st of July. I remember that I was reading on the porch overlooking the river. Judith and the other two girls were in the sitting-room, in the back of the house. My uncle, as was his wont, strolled up and down by his bee-hives. A horseman—his horse all foam

and trembling with fatigue—dashed up to the gate, just as my uncle reached it in his walk, and handed him a note.

Uncle John is one of those prompt men who never waste a minute, a word, a thought. He threw open the gate, and as the man sprang from his horse he led it briskly toward the stable, crying, "Peter! Pompey!" to the two who were picking fruit in the garden, and passing the milk-house pushed open the door, and evidently ordered the stranger to drink what he would. I leaned from the porch to watch. In one moment my uncle and the servants were putting saddle and bridle on one of our fleet horses. At once he led it out. The messenger had finished drinking. As he mounted uncle added a line to the note, returned it to him, pointed down the lane. The man put spurs to his steed, and was off like the wind, on the Philadelphia road, in five minutes from his coming. Peter and Pompey were fiercely busy in the stable, and my uncle was by me.

"Abbey, Henry is mortally wounded. Get on your riding-dress."

He passed down the hall, and I followed in a daze of horror. Hester was reading aloud. Susannah, once our idle one, but now desperately busy, was sewing. Judith leaned back in her chair in a sort of happy muse. My uncle stepped up to her, took her face between his hands, kissed her forehead, while his tears fell on it, and said:

"God help you, my poor girl!"

She knew all he could tell her, and rose up white and silent. My uncle said:

"Susannah, get your sister her habit. Hester, make

up a bag for her," and in an instant, in a terrible silence, we were preparing for our journey. Preparation did not take many minutes—not ten. The horses were at the door. Uncle lifted Judith to the saddle. Pompey had waited on me. Peter held the gate open. Uncle cried, "Girls, see to the place"—and we three were rushing madly up the road to Princeton.

It was five o'clock or thereabout when we started. My uncle had shouted to Pompey to have a horse ready in the early morning for Mr. Seaforth. At Princeton and at New Brunswick he gave the same order; and so we flew on, first through the red sunset light and then in clear white moonshine, sparing little our good beasts; and before midnight we were entering Matouchin.

A man stood watching on the highway. He called to my uncle, "Are you for the British officer?—this way," and we followed him up a country road for about half a mile to a great stone barn. All was silent. The large doors were open and two lanterns hung within. As my uncle lifted Judith from her seat I saw a woman sitting on a truss of hay, and bent to watch a prostrate form. In a moment we were within. A soldier boy, weary on his watch, slept with his head on his knees, a wounded man tossed in an uneasy slumber in a corner. The sleepless watcher was Hannah Dana, and she had spared no pains to give a look of easy rest to Henry Seaforth, by whom she sat. Hannah rose up, but did not speak. She moved away as Judith fell on her knees, and tearless laid her face against Henry's neck. Hannah had made a comfortable couch of hay, and covered it with a white

blanket, borrowed from the farm-house. She had cut off Henry's coat and boots, placed him in a restful position, covered him partly with a sheet, and bathed the dust of battle from his face and hands, and from his beautiful fair hair. He looked like one "taking of rest in sleep," breathing and unconscious. As we stood by him in too great awe and anguish to speak, Hannah said:

"God is good. He has known no pain—not even when struck. See the peaceful expression of his face. The ball is in his brain, and he fell unconscious at once. Most die immediately of such a wound. I believe God spared him for you to get here."

"Will he live until his father comes?" whispered Uncle John.

"Perhaps," said Hannah; and then my uncle drew her away to the door, and we went and stood in the moonlight, to leave Judith alone with her love and woe, and to hear from Hannah how this thing had come about.

She told us that as nearly as she could learn from the wounded prisoner in the corner, Captain Seaforth and his company had landed from Staten Island at the instance of some royalists who lived on the Jersey shore, and who had collected a drove of cattle to send into the city. Captain Seaforth and his men were to cover the embarkation of this live stock. While it was taking place they were attacked by a strong party of Jersey militia, and these being repulsed, retreated, but succeeded in capturing a first lieutenant, a close friend of Henry's. Gallantry and affection drew Henry in pursuit to regain his friend. In the skirmish, the lieutenant got back to his company,

but Henry was left for dead, one or two wounded. The militia were reinforced and drove back the British, compelling them to leave their wounded on the field. The leader of the Americans was the owner of their farm and was wounded, with several of his men. All the wounded were gathered with equal care, and carried toward Matouchin. Hannah heard of the skirmish, as she had been on her way to the vicinity of West Point, and she had turned aside to care for the wounded, meeting the returning militia.

She had recognized Henry, and had him and the other British removed to this barn, believing it quite as comfortable as the small and crowded farm-houses already receiving the American wounded. Knowing where we were, she had bribed a messenger to make haste to my uncle's house, and he had gone off at full speed before noon. Having told this story, Hannah went to visit her patients, bathed the head of one, gave another water, arranged a better pillow for a third. Henry alone needed no care. She then drew a shawl about her, and throwing herself back on a pile of hay, was soon asleep. The moonlight fell over her. She looked so white, and worn, and old, her cap coming closely about her thin face. And what a tireless courage; what a full self-sacrifice; what a heart of sympathy had been in all her speech!

Judith sat by Henry, holding his hand, her eyes never turned from his motionless face. I knelt by her, and put my arms about her. She only said:

“O Abbey, if he could speak but one word more to me!”

What a night that was. I think if people look back over their histories, they will wonder how almost every bitter crisis of their lives, every conflict and victory of death, every trembling horror, and terrible loss came in the night. Perhaps this is why we are promised "no night there," no more this hour and power of darkness that has been made bitter to our souls.

Hours went by like years. My uncle kept pacing up and down on the green sod that came to the very door, sometimes softly coming in, looking tearfully at Henry, laying his hand on Judith's head, as in prayer and blessing, and going back to his walk, searching the distance for his friend long before Mr. Seaforth could come. The moon set, and the stars faded, and great red and primrose lights ran up the east, and the middle sky shone like that vision of a sapphire throne. Oh, how can a world be so lovely that looks on death?

With the light, Hannah rose up, attended to her patients, went to the farm-house and prepared food for them, and then, ever thoughtful, brought a tray to us with coffee and food. My uncle ate a little and so did I, then he carried a cup of coffee to Judith. She put it by until he said, "For my sake, daughter," and then she drank it. There was no change all that morning. It was a hot day. The birds and the flowers seemed smothered. What little air stirred, stole through the great open doors of that barn. The reapers were a-field; we heard now and again the echo of their voices, or the sound of the whetstone. Hannah told us the wounded in the houses, all of whom she had visited, would probably recover. The time

seemed so long until Mr. Seaforth should come. My uncle sent a boy to meet him at the turning. A doctor—a genial-faced old man—came to see the wounded, and looked with such compassionate eyes on Judith, that I blessed him from my heart.

At ten there was some change in Henry; the iron chain of unconsciousness seemed weakening or relaxing a little. My uncle looked nervously, first at his watch, then up the road. Another hour, and we heard the fierce beat of hoofs, and saw Mr. Seaforth dashing up the lane, his white hair flying over his shoulders. We knew that he would come alone, neither Mrs. Seaforth nor Annie were equal to that hard, long ride. He threw himself from his horse.

“My poor Harry!” cried my uncle, and those two old men were weeping, in each other’s arms, the ruin of their dearest mutual hopes.

I could not go inside that place then. Crying and mourning I stood without. Mr. Seaforth’s horse was wet and trembling, and stood shaking, its head down and its feet wide apart. I beckoned the boy who had watched the road, and had him cover the creature, rub his sides and legs, throw water on its feet, and prepare it for food and drink. It somehow comforted me to care for the poor beast which had carried its master so nobly. Finally I stole back to the barn. Henry’s head had been laid on Judith’s lap, Hannah stood behind her, and the two fathers sat at his feet. His state seemed growing more like sleep than insensibility, and finally, about noon, he breathed deeper, stirred, his face changed, and

he looked up. There was no light of reason in the glance, and softly the lids fell again. This happened once or twice, and then he roused, a joyous recognition smiling from his eyes, as he saw Judith's face bent near his. The soul strove for its departing dominion over the body—it was full strange to see those fleeting faculties return at some master summons.

He spoke: "My Judith! dear, I had dreamed of *war*, of parting; and it was *only a dream*. You are here, my wife—and we two never part. I did not know that on earth one could feel so glad at heart as I do now."

His face fairly shone with a strange joy, and all at once he seemed to see through depths of some bright distance far beyond Judith's face, and as he looked the light of life seemed not to shrink back toward a failing heart, as I have marked others die; but in that bright smile and eager gaze, to pass out and be away, as I have seen birds lift up from pleasant nooks of earth, and be lost in sunny spaces.

Then all was silence for a time, until I heard the voice of my uncle—who prays when he is glad, when he is sorrowful, when he is at peace, when he is fearful; in all time of rejoicing, or of woe—in prayer. And then again there was silence, and we looked at our dead, and the sobs of those old men rose up painfully, with my wild crying, who had lost less than any of them; and I saw Hannah Dana, the silent and usually unmoved, drop down by Judith, and throwing her arms about her, cry:

"Oh, I can pity you—I know how your heart is breaking! This loss was as mine, that has darkened all my life."

And this word at last stirred the fountain of Judith's tears. Her own sorrow had been so deep, so sudden, so desolating, that she had been dumb and tearless, but at this cry of Hannah's long pain, the tears flowed.

Another space, and then my uncle and Mr. Seaforth went out together. Hannah lifted Henry's head from Judith's lap, pressed close his eyelids, and folded his hands over his chest, then she drew Judith from her place, and led her away through the rear door of the barn, where a brook ran under some willow trees—and I was left alone standing by that still, restful form, where a smile yet lay on the face. There was a great silence, as if all the world had died in that one; there was a glow and brightness, as if the very possibility of death had been done away. A broad bar of light streamed through the open doors, and two pigeons slid down that golden gleam, winnowing the sunshine with their wide white wings. The sunshine, the snowy, fearless birds, the fragrance on the summer air, the murmur of the brook—all this life and beauty, as a setting to that picture of death, seemed somehow strangely in accord with the Henry whom we had known and loved so well. A bright life, gone up through all this brightness toward those sunny skies, and that promise of good things to come.

What a tower of strength was Hannah. She found us a messenger to send to Philadelphia. She cared for us all, forestalled all our plans, prepared us resting-places, and while Judith and Mr. Seaforth sat by Henry, Hannah went with my uncle to find some one to prepare a coffin, and to find conveyance for it to the city. Henry was

dressed in his uniform. Hannah took such pains to make it look bright and nice. "It was a uniform that he honored as a man and a soldier," said she to me; "had every man who went to the war been like this man, there would have been no record of cruelties, or treacheries, or indignities to write."

Uncle John told me that it was Mr. Seaforth's plan to bury Henry in the vault at the Logan House. He thought, as the times were unsettled and Henry had been for years a British officer, it would be wiser and safer to bury there at once. Until then it had not occurred to me that any one could see less cause to weep for Henry or give less sympathy to his parents because he had been a British officer; that was his conscience and duty, and honorably was it performed. For ourselves his loss was as bitter to us as if it had been Charles—less to Susannah and me perhaps, and more to Judith.

We left Matouchin at midnight. We had rested for several hours, and had been served with supper. The people at the farm were very good and pitiful to us, and the farmer's wife gave me choice of lilies and violets and roses, and I strewed them all over Henry before Judith took her last look; and I cut off some of his curls. The coffin was closed and put in a covered wagon. Uncle and I rode before it, Judith and Mr. Seaforth followed.

We changed horses at Princeton, and we rested there, also at New Brunswick for a little. When we drew near Trenton, a carriage joined us with Hester and Susannah within, and Pompey and Peter on the box. The blacks wore white napkins pinned above their elbows. Pompey,

honest soul, was full of sympathy. He said to my uncle :

“Oh, Mass’ Temple, I jes done broke up; wish ’twas Pomp; ’n ’ole nigger like me jes as well die as not, but its hard to spare seeh a young man as Mass’ Henry.” And I believe the good fellow truly felt it.

Judith went in the carriage with Susannah, and Hester took her horse. We crossed the river and went down the Pennsylvania side. When we came to Germantown, the carriage with Mrs. Seaforth, Annie and Bessie, followed by the Seaforth servants, joined us. That was a very bitter hour. I verily thought dear Mrs. Seaforth must die in losing her son. It was then six o’clock. My uncle’s messenger had done his part well. As we came near the Logan House, the Logan family and servants came out to meet us, and with them the minister who has Mr. Duché’s church. As it was growing late we passed at once by the carriage way to the foot of the hill, and then the six black servants carried the coffin into the vault and set it in the niche prepared for it. Miss Logan then went in and spread beautiful flowers and wreaths over it, and the rector read the burial service, Pompey holding a light at his shoulder. It was growing very dark under the side of the hill, and in the shadow of the trees. The rector in his robes stood in the door of the vault; the blacks were standing inside waiting to close up the facing, and we gathered about the door. This had been a very lovely spot to me; very often I had gathered violets and daffodils under these maples, or come here for

autumn leaves, little thinking what a shadow of death was to fall over the place.

We all went to our home in the city that night. Our pleasant stay in Trenton had been too rudely broken up for us to renew it. Hester returned with uncle after a few days to bring away Nervev and what things we had left there. The care of the home has for the most part fallen to me. I am very glad to be able to come between Judith and many little wearing cares. And yet Judith does not wish to abandon her duties and her family interests. She was quite ill from grief and exhaustion for a few days after our return. Then she came down stairs and took her place at the head of the table again. She had put on deep black, not saying any thing about it, but with the air of one who never expects to put it off.

Mrs. Seaforth is completely prostrated by her loss, and is not able to leave her room. Annie remains with her mother, and now Bessie shows strikingly the change that has come over her. She has quietly taken Mrs. Seaforth's place, and cares for the whole house, thinks for Annie and her mother, directs the servants, and sees thoroughly to Mr. Seaforth's comfort. It is wonderful what a blessing she is to them, and how she is repaying Mrs. Seaforth for all her care, and sympathy, and good teaching.

Yesterday I found Susannah sitting listlessly by the window of her room, her hands dropped in her lap, looking out with a very sad face. I stood by her, not knowing what word might be comfortable, when she suddenly said to me:

“Judith has one comfort—she saw Henry in his last hours, she heard his last word, and knows where he is buried.”

I knew what she meant, and also how she was deceiving herself. I said:

“And you fancy that Colonel Nelson has been killed, and that you lack that comfort that Judith has had, but do you not see that you have two comforts that she has not? She has the *certainty* of loss, you have a secret hope against your fears. It is the long silence that pains you, Susannah, and *not* the belief that Colonel Nelson is dead. I know you too well to think that you could keep up the calm and repression that you do, if you were *sure* that he were gone. From hour to hour you have the hope that this silence will be broken and explained, and though, as Solomon says, ‘hope deferred maketh the heart sick,’ yet so long as there is hope the heart is not broken. And, Susannah, you are a Temple, and you have another emotion coming to your aid, and that is *pride*. You see the possibility—though you will not admit that you see it—that this man has proved forgetful, and you fight against grief while there is the bare possibility that you may mourn one who has lightly relinquished you.”

Susannah, half crying, had hidden her face in her hands, while I was speaking to her. She looked up, brushing away her tears, her eyes sparkled.

“He is not false, and *perhaps* he is not dead. I will keep on fighting to believe the best. How did you come to be so keen at reading hearts and thoughts, Abbey? Pray, did you ever read your own?”

Now this was skillfully carrying the war into the enemy's territory, and coming upon ground where I could not skirmish to advantage. I had rallied Susannah's spirits, and that was all that I wanted, so I ran away to take counsel with Nervey over a pudding.

Last evening we had a flying visit from Charles. He comes with dispatches from General La Fayette, and is to receive promotion and remain for the time on the staff of the commander-in-chief. He was hastening toward the Hudson, reached here yesterday at five, and was off this morning at seven. Hester was the first to meet him as he came in, and she told him of our and the Seaforth's great loss. Poor Charles! it was a sad story to him, for he had loved Henry as a brother. He divided his short visit between us and the Seaforth's, the best that he could.

There is a general feeling of expectation in the country, that some decisive move is about to be made. Will our general find an opportunity to seize New York, or will the victory be in the South, and so secure our thirteen States intact? We are in sore need of help from some quarter. Charles says that General La Fayette is clothing and providing for his American troops in the most liberal and remarkable manner; and that he is nearly as much adored as the commander-in-chief. There is the best feeling between the American and French troops. My uncle has had a letter from Richard Reid, a beautiful letter, on our loss. Mr. Reid is very hopeful about affairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1781.

FOR a long while there have not been very active military operations in this part of the country. The English and American armies, like two strong and well matched foes, each respecting the other's strength, and unwilling to move without some manifest advantage opening on their own side, have held each other at bay, posted respectively at New York and West Point.

Fleet couriers carried the news on the 25th of August, that the French and American armies had crossed the Hudson, and by several lines of march were moving toward the Jerseys—making, the Americans for Springfield, the French for Whippany. Wonder ran high. Did this mean the siege of New York, or Virginia and Cornwallis? Uncle said it was a grand piece of generalship, which placed our troops on the banks of the Delaware before Sir Henry Clinton knew where they were going. It was too late then for him to oppose them, and they arrived here in fine condition. Arnold, the traitor, attempted a diversion by attacking New London, but it did not turn the commander-in-chief from his course. Here we were all in a state of enthusiasm to greet the most honored of the people. Washington arrived here about noon on the thirtieth. We all wondered, and ques-

tioned, and imagined, what the new move meant; but we were sure that it meant something wise and good, if it came from him, and the streets were filled with a shouting and applauding multitude, and flags, and flowers, and streamers hung from nearly all the windows. The general stayed with Mr. Robert Morris. My uncle learned from Mr. Morris that the great want, as usual, had been hard money for the expedition. But they borrowed twenty thousand pounds from the Count de Rochambeau, which Mr. Morris pledged himself to repay by the 1st of October. But almost at once this trouble was relieved, for Colonel Laurens arrived at Boston, returning from his mission to the French government, and brought two and a half millions of livres, cash, and a promise of three and a half millions of livres more soon.

The general and his suite had preceded the army. The American troops arrived on September 2d. My uncle took Hester and me to see them enter the city. Their line of march extended over two miles. We were on a balcony at the upper part of the town, and every window and door was filled with spectators. Such a sight as our army was. The generals and staff officers looked well. They buy their own uniforms, keep their servants, and presented a fine appearance. The soldiers, however, were shabby enough; their clothes and equipments were motley and patched, poor fellows! and as they kept step to drum and fife, and marched along in a terrible cloud of dust—for we had had no rain for a fortnight—I know they felt vexed at their appearance. We all wished that we could put every man of them in clothes suitable to

his patriotism and courage, then they would have made a grand display indeed.

Behind each brigade came field-pieces and ammunition-wagons. After all the soldiers had passed, came the camp furniture, wagons of tents, provisions, baggage, hospital stores, camp followers, carts driven by traders who kept stores near the camp, and occasionally, perched high on a load of baggage, or riding double (or even treble) on a broken-down horse, were soldiers' wives and children. The clouds of dust made every face dirty, and the coats of the officers appeared as if they had been in a fine snow. Captain Reid looked mortified enough as he bowed to us. He is very particular about his dress, and seemed conscious of grimy hands and countenance when he touched his hat. We also saw Isaiah Hooper.

Next day we went out again to see the French troops come into the city. Charles was on duty and could not accompany us, but Mr. Reid came as our escort. The French were bound to look well. They halted a mile from the city, and made their toilets as carefully as a girl going to her first ball. Every particle of dust was banished, every hair was brushed smooth, and every sword, musket, and bayonet burnished to the best. They wore white uniforms, faced with green, and they had white cockades. They were accompanied by a splendid band of music, and thus they came gayly into the city, where streets, windows, and even roofs were crowded with a shouting multitude.

“How much better they look than our poor fellows,” said Captain Reid. “Ours are a set of scarecrows beside them.”

“Only to those who can not appreciate heroic self-sacrifice—the bravery that for six years can contend for a principle, suffering daily worse than death for their cause,” I cried. “I had rather see Isaiah Hooper, worn, and faded, and patched as he appears, than all these gay troops. It is easy enough for them, well fed, and clad, and paid, to be soldiers; but men like Isaiah, have only gotten wounds, and imprisonment, and hunger, and sickness, and rags for their wages; and yet they fight on. They are true heroes.”

“Well,” replied Captain Reid, looking well pleased, “we must not undervalue our allies. I fear we should have been beaten without French help; and remember, that the liberty they talk about is a plant of our soil and not of theirs.”

We had had several visits from Charles while he was in the city; indeed, he remained with us three days out of the week that he was in Philadelphia. Our joy at his presence was almost balanced by fear and sorrow, as he was going to a post of great danger; and yet, as my uncle said, there must be active service to end this war, and we must make our sacrifice with the rest. Poor Annie was more distressed than any of us. The loss of her brother has renewed her apprehensions for Charles. I shall never forget the scene, when on the evening of the 4th of September, Charles came in, saying that they were to leave early next morning. Annie forgot every thing but her terror at having him go. She flew to him, and clasping her arms about him, shrieked:

“O, Charles, Charles! must you—why must you go and be killed like my Henry?”

Neither uncle nor Judith were present to console her. Charles was completely unmanned, and we girls all burst into sobs and tears. I had been all day fighting against giving way to tears and lamentations because they were going away, and crying now came as a positive relief to me. Annie continued her plaint:

“You will be killed! you will be killed!”

Bessie was first to recover herself. She went to Annie and Charles, and, taking Annie’s hand, said:

“No, no, my dear girl; he will come home in safety. God will not take from you both brother and lover. See, He has left good friends *even to me*.”

There was such resignation, such self-condemnation, such sad sweetness in Bessie’s tone that it went straight to my heart. I caught her in my arms.

“Why, you dear, sweet girl, why should you not have friends left?” I cried.

Just then I heard Richard Reid’s step in the hall, and I fled to the window for the shelter of the curtains. Charles led Annie away to a sofa in a distant corner, and Susannah, Hester, and Bessie were left standing in the middle of the room to greet our guests. Uncle came in with Mr. Reid.

“Ah,” he said, trying to be cheery, “marching orders have had a sad effect here. Crying? all but Hester!”

“Dear me,” said Hester, “I am so happy as not to have any lover to cry for, and so I can dispense with tears.”

“But I am also not parting with a lover,” said Susannah, leaning against my uncle’s shoulder as he put his arm about her.

"I am sure there is a lover in the business somewhere," said Hester, striving to create a diversion.

"You are doing yourself injustice," said Bessie, "for you were crying about Major Temple as heartily as the rest of us."

Uncle led Susannah over to Annie and Charles. He laid his hand tenderly on Annie's fair head. She is a childish little creature, and uncle always treats her with an infinite tenderness.

"Cheer up," he said, "the Scripture hath it: 'He that goeth forth and weepeth shall surely come again with rejoicing.' We shall remember this doleful day when Charles has come home in safety to remain."

Meanwhile Richard Reid made his way to where I had taken refuge in the curtains. Said he:

"I would I might hope that even one of these tears was for me."

I replied: "I know my debt to all patriots. I weep for the whole army. Do you think that I am not grieved that Isaiah Hooper goes into danger again? He has a wife waiting for him at home."

"And yet," he said, "one would like to be missed individually, not merely as one of an army. A personal interest would be more a matter of consolation to me in lonely days or nights, or on the field of battle."

"Very likely," I said. "We all feel in that way. I am sure all your friends will remember you especially. I know Hannah Dana says there is no one whom she misses so much when you are in another part of the army."

A little amusement sparkled in his eyes for a moment at something, then a sad, earnest look followed. He said:

“I am glad that you spoke of Hannah. I want you to be a friend to her. Can you not get her to come here and rest? I fear she is wearing out with her great toils.”

I promised him that I would try to bring her hither. I daresay he was glad that I reminded him of her. If he truly cares for Hannah, why did he need to be reminded? It is a false sort of heart that needs reminding of one it loves.

Well, next day they were gone. It seemed as if we ourselves had gone with them and only our mummies left behind. Annie and Bessie were back at Mrs. Seaforth's. Susannah and I brought our work to the parlor, and were waiting for Judith, who had gone to speak to Nervev, when in came Hester with a book, singing a little air, and striving with much bravado to keep her courage up.

She cried: “Come, girls! Why sit there so dolefully? Don't meet trouble half way. In the novels the hero always comes home, crowned with glory. So your heroes will come home—Colonel Nelson in the paws of the British lion, and Captain Reid in the claws of the American eagle.”

It made me completely angry at her, speaking as if Mr. Reid was as much to me as the colonel to Susannah. Does she think—well, what does she think?

I cried sharply: “One would think, to hear you, that soldiers were out on a pleasure party, and sure to come

home safe. Do you think I forget that Thomas Otis went, and has never come home at all?"

Hester stared at me, her black eyes opening wide and her face growing very white.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "others who went with him have not come home, and yet they will—they will!" and thereupon Hester burst into tears and ran out of the room—for all the world as I used to do when I got very angry at Bessie—and left Susannah and me looking our wonder at each other.

"What has come to Hester now?" said I—"what does she care?"

"What, indeed!" said Susannah. "She is such an odd girl."

We heard Judith meeting her in the hall, and the two went off together. By and by Judith came back, but no Hester. We had our usual morning work and reading. As Susannah and I were leaving the room to dress for dinner, Judith took my hand:

"My dear Abbey, please do not tease Hester about Thomas Otis."

"Certainly not," I said. "I never thought of such a thing. What was Thomas Otis ever to our Hester?"

Of all the puzzles in the world!—I felt like going straight to Hester to ask her what she cared about Thomas. I *will* be honest in this diary. I felt that I would like her to say that she felt very badly about him, for then it seemed as if I should somehow feel relieved of the burden of being the only one to care.

But I must go to more important matters. Charles

told us that the general was leaving Philadelphia in much anxiety of mind, as he feared some misfortune had overtaken the Count de Grasse and the fleet of the French, upon whose co-operation with the land forces the success of this expedition will depend.

General Washington set off on the morning of the 5th, to the Head of Elk, going by land along the Chester road, the Count de Rochambeau going to that place by water. Some three miles below Chester, an express met the general, and told him that Count de Grasse was already in the mouth of the Chesapeake, with twenty-eight ships-of-the-line. This so overjoyed the commander-in-chief that he turned about, put spurs to his horse, and dashed back to Chester to felicitate the Count de Rochambeau. The count and the general had a very joyous impromptu dinner together, and in the evening the general proceeded on his way. Meanwhile, the express with his good news got a fresh horse and galloped on to Philadelphia, riding after the fashion of Paul Revere.

Our Congress, after a review of French troops, had assembled at a dinner given to the officers by the French minister, Chevalier de Luzerne. Hardly were they seated at table, when the express came with the dispatches, stating that De Grasse had entered the river in safety, and that St. Simon, with three thousand troops, had landed and opened communications with the Marquis La Fayette. All the gentlemen at the banquet leaped up, shook hands, shouted, and went into a frenzy of rejoicing. The good news got into the streets. Hundreds of citizens gathered, shouting about the French minister's

door; the bells were rung; every boy in the city flew for materials for a bonfire, or for a few fireworks; guns were fired. Every man felt it his duty to huzza for Louis the Sixteenth; and, indeed, the city was mad with joy.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1781.

Dispatches have come up from the army, and we were so happy as to have a letter from Charles. I also had one from Mr. Reid. I have never had very many letters in my life. This one was all about army matters.

Charles told us that Washington reached Head of Elk on the 6th, and found troops and stores already preparing to embark. The general left General Heath to lead the American land forces, and General the Baron de Vio-menil to lead the French; and himself, on the 8th,

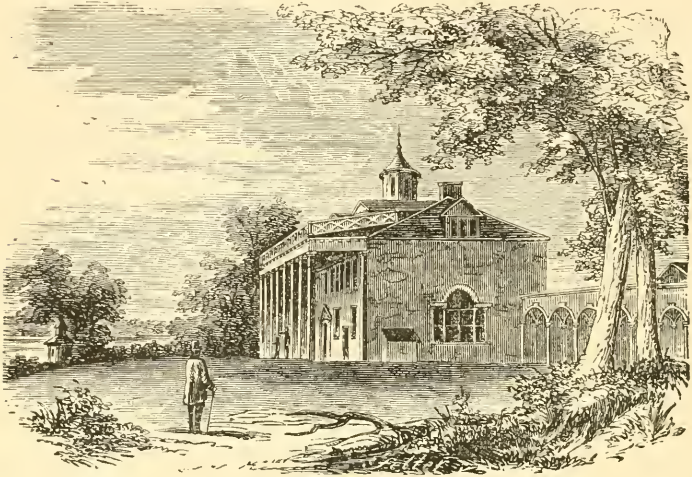


GENERAL HEATH.

pushed on to Baltimore. Charles says a deputation of citizens, with a congratulatory address, met the general, and in the evening the city was illuminated. The ladies brought flowers, and all the officers received invitations to dinners at various dwellings. On the 9th, the general and Colonel Humphreys were up at day-break, and leav-

ing the rest of the suite to come when they could, those two spurred on toward Mount Vernon—that dear home which our general has not seen for six years.

Charles, and the rest of the general's suite, made their way over the country more leisurely, and reached Mount



MT. VERNON—THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

Vernon at dinner-time on the 10th. In the evening Count de Rochambeau arrived, and on the 11th, General Chastellux and his aids. Charles said the good mansion was fairly overflowing with Virginian hospitality; and Lady Washington was in her element, making her guests happy. She forgot no one. She even recalled me, and asked Charles how that little maiden Abbey was, and that she trusted Philadelphia follies would not spoil me. She does not know what a careful guardian Uncle John is.

My letter from Mr. Reid told us how nearly all the plans of this campaign had been frustrated once or

twice. Unless the fleet in the river co-operates with the land forces in besieging Lord Cornwallis, no good can be effected, for his lordship could get off to New York by sea, or he could get men and provisions by sea, and so hold out indefinitely, or until British ships enter the river and bombard the French and American camp. Admiral Graves, in command of the British fleet in our waters, had nearly drawn Count de Grasse from Yorktown, but in a conflict on the 7th of September, the French had the advantage, and Admiral Graves retired to New York. On the 22d news of the arrival of Admiral Digby in New York, with six ships-of-the-line, almost caused De Grasse to leave the Chesapeake, lest now he should be caught in the river, and his fleet destroyed. Washington and La Fayette, however, persuaded him to remain, and the express to the city was to tell of good fortune thus far. And so are we left, in mingled hope and anxiety. Any moment we may learn of a glorious victory or a terrible defeat.

NOVEMBER 10, 1781.

Our suspense has ended. On the night of the 23d of October, I was aroused by hearing a horse dashing past our house in a very unusual manner. I shook Hester, saying, "I believe there is news from the army." So we two sat up in bed listening, in a terrible state of anxiety. It was almost one o'clock. As we listened to the dying sound of the hoofs, the echo of some other sound came to us. I rose and put up a window, and then Hester and I put on our shawls and leaned out of the window in our impatience. A loud shout came up

from the direction of Second Street; then a watchman dashed into Chestnut Street, roaring "*One o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!*" and suddenly windows flew up, and heads were thrust forth, and all over the city we heard the watchmen shouting "*One o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!*" I flew down to my uncle, who was sleeping in the rear of the house, and bursting into his room without ceremony of knocking, I screamed—

"Uncle John, what are you asleep for! Cornwallis is surrendered!"

My uncle sat up in bed and cried,
"What do you mean?"

Just then the State House bell began a fearful clangor, and I repeated,

"Cornwallis is taken!"

My uncle forthwith gave a loud huzza, and for want of a better way to show his feelings, tore off his night-cap and threw it at the ceiling. I lit his candle for him at the lamp burning in the hall, and then, with slippers clattering loosely on my feet, and my great shawl trailing behind me, I went up toward the girls' room, for Hester had run thither, and I heard them all talking at once.

As I came near their room I heard a great clatter on the attic stairs, and down came Nervey, Pompey, and Peter, pell-mell, their arms laden with their private property—clothes, pillows, boots, looking-glass, old hats—the queerest trio that ever candle shone on they looked, as I saw them by the light I carried.

"Run, run, Missey Abbey," cried Nervey; "run for your life; dis house a-fire; hark ye de noise; come 'long, honey!"

"De British, de British, dey hab come!" yelled Peter.

"Come 'long, missey," howled Pompey," "come somewhere, but dis chile don know where; come 'long."

I laughed until I cried. The overburdened three ran into each other, dropped their precious goods. Nervey's water-pitcher took flight down the front stairs, pursued by Pompey's top boots—a relic of Charles; and Peter, tripping at the stair-top on his mother's trailing bed-quilt, fell head first, but with such a bundle of garments and pillows in his arms, that he came unharmed upon them in the lower hall, obstructing the progress of Uncle John, who, having arrayed himself with some degree of splendor, in his best dressing gown, his satin Sunday breeches, his night-shirt, stocking feet, and a wig, was coming up to congratulate us preparatory to going out to congratulate his neighbors!

It was altogether a night of tumult—of great rejoicing and secret fears. What might we not have paid for victory? Still no one of us whispered this thought. Uncle John always bids us rejoice when God sends us a victory, and not meet despair and loss half way.

The streets of our usually quiet city were crowded with people from the first cry of the victory. Men and women alike went out to discuss the tidings, and the house of Thomas McKean, president of Congress, was besieged with people. Lieutenant-colonel Tilghman, who brought the news, was nearly dead with fatigue, but he was obliged to thrust his head out of his bed-room window again and again, to say that the victory was complete, Washington safe, our loss small, and other things of the kind. Lights

moved past the windows until the city seemed illuminated, and as morning dawned, the booming of cannon was an added note in the manner of our jubilations.

Uncle says that Colonel Tilghman experienced some of the changes of human events and popular feeling on that night of the 23d, he so tore through the streets, and belabored President McKean's door to such an extent, that one of our vigilant watchmen pounced upon him as a disturber of the peace, and proclaimed him arrested. He was about to drag him off, and the colonel, still shouting for Mr. McKean, was nearly drawing sword in his own defense, when the president got awake enough to put his head out of the window and ask what was going on. The colonel at once gave his name and his news, when the lately hostile watchman clasped him in his arms and almost hugged the breath out of him, and vowed to love him like a brother to his dying day.

Congress came together early in the morning. The street before the State House was filled with people. The dispatches were read, and Congress resolved to go in procession at two o'clock to the Dutch Lutheran Church, to return thanks to God for his favor. Accordingly they went, and it was a good and solemn sight; and hundreds of citizens followed them on foot, and not only was the church full, but all the street about it. My uncle saw Colonel Tilghman and learned that Charles was safe.

NOVEMBER 20, 1781.

A second letter which I received from Mr. Reid, when Charles's last letter came, gave an account of the siege and surrender of Yorktown. He says nothing could exceed

the unanimity of feelings between the American and French officers, unless it was their bravery. Even the common soldiers seemed to vie with the commander-in-chief in courage. The scene at the city must have been grand and terrible. Shells crossed each other in their way through the air, leaving in the night long fiery tracks like comets; sometimes they fell into the river, and as they burst flung up great fountains

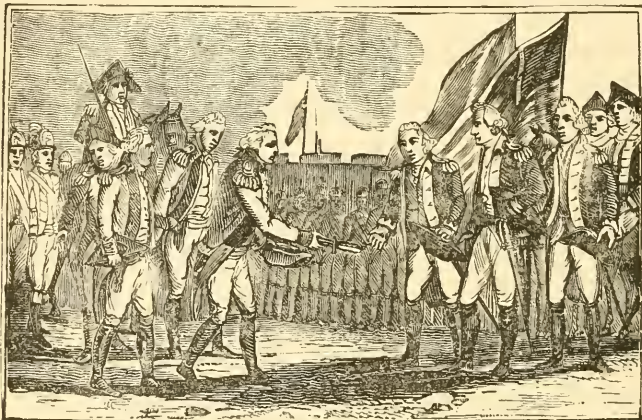


SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

of foam. There was, on the night of the 14th, an assault on the redoubts, the Americans being in one party and the French in another. The loss was heaviest for the French, but the redoubts were carried. Captain Reid says that the men in their zeal tore down the *abatis* with their hands, lifted and dragged each other over the parapets, flung themselves bodily on the enemy, and such enthusiasm for victory he never saw before.

Once Lord Cornwallis had arranged to escape in boats, and might have done so had not a fierce storm risen. Cornwallis beat for parley on the 17th. On the 19th terms were sent to him, with word that, if accepted, he

must march out by two that afternoon. Our officers were in a desperate hurry, fearing that Admiral Graves might arrive with ships and re-inforcements and turn the scale. The land forces agreed to surrender to the Americans in the person of General Lincoln, who thus got balm for the mortification he had experienced when he had been obliged to surrender his own army, on similar terms, at Charleston. The ships, transports, vessels, and naval stores surrendered to the Count de Grasse, commander of the French fleet.



SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

Mr. Reid wrote me that the combined army was drawn up in two lines, each over a mile long, facing each other on the two sides of the road. The French looked splendidly, as they did when here; all in gorgeous uniforms, well equipped, and with their band of music. Our poor fellows had only their stalwart valor and endurance to commend them. Only a part were in uniform, and their faded and worn clothes bore witness to a long, hard serv-

ice; yet their resolute and soldier-like air made them a fair match for the finer French. Mr. Reid said that the crowd of people from the country round was nearly as great as the military.

The British garrison came forth at two. Lord Cornwallis said he was ill, and General O'Hara conducted the surrender. It is fine to be chief officer, and be able to make your subordinates do your disagreeable work for you! The British had on new suits and looked healthy and soldierly, but chagrined, of course—so are we chagrined when we get defeated. On the field where they grounded their arms, some of them flung down their muskets so hard as to break them. I don't know as I wonder at that; they were brave men, and felt their unpleasant situation. On the very day of the surrender, Sir Henry Clinton concluded that it was time to go to Cornwallis's relief, and sailed from New York with troops and ships enough to raise the siege. He reached the Capes on the 24th, and heard of the capitulation. He hovered around the mouth of the Chesapeake until the 29th, and then sailed back to New York. I am very glad that our officers and the French treated the British with the greatest kindness and courtesy.

After the surrender at Yorktown, General Washington wanted to go and reduce Charleston, but Count de Grasse could not co-operate with him there, and so it was useless for him to go alone. The French fleet had engagements with the Spaniards, and went off. I would they had stayed, then this war might have ended by spring; but, of course, we can not expect our allies to care

as much about it as we do. The Marquis La Fayette came up here to Philadelphia and got leave to go to France for a time, as there is no prospect of more fighting at present.

The British prisoners are at Winchester and Fredericks-town, and Lord Cornwallis and his chief officers are gone on parole to New York. The French army are going into quarters at Williamsburg, and our army in Jersey and along the Hudson as before. Our general has had great sorrow in the midst of his joy. His step-son, Lady Washington's only surviving child, died on the fifth of this month. The general reached Eltham, just as Mr. Custis was dying.

DECEMBER 16, 1781.

It seems as if there was not much but death to write about, as one friend after another dies, I feel as if by and by I would be all alone in the world with no one of my old-time friends left to speak to or care for. On the twenty-fifth of last month uncle had a letter from a soldier, written from near Princeton, saying that Hannah Dana was very ill with a fever. Uncle and Mr. Seaforth both concluded to go to her, as they felt that her care of Henry could never be sufficiently recompensed; and they took me, thinking that the sight of one of the old Plymouth faces would do her good. But there was no chance to do poor Hannah good. She had died before we reached the place where she lay.

Those cruel country people were so afraid of the fever that they would not take her into their houses, and a tent had been put up for her in a little bit of woodland. A

bed was in the tent, and an old colored woman had been found to nurse her. We all felt that the woman had been kind and handy, and that Hannah had been made comfortable in her last hours. The tent was good and well sheltered, and a big fire blazed in front of it. The bed was good, the tent floor strewn with fresh straw, and three of the soldiers had stayed to wait on their faithful friend.

Hannah had only been dead about half an hour when we reached the place where she lay. One of the soldiers sat crying before the fire, and another sat on a milking stool at the foot of her pallet with a Bible on his knee. He had been reading to her, and her death had been so sudden and so quiet that they could hardly realize it, and sat there as if waiting for her to wake to life again. One of the soldiers had gone into Princeton to see about a coffin, and the old colored woman was praying and talking to herself in a corner.

Hannah's hair, under her cap, had grown perfectly white, and her hands were thin and wrinkled, but her face looked younger than ever I had seen it. The soldier said that she had felt from the first that she should die, but had not wanted any one sent for. She said "it was not worth while." He had written us without her knowledge. He asked her if she had any messages to leave or any thing to give. She said her wagon and what stores were in it was for the hospital; her money was all gone. She sent her love to her parents and brother, and bade them be glad that she been able to help a good cause. For the rest, she had only her prayers to leave for her country.

My uncle looking at her as she lay quiet in that last sleep, said: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends," and that verse Mr. Seaforth ordered put on the stone which he is to have set up by her grave. We buried her next day in the graveyard at Princeton. We three, the three soldiers, and the colored woman being the entire attendance at the funeral. Surely a kinder, nobler, truer or more weary heart never ceased to beat. My uncle wrote to Mr. Reid, and I wrote to Deacon Dana.

When we reached home from Princeton we found the city all bustle and rejoicing because General Washington had reached here to remain some time. When we drew rein at our own door, Charles ran out to help us dismount. So we shall have him home with us for the winter.

Charles tells us that the general is fearful that Congress and the nation will feel that in the capture of Lord Cornwallis all has been done that need be, and that they will relax their efforts. He desires the most vigorous preparations for the next summer's campaign. The Marquis La Fayette was expected to press our cause at the French Court, and Doctor Franklin, who still remains in France in good health and great popularity, is desired to request another loan.

On the tenth of this month the Congress passed resolutions requiring men and money from the several States, and the general himself wrote to the different governors, begging them to be active. If all of them were like the Governor of Virginia, Governor Nelson, there would be no trouble. Uncle Matthew wrote us, that before the

siege of Yorktown, the State treasury was empty and the militia likely to disband for lack of pay, and the governor pledged all his private property as security on a loan to pay the soldiers.

At the siege of Yorktown he was in command of a battery, and bombarded a large stone house, the quarters of Cornwallis and his staff. This house was the governor's own, and he preferred its ruin to having it useful to the enemy. Uncle Matthew says that the governor made himself mortal enemies by impressing men and stores for the siege. But posterity will justify him, and show him as the man who was ready to sacrifice all that he had for his country. Indeed we have many such men, and our general is one. No wonder that the people gave him such an enthusiastic reception when he came here the last of the month.

Although Charles is near us, and our hearts are at rest about his present safety, our life this winter is very quiet, and somewhat sad. Judith strives to keep her sorrows to herself, and takes her place among us as formerly. Susannah is calm, but has too many fits of musing to be a very lively companion; and I must say for myself, that long excitement and the stronger changes of our life during this war, have had the effect to make me decidedly cross a good deal of the time. I often fall into a muse about the pleasant life at Plymouth, and wish myself back in the dear old place, among familiar friends there, near the bright bay. Even the cold long winters have grown dear in my recollection, and they served to make the summer brighter by contrast. I like to fancy how the

place looks now, and how if I were there I would make the garden and plant the flowers that my great-grandfather loved so much, and how in the study I could almost fancy I saw my grandfather back, he seemed so inseparable from that place.

Well, such fancies are idle, I can never go back. Bessie has a tenant on the place now, but the rent is small, times are very hard, money is amazingly scarce, except continental, which is worth nothing, and every thing is dear. Uncle John says that if once we had peace, and the army were successfully disbanded, we should become a very prosperous people, on account of our great resources; but after the peace the army will be a cause of anxiety, for so many men, long unused to home-life or regular occupation, and with no means of support, will be dangerous to the safety of the community. So there seems little likelihood of our soon getting out of our troubles.

This morning we girls turned the parlor into a sort of pawn-shop exhibition or rag fair, bringing down all our old clothes. As it was a fearfully stormy day, and no one was likely to come in, we thought it a fine chance to see if we could out of the old, find a way to make something new, for goods are wondrous scarce; and as to price—a bonnet costs two hundred dollars, and is but moderately good then: We sent Peter to bring Bessie to us. Judith, who is all in black, handed her former wardrobe over to Susannah and Hester, and I had yet one or two of my mother's dresses. Bessie brought with her the tucker I had once made her of grandmother's lace, and said I must

use it for one of my gowns. I begged her to keep it herself, until she finally said, with tears in her eyes, that "she fairly hated the sight of it," so I slipped it away.

Judith sat calmly directing and advising us what to do. Hester ripped spasmodically. Our colored maid smoothed the pieces on a large press-board. Pompey had made us a big fire, and Nervev brought us cakes and coffee, yet for all these ameliorations of our lot, I was decidedly in the dumps. I got Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, and read it aloud for awhile, then threw it by, and betook myself to the consideration of an old blue cardinal, which so disgusted me that I began a disquisition on the vanity of human affairs, and the general disadvantages of living. Concluding, with my usual sense of the ludicrous coming to the rescue, I declared that I believed if *none of us had ever been born we should none of us ever had regretted it*. Bessie, who can never see this kind of a joke, looked curiously at me in my new mood; and then, of all things, undertook gravely to prove that if none of us had ever been born we should all of us be very sorry indeed—which threw Hester and me into such convulsions of laughter, that even Judith and Susannah were obliged to join us.

After that laugh we somehow felt better, time did not seem quite so long, nor the winter day so gloomy, nor the old gowns so ruinous. Bessie looked from one to the other of us, as we paused in our fits of laughter, and said: "Well, I do not see what I have said that was funny. I leave the witty talk for Hester, but I am glad if I have made you feel any better; and if Abbey is only

a mind to do half as well as she *can* do, your clothes also will speedily look better."

Thus challenged, I stood our beautiful Susannah up in the middle of the room as a lay figure, surrounded her with her dry goods, and proceeded to fit her out with winter costumes, in all of which she kindly looked charming.

CHAPTER XX.

FEBRUARY 6, 1782.

LADY WASHINGTON has come to stay with the general for a time. Owing to her recent loss she is living very quietly, but the ladies of the city are all calling upon her, and this morning, Hester, Susannah, and I went. We went in state, walking to be sure, but we had on our best gowns and hats, and Peter in his sole suit of livery, stalked after us, as attendant, and we sent up our cards to Lady Washington. She was pleased to see us, greeted us with kindness, and remembered me. I excused Judith's absence to her, telling of that great loss which had saddened all our hearts. Tears came into Lady Washington's eyes. She sent her love to Judith, and bade me tell her that sorrows had taught her deeply to sympathize with those who mourned the dead.

Lady Washington was knitting, and was very plainly dressed. She had a basket of work on the table, and asked us were we doing any thing for the army this winter. And so I told her about our society work.

She seemed much struck with Susannah's appearance, and asked :

"Had we not had temptations to be very gay while the British army—and then General Arnold—were here?"

Hester replied : "The temptations make no difference. Law, in the person of Mr. Temple, is stronger than any amount of society temptations, and he thinks it is not right to enter into any gayeties while the country is in such distress."

"But Susannah, who is truth itself, feared this assertion might make us seem more self-sacrificing than we were, and remarked, sweetly :

"Not that we were *quite* out of society—we did not go abroad, but we were obliged to receive quietly at home. We could not keep visitors away, they would come, somehow."

"So I should suppose," said Lady Washington, dryly ; and Susannah, seeing whither in her simplicity she had drifted, blushed up to her eyes. We had a very pleasant visit. Susannah said it would be a thing to remember all our lives, that we had made a call on Lady Washington.

At dinner, we girls did little but talk about our visit. When we left the table, my uncle said he wanted to see me in the library. When I went to him he began to talk about Plymouth. He said that he had a great affection for the home of his brother, my grandfather, and that doubtless I had also. He should be sorry to see it go to strangers. As it was all the fortune Bessie had, it would be better for her to sell it, as a farm would be to

her the most troublesome and least productive form of property. He had thought of offering her a fair price for the place himself, and he would do so, unless I wanted to be the purchaser. If I liked to buy it I could do it, and he would see that it was well taken care of for me. I was so surprised, I cried:

“Oh, Uncle John! can I really and truly buy the dear old home?”

“Certainly, if you wish to,” he said.

“And will there be any of my money left to repair it, and make a nice garden—and oh! to build an arbor? I always wanted an arbor near the big apple-tree.”

Uncle John laughed heartily, but said very likely we could have an arbor. Then I bethought myself.

“But, Uncle John, I always meant to give all my money away to the army. I have done nothing for that. Think how much Hannah Dana did.”

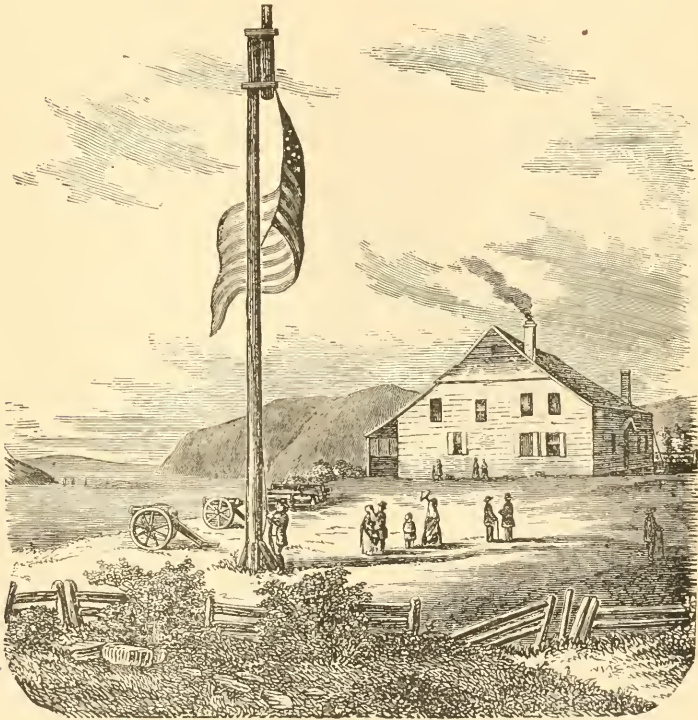
“Well,” said Uncle John, “I have thought it all over, and as I daresay you are ready to be guided by me in your business, I really do not think you had better put your little property into the war. The war is most over. We shall at its close need good homes and family property more than we now need a few pounds more or less in the treasury. You had better buy the farm. I will settle it with Bessie; it would be a kindness to your cousin for you to take it off her hands, and by and by you and I will go up there and decide on repairs, and put up that arbor that you want.

Dear me, to-night I can hardly sleep for thinking how lovely it will be to own the old home; to visit it; to see

the study and grandfather's easy chair. I shall almost hear great-grandfather giving the cry of the covenanters under the apple-tree, and grandmother, stately and trim, directing the ways of the household!

AUGUST 12, 1782.

When I have nothing to write, I am anxious enough

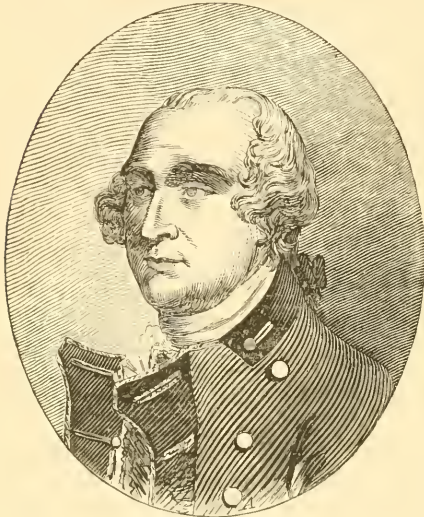


WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURG.

to fill up this diary. When a great deal is going on, I am so busy and interested that I have no time to write.

After a four months' residence in Philadelphia, General Washington in March joined the army at Newburg. Of

course that took Charles from us, but we parted with the less anxiety, as there was not much prospect of heavy fighting. Early in May, Sir Henry Clinton was relieved at New York, and Sir Guy Carleton took his place. Charles wrote us that Sir Carleton wrote to the general



SIR GUY CARLETON.

that the disposition of England was now for peace, and that he heartily concurred in such feeling, and desired no more fighting. Charles said the general remarked that no man desired peace more heartily than himself, but that he had observed that the surest way to obtain or retain peace was

to be thoroughly prepared for war.

Charles says that there is now great discontent in the army. The States have not furnished their proportions of money, and the destitution in camp is great. Officers, like Charles, who have funds of their own, can do pretty well, but those who depend on pay that is never forthcoming, have want, and debt, and anger as their portion. The army begins to fear being disbanded without the payment of their claims, and so cast penniless on a community, paralyzed by poverty and long unused to the arts

and occupations of peace. This state of affairs in the army cast its gloom over us. When Charles wrote us that the sole fare officers had to set before their guests was tough beef and whisky hot from the still—which reduced Charles's fare to the beef only, for he does not take whisky—we felt almost condemned for having any thing comfortable on our own tables, and we repined over our blessings in that our army did not share them.

But just here arose such home changes that our thoughts were quite distracted from the army. On a Thursday evening in May, all the family except myself had gone to church for the lecture. Since the war uncle always leaves one of the family at home, because the servants are so excitable that they would not know what to do or say if a messenger came in haste, or something should happen. It was a warm evening, and I sat by the open window looking into the garden—uncle says it is not proper for us to be sitting looking out of the street windows—when I heard a step at the parlor door, and, looking hastily about, there was Colonel Nelson! Upon my word, taking possession of the house as coolly as he did the first time! My first impulse was to welcome him warmly, for I always liked him; then it flashed into my mind that since he was alive and well, he had been neglecting our Susannah, and I advanced to meet him quite coldly.

The colonel, however, did not stop to notice my coldness; he grasped my hand, and without ceremony demanded,

“Miss Abbey, where is Susannah?”

"She is at church," said I, curtly.

"Do n't be angry with me for coming in as I did," he said. "I knocked twice, indeed I did; and I could not wait another minute. It is so long since I was here."

I stepped into the hall, and bid Peter bring candles, as it was growing dark. When I returned, the colonel said,

"Miss Temple, you were always a kind friend to me; tell me, how will Susannah receive me?"

"Well enough, as she does every one, if she has not forgotten you," I said, for I was ready to take up arms for Susannah.

"Forgotten me! how could she?" he cried, aghast.

"You have given her ample opportunity," I retorted.

"Miss Temple," he exclaimed, springing up, "what do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say," I replied. "Susannah has not heard from you since you left New York; and if that is not ample time for forgetting, how long, in your opinion, might be required?"

"Well," he exclaimed, "if I have not been heard from since then, and you think the silence voluntary on my part, no wonder that you speak to me as you do. What a villain I must seem to you if I look guilty of neglecting Susannah," and he paced up and down in great confusion. Then he stopped before me: "And Susannah has felt deeply offended, and has forgotten me, do you think?" he asked.

"She could not both forget and be offended at the same time," said I, smiling, for I began to think him blameless.

"I'd rather have her angry than forgetful," he said.

"She will be neither, if you prove that you are not so ill deserving as I have suggested," I replied, with a laugh.

"Now you seem like yourself," he cried, taking a chair near me. "Miss Temple, I have been in Charleston, a place that I hated like a jail. I dare say it is a good place and in a good country, but for a British officer to be there, shut up to doing thieves' and hangman's duty, month after month, was enough to make one quit the service. I wrote to Susannah five or six times, but getting no reply, I concluded that her father did not think it consistent for her to be corresponding with the enemy, and resolved to have patience. As for my letters, I suppose that light-riding Marion, or some other of those quick Carolina gentlemen, had the pleasure of reading them, for they seized almost every thing that we sent out. I wrote once to poor Seaforth, asking him to say a good word for me, but that letter came back from New York by one of our ships, the terrible news that Seaforth was dead, written on the outside."

"And how did you get up here now?" I asked.

"I was sent up to New York with dispatches, as my last bit of service. The time has come when I can sell out and leave the army, in a manly way, for we hear that fighting is nearly ended, and that peace will soon be arranged for. My uncle and mother are so anxious for me to come home and settle, that now I will go. By the way, my sister is married, Miss Temple, and they want me to marry too."

"I dare say if you go home and assert your intentions

in that line, that you may easily find a wife among your fair neighbors," I replied.

"How can you be so cruel?" exclaimed he, in real distress. "You know that if Susannah will not accept me, I shall be completely miserable. She is the only woman in the world that I ever have or can care for."

"Well, I am sure I can not answer for Susannah," I returned.

"But you can tell me if—well, if thinking me forgetful, or knowing me to be unworthy of such a prize as she is—she has now another suitor!" he said, anxiously.

"Dear, dear; I can not answer for Susannah at all," I cried; "all I can say is this, that she must not walk in suddenly and find you here. See, I shall take a light to the library, and when the family come home, I will send my uncle in there."

So I escorted the colonel to the library, and stopped there talking to him until I heard the family on the porch. Then I went to the hall, and saying, "Uncle, there is some one in the library wanting you," I asked Susannah, "did they have a good lecture?"

"Grand," said Susannah, "I pitied you that it was your turn at home. President Witherspoon, of Princeton, was down, and spoke."

And so President Witherspoon, and his ways and lecture kept us busy for awhile, and I, knowing not exactly how to tell Susannah who was there, said nothing; and by and by my uncle came in, looking vastly well pleased.

"Why, the visitor is as much yours as mine, Susannah,"

said he. "Who is there whom you would like well to see?"

"Charles?" said Susannah, yet starting and flushing.

"Eh? Charles would be for us all," said Uncle John, "but here is a guest who cares nothing for the rest of us rebels, if you are at home and inclined to welcome him." So he put her hand in his arm and led her away, while I told the others of Colonel Nelson's arrival, and of what he had said.

Hester was inclined to think the colonel's story needed a sifting. Hester is the hardest on Tories or British of any of us; but Judith asserted she had always believed in Colonel Nelson.

Hester said: "Better be careful. Look at poor Bessie."

"The colonel is a very different man from Major Banks," replied Judith, "and there is no fear that my father will not thoroughly satisfy himself about the person whom he gives Susannah to. He will write to his old business friends in England, and find out about everything."

The colonel had leave of absence to return to England, and he intended to leave the army as soon as he reached home. Of course, he insisted that peace was now assured; that he ought to be allowed to marry Susannah and take her home with him at once;—and, of course, my uncle did not look at the affair in that light at all. As for Susannah, she gave no voice in the matter, but remained serenely contented, happy in having her anxieties and doubts removed, and intent on making the colonel's stay as pleasant as possible.

Uncle's decision was, that the colonel must go home alone, get out of the army, and consult the wishes of his friends in regard to his marriage. He might correspond with Susannah meanwhile, and Mr. Seaforth, by means of his friends and relatives in England, would satisfy my uncle concerning the colonel's family and affairs. Then, if all went well, as soon as peace was declared, he could return and marry Susannah.

The colonel, seeing that my uncle's mind was made up, and, indeed, that his decision was most reasonable, was forced to be contented. He remained with us until the 18th of June, and really his visit was very delightful to us all. Indeed, if for no other reason, we must have been pleased to see our tranquil Susannah so happy. Instead of that busy endeavor to banish thought, she drifted back into her old fashion of sitting content with her hands in her lap, merely enjoying life. The soft pink color that had formerly tinted her cheeks came back, and her deep blue eyes, under the golden beauty of her hair, made one think of seas and sunshine. Again the harpsichord and the violin were doing duet duty together—the first music to which our house has wakened since Henry died. On the 18th of June, the colonel left us for New York, from whence he expected immediately to sail for England.

OCTOBER 8, 1782.

This summer has been marked by no great battles. There have been skirmishes in the South, and a steady success for the patriot arms. In July, Savannah was evacuated. On the 26th of August, Colonel Laurens, a

brave soldier, a great favorite of General Washington, and lately our successful envoy to France, was killed in a skirmish. The fighting in the South has ceased since then, and we are now looking for the evacuation of Charleston. The French army went up to Verplanck's Point about the middle of last month. Charles wrote us that the allies were warmly welcomed. Our men, being drawn up in array to greet them, looked better than usual, as they had received so many arms and clothes from France, and captured so many at Yorktown.

The two armies are encamped for the winter about ten miles apart. The army is to be reduced in January. About the middle of August—yes, on the 16th of August—it was such a surprise as we had! We were seated at dinner when we heard a knock at the door, and Pompey presently crying out:

“Law! but it do dese ole eyes good to look on 'e ole Pymouth face! But, sakes, how you has growed! Guess Missey nor none of 'em knows you dis time.”

Who could it be? Pompey pushed the door wider open, and with much pride and satisfaction ushered in a brown-bearded, stout young man, and we all gave several looks before we could be sure that this was no other than Thomas Otis—Thomas who went away fair, smooth-faced, slender, and whom I had made sure was dead.

Uncle gave him a hearty greeting, taking both his hands and shaking them with all his might. Judith and Susannah were also very cordial. I was so surprised at seeing Thomas back, after all my certainty of the melancholy fashion of his death, that I stood gazing at him

speechless until the other two welcomed him. Then as I advanced and held out my hand, Thomas cried out cheerily :

“Here again, Abbey. Did you think I never was coming back?”

“Yes,” I said, soberly, “I thought you were never coming back.”

“Eh? Well, you did n’t break your heart about it at all events,” said Thomas, laughing.

“No. Why should I?” I said quickly. “But I thought you were a great loss to your country, and me, and every one, all the same.”

“Now, Miss Hester, are you not going to say a word to me?” demanded Thomas of Hester, who had coolly remained at the dinner-table.

“Why,” says Hester, “I thought five welcomes enough for any one mortal; but I remember now you always were given to large demands, and so I add my greeting to the rest;” and then Nerve came with another plate and seated Thomas between Hester and me. Uncle said a traveler must not be questioned at the dinner-table, and so we were not allowed to demand Thomas’s history while he was eating. Thomas asked after Charles; but gay and careless as he seemed to be, his eye fell on Judith’s deep mourning dress, and he was cautious about making inquiries on other things than war news from the South, the facts about Cornwallis, the proceedings of the Congress, and the prospects of peace. After dinner we went into the parlor, and at once we girls clamored for Thomas’s history.

“You seem,” said Hester, “as ignorant of army and national affairs as if you had been on a voyage to the moon.”

“Well,” said Thomas, “I have been a prisoner and at Montreal for how long I dare not say. I was carried off



CAPTURE OF THOMAS OTIS BY THE INDIANS.

in one of the fights up the Mohawk, by some Indians and British, and was sent to Montreal to wait exchange—and such a waiting as it was! I found war different from what we had imagined it would be, Abbey, when we

talked of it, sitting on a hay-mow or rocking on the bay. Then I thought I should jump into a generalship in one or two leaps; that the fate of the nation would hang upon my valor. As to being captured, that never crossed my mind. If it had, I would have pictured the whole army rising to reclaim me. Sometimes I fancied dying covered with glory and destined to immortal fame; but—”

“But on the whole,” said Hester, “you preferred living with a little less of glory and immortal fame.”

“Exactly,” said Thomas—“less romance and more solid comfort for me now. The romance has been somewhat rudely dispelled—kept a long while a prisoner, I return to find the war nearly ended without my help, and all of my friends comfortably eating their dinners without me.”

Thomas told us that, as a prisoner, he had been very kindly treated in Montreal. The officer who acted as provost of the city had become a great friend of his, and had granted him many privileges. Thomas only intended to stay in the city a short time to refit for camp, and then he was going to West Point. He was full of life and spirits, and exactly like the Thomas of the old Plymouth times.

He remained two or three days with us, and told us a great many stories of his adventures. Now, of course, I was very glad that Thomas had not been killed. At the same time, I was very glad also that I had not told any one that I had felt it my duty to constitute myself sole mourner for his premature death. And then sometimes,

in talking of the old days, Thomas fell into a sentimental strain with me, and he seemed to think it as much his duty to treat me gallantly as I had felt it mine to mourn for him. I wonder if it seemed as burdensome!

Well, there is no one like Judith. I determined to talk to her, so I followed her to her room one evening, and closing the door stood against it, and ruffling my apron on my finger, remarked:

“Judith, I am glad Thomas is back.”

“I daresay,” replied Judith.

“But I have been gladder about other things, I think,” I added, and as Judith was silent I continued—
“And I had really thought Thomas had been killed, and I was very sorry, but not *quite* so sorry as I have been about other things.”

“Well,” said Judith, quietly, “there was nothing wrong in that.”

“But you see, Cousin Judith,” I said, desperately, “a long while ago I had no playmate or young friend but Thomas, and Thomas had no sister, and we liked each other very much, and Thomas talked a deal of nonsense about being true to each other, and liking nobody but me, and I thought that was all right. And now, Judith,” I concluded, desperately, “I do not like such talk, and I will not have such talk!”

“Not from any body?” asked Judith.

“Well, not from Thomas,” I said, “no one else think of such a thing. I like Thomas, and he likes me, and I wish he would find some one else to like better than me, and not feel himself obliged to drag in compliments and

sentiments, and all that sort of thing, as if he were paying me coppers or half crowns—only that one never sees *them* now—that he owed me.”

Judith laughed. “Well, what else, Abbey?”

“Oh, what else, Judith? you think there is more in my mind? Well, of all things, I hate changeableness and altering of one’s mind—and I have often said I never changed—and after all you see I have; for once I liked Thomas the best, and now I think him very nice, but not—exactly to my mind.”

“I should be sorry, indeed, to hear that your mind never changed,” said Judith; “our minds in many things change by growth, and you know that I have told you girls that here is the danger of too early playing at having lovers. You grow, and change, and find yourselves entangled by ideas and words that are no longer part of yourselves.”

“But, Judith, I never thought of lovers,” I protested.

“I know you did not, silly child,” said Judith; “you can not see that you have been playing *brothers* with Thomas. How does that suit?”

“Oh, dear me,” I said with a sigh of relief, “it suits beautifully!”

“The fact is,” said Judith, “Thomas was playing *lover*, boy-like, and his mind is encumbered with the old idea. You like Thomas as a friend, but evidently, Abbey, your mind has outgrown him, as any thing else.”

“He is a very nice boy,” said I, loftily.

“Would be more pleasing to you if he were ten years older?” said Judith.

I blushed, and was silent. Judith said:

"It only remains for you to free yourself of a false position by letting him know your views."

"Oh, Judith," I cried, "I never, never could, unless he asked me, and I would not have him ask for the world."

"Simply understand yourself, and intend fairly to be understood, and you will find opportunity to make your views plain."

Judith spoke so calmly and easily about my vexations, that they began to look smaller to me. This idea that I had only to understand myself clearly, and desire to be fairly understood, stripped the situation of a deal of embarrassment. Thomas had been my old friend and playmate, the nearest a brother that I ever had, and such I would have him be still, and that clear idea took away a deal of anxiety and vexation that I had felt in his society. And, sure enough, Judith was right. I dare say every day had offered opportunities for making myself plain, only I had been too silly to know it. Only the next day Thomas said to me, when we were alone in the parlor chatting:

"Abbey, I have had a great loss."

"Dear me, what can it be?" I said, indifferently.

"Why, that lock of your hair—but you can make it up to me."

"Nonsense, to think I would trust another token to such a careless fellow!" I cried, laughing, and secretly rejoiced.

"But I was not careless," he protested. "We were

marching in the heat, and all of us piled our coats on a baggage-wagon, and my note-book with that memento was in my coat pocket. And all at once some Tories and Indians opened on us out of an ambuscade, and the end of it was that they got our baggage, and some of our fellows too. So, you see, I lost my coat, and what was worth more than the coat. Now, I am sure, you will give another token."

"Not I," I retorted. "I think giving hair is a great folly, only fit for boys and girls. I'm glad you lost mine. No brothers and sisters give locks of hair, as I know of. Charles does not, for one, and yet we remember him no less. And you know, Thomas, you and I being lonesome sort of children, among the old people at Plymouth, were a kind of brother and sister; and if we can't keep each other well enough in memory without such silly nonsense as a bit of hair, we'd better confess at once to having lost our minds."

I was knitting. Thomas cried out:

"Now, upon my word, Abbey Temple, is that the way you look at things?"

"Stay, don't bother me now until I count my stitches," said I, coolly; "I always get wrong turning the heel of a stocking."

Thomas took his head between his hands, began pulling his hair into a great fuzz, the powder flying, and staring at the floor *whistled* with all his might. Presently he began again:

"I say, Abbey Temple, if you have got that heel turned,

and will allow me to speak—you always were about the queerest girl going.”

“Four, five, six—thank you, Thomas,” said I.

“But I’d have you to understand that *I* set up for a romantic young man.”

“Twelve, thirteen, fourteen—I never would have thought it.”

“But I am, and I doat, fairly *doat*, on locks of hair. I said I wouldn’t take any but yours while I had it, but that being lost I comforted myself by making a collection, and here it is.”

Thomas took out his pocket-book, opened some foldings of silver paper, and displayed, neatly tied with blue ribbons, a fine store of locks indeed! Says he:

“Here is brown, flax, yellow, white, red, auburn, gold—every color that I like.”

“Except *black*,” said I, quietly, as Hester came in.

“Black, oh, by jove, *black*,” said Thomas, striving to get his trophies out of sight, but I prevented him, and cried:

“Hester, come here, and see how Thomas is emulating the Indian braves of his acquaintance!”

Poor Thomas, he flushed and looked uneasy, his little retort on my indifference was going further than he had expected, but I kept fast hold of the tissue.

“Were the ladies of Montreal so willing to give away their hair?” demanded Hester, laughing.

“I’ll warrant it all came from *wigs*,” said I.

“Young man, no wonder you were not exchanged sooner, you are very much of a humbug. I see reason to doubt

these trophies. This red hair is from some *man's* head, and I doubt the quality of this *white*."

Here Thomas burst into a roar of laughter, and letting go the paper, he said:

"No wonder it is a proverb in Plymouth, that there is no deceiving the eye of a Temple!"

"Confess at once!" cried Hester.

"I'll confess fully, if you will grant a full absolution!" said Thomas; "the paper is the result of a frolic of our last day in prison. Our warders had been good jolly fellows, and ten of us vowed to have a memorial of them. We chased them into a corner, made a cordon, overpowered them, and each of us ten took a lock of hair as a trophy, and we made one of the servants go out and bring us tissue and ribbon to do up these elegant locks. To have in mind all, without partiality, we took this fine gold hair from the curls of one of the sergeant's little boys, and this white—no cheating you Abbey—from the garrison poodle! I'll trade the whole lot to any one who will give me one good, honest lock."

"There are no offers here," said Hester.

"I'll give it to any one who will take good care of it, for my sake."

"Dear me," said Hester, "there is no one here will take the trouble."

"Well, then," said Thomas, restoring it to his pocket, "I'll keep it, and whoever takes me for better or worse, will have to take that too."

"We are warned in time," cried Hester; "and to be warned is to be wise," and away she went.

“And you think I admire black hair?” said Thomas, looking after her—and he said no more. But somehow this nonsense put Thomas and me on the old free and comfortable footing, frank and friendly, neither of us burdened by any further idea of playing at lovers; and it was a notable thing to me, that Thomas—doubtless relieved of a burden as much as I was—began to find Hester remarkably good company.

Thomas, after a short stay in Philadelphia, went to West Point, where what remains of his company are gathered. He wrote to us soon after, that in the general raggedness and shabbiness of the camp, even of general officers, his new clothes, his powder, ruffles, and other elegancies, in which he had indulged, were quite out of fashion. As for fighting, there was at present no more to do than he had had in Montreal, nor indeed so much, for there he could occasionally relieve his feelings by a passage at fisticuffs with his jailers, and his fare was not nearly so good as he had had in prison in Canada. He says he agrees with General Washington, that it is high time for a peace.

Hester has begun quite a flourishing correspondence with Thomas. His mad-cap style just fits her own, and she entertains us frequently in our sewing hours by reading her letters and his to us, and we receive their nonsense with shouts of applause.

Charles's letters are not so merry; the discontents of the army, both of privates and officers, make him forebode trouble even after peace is declared. My uncle is also greatly anxious lest a sufficiently strong central govern-

ment is not guaranteed. Mr. Morris is our only financier, and many of the people only half trust him because he is an Englishman. Mr. and Mistress Morris, Mr. Seaforth and his family and a few other friends, came to tea with us only yesterday. Mr. Seaforth has now ceased to expect a conquest of this country by Britain. He looks for peace on the ground of the declared independence of the thirteen colonies. Indeed, it is supposed that our commissioners, Franklin, Adams, Jay, and Henry Laurens, are now at Paris treating with British commissioners for a peace.

This expectation of peace formed the chief subject of conversation. We none of us said what was first in our thoughts, why, if peace was to be made thus, could it not have been made two or three years ago; it would have saved us Henry Seaforth, and other families many a brave man. It is expected that the property of loyalists will now be confiscated. My uncle feels warmly against that, on account of Mr. Seaforth. He says truly, that the more busy and prosperous citizens a State has, the more prosperous is the State itself; and he can not see that the country will be benefited by impoverishing those who would make faithful and law-abiding citizens now, whose consciences were against taking part in what they regarded as a rebellion. Mr. Morris said, he had heard it whispered that some of Mr. Seaforth's enemies were even now moving to get his property seized.

“Well, Harry,” said Uncle John, “I shall move every body and every thing that I can to save your estates, just as you would have done for me had the event of this war

been different; but at the worst, Harry, do you remember a bit of contract that we signed? That requires you to become my partner if they do confiscate your property."

"Ah, but," said Mr. Seaforth, "you know, John, I did not sign that expecting it would throw me on your hands."

"No," replied my uncle, "but you must keep up to your contract, like an honest man; you know I have your signature."

Mr. Robert Morris began speaking of the letter which it is rumored that *Nicola* wrote to General Washington, suggesting that he should be the *king* of this new nation. Mr. Morris said here lay our danger, in losing the liberties we had so hardly gained, by endeavoring to set up in this New World, governments copied from the Old. The idea of a Republic, he said, had not dawned in its completion on very many minds. A military despotism, hereditary government, whether we called the man at its head king, count, serene highness, or emperor, were alike unfitted to the genius and requirements of this western hemisphere, and would be alike disastrous.

My Uncle John said that he did not apprehend trouble from such cause; he thought the republican idea was pretty thoroughly sown over the land. Uncle says he fears our great trouble will be, not possessing a simplicity of manners and style of living suitable to a republican government. He says that what he has seen of extravagance and folly in this city, even during these terrible war times, has made him fear that we in this country will

try to ape other lands, not so much in their form of government, as in the wastefulness and fashions of living; that republican men and women, instead of holding simplicity, sincerity, and learning, as things of highest worth and most honoring to them, will think dress, entertainments, furniture, and grand equipage, the best object of their ambition, that they may vie with the courts, and parades, and nobles of foreign countries.

My uncle continued: "This country, with all its future to make, with debts to pay, roads and public buildings to build, the ravages of war to repair, and the people realizing themselves as all upon an equality, and supporting the government by revenues raised from among themselves and subject to their own voice, will not choose to give their officials enormous salaries to maintain them in a style far above that of the people whom they represent. Our farmers and artisans will not pay heavy taxes to support secretaries, and congressmen, and presidents in a magnificence of living which will teach them to despise those very farmers and artisans as an inferior race. If with these moderate salaries our public officers, chosen out of the people, and often men of no private fortunes, expect to keep establishments similar to those of foreign nobles of great hereditary property, and to give entertainments like those with which foreign rulers amuse their courtiers, then public honesty will be at a discount, official purity will be unequal to the temptation of the position, and we shall stand before the world disgraced, the people robbed by their representatives, brother bribing and plundering brother, the American government a

laughing-stock among the nations, as a land of thieves, a bold banditti crew, flaunting in high places."

How Uncle John, as he spoke, reminded me of great-grandfather! His whole soul was in what he was saying, for my uncle despises and detests extravagance and fashionable follies; for he says that these are never, and can never be indulged, except by robbing God and one's neighbor.

Mrs. Seaforth said: "Mr. Temple, you have shown a danger, a very great danger to this country; where is the remedy?"

"I suppose," replied Uncle John, "that it is the one old remedy, good for all the evils in this world—godliness!"

"And," said Mistress Seaforth, "that godliness must begin at home. This extravagance and fashion—which you, sir, so deprecate, never can spring up and flourish without the aid of women. Very many men have a passion for grand style and large expenditures, and yet if even these men have judicious, honest-minded mothers, sisters, wives, they will find their follies checked. If you would stay the extravagance and love of show, which you deplore as growing up here in America, you must begin with American women. A public officer, whose wife is like the virtuous woman in Proverbs, will never be a defaulter. When you find women honest enough, and wise enough, to say of an expense, I can not afford it; women who will dare limit their expenses by their income, and who would blush to wear an unpaid for jewel, or a velvet which had been earned by swindling; women who will

think themselves of worth for what they are in heart and brain, and not for what they wear, then you will be assured of incorruptible public men."

"You have started my wife on her special hobby," said Mr. Seaforth.

"I would," replied Uncle John, "that she would so talk to these young women every hour in the day;" and indeed, we girls and Bessie were hanging on her words, convinced of their truth and value. I think if all women and girls held views like Mistress Seaforth and Judith, the future prosperity of this country would be assured.

NOVEMBER 3, 1782.

I have had a letter from Dame Warren. She is at home in Plymouth, and hopes to have me visit her. She told me of the death of her famous brother, Mr. James Otis. It happened according to his wish. He was killed on the 23d of last May, at the door of Mr. Osgood's house in Andover. He had always expressed a desire to die by a stroke of lightning, and this, indeed, was his end. Dame Warren sent me a poem written about it, by Honorable Thomas Dawes—two lines are :

"One chosen, charitable bolt is sped,
And Otis mingles with the glorious dead."

He was truly as much a martyr to liberty as any who fell in battle.

A day or two ago I heard of the death of another friend—the Indian Ta-ga-jute. Mistress Logan was here, and she said Logan went straight from here to Detroit, after he rescued me from Brown, and there, near Detroit, he was killed in a drunken frenzy. Poor, faithful, elo-

quent Ta-ga-jute! Truly, as he said, the fire-water was the white man's evil gift to him.

Uncle Matthew has been visiting us. He was sending to Nantes to his partner for various goods, and Judith sent for a great quantity of things. Susannah has had two letters from the colonel, who threatens instant return to be married, and Mr. Seaforth has had the best accounts of him from his friends, and uncle has written that he may come when peace comes. So Judith must be ready to give our Susannah a suitable *trousseau* to go to England. The lists of fine goods set us girls quite wild with delight.

CHAPTER XXI.

FEBRUARY 2, 1783.

BY order of Congress, the army was reduced the 1st of January. Charleston was evacuated on the 14th of December, and now the only place held by the British is New York, and Sir Guy Carleton will be ready to leave there as soon as peace is proclaimed. Richard Reid and Thomas Otis were in regiments that were disbanded. They came here before they went to Boston. Mr. Reid intends now to finish reading theology, and take a congregation. Thomas is going into the India trade; the gentleman who was his guardian, and formerly his father's partner, is in that line, and Thomas is going to have a share in the firm. He talks much of making a big fortune. Hester said she did not understand how any one could prefer so grave a man as Mr. Reid to Thomas

Otis. Well, I never said that I preferred Mr. Reid to any one.

Thomas is very full of fun, and he dresses most gorgeously; but Mr. Reid is infinitely the greater scholar, and knows all about books, still Hester does not care for books. Thomas Otis said while he was here, one day, that all the books he cared to see were the Bible and an account-book.

“Why,” says Hester, “you are as catholic in your taste as I am; all I want of books would be a Bible and a cook-book.

“Well, Hester,” said Thomas; “when you and I go to housekeeping we will have two Bibles, an account-book, and a cook-book for our entire library—unless we add *Poor Richard's Almanac*.”

At this bit of impudence, Hester solemnly rose and held out her hand to Thomas. He took it meekly. She led him to the door, handed him into the hall, and remarking: “Thomas, go and amuse yourself, you have been here too long.” Came back to us and her sewing.

“What is poor Mr. Otis to do in that cold hall!” said Bessie.

“I do not care, I am sure; the idea of his taking things for granted in that way!” retorted Hester.

“Well, but when he asks you properly, what will you say?” urged Bessie, who has not lost her *penchant* for love affairs.

“Oh,” replied Hester, sewing diligently, “I shall say no *twice*.”

"That will be very discouraging to poor Thomas," said I.

"Not if he is a good grammarian," said Hester.

Susannah and I laughed, but Bessie persisted, "Why?"

"He will understand that two negatives make an affirmative."

I suppose that Hester had her opportunity for the two negatives, for Thomas went off in a very cheerful frame of mind, with uncle's permission for his coming back in May, to get Hester. We shall be dreadfully lonely without her.

I got very angry at Thomas the evening before he left. He is such a mad-cap. We were going out to spend the evening in a little company. Charles was at home, and was taking Susannah. Thomas said:

"Come, Hester, let us two be off, and leave Mr. Reid for Abbey."

I would not have minded that, but he must go on and say:

"Goodness! how mad I used to get at Dick Reid for sitting or walking by you long ago in Plymouth. That was always one of Dick's failings, Abbey, but now I do n't mind it."

"One grows wiser with age," I said.

"Eh? Well I do n't know in this case whether it is wisdom or compensation," said Thomas, going off with Hester.

However, Mr. Reid paid no more attention to the stupid's remarks than if he had not made them, and I recovered my good humor.

Charles went back to camp when the other gentlemen set off for Boston. We girls are all busy now helping to prepare for Hester's marriage and Susannah's; for if we are to judge Colonel Nelson's ways by his words, he will be here on the ship that brings news of peace. It will be such a long way for Susannah to go. If England were only a little nearer, or if there were only some way to annihilate time and space, so that one could get to the old country in a few days! But that is impossible.

Charles intends to leave the army this spring and come back into uncle's business. I had a letter from Deborah Samson. She has gone to Shoreham to live. She said Mrs. Hooper could now get on without her tolerably well, and the rumor of her own elopement with a British soldier had never died, and was getting rather wearisome, as she could not contradict it by telling where she had spent the time of her absence from Plymouth.

APRIL 30, 1783.

I must set myself to recording matters regularly, and in a business-like fashion, though I feel like jotting down my news in any style of confusion. To begin: Charles went back to camp in January, and we were all wondrous busy at home. He wrote us of the discontents in the camp, and the fears of officers and men that their claims would be unheeded. In March anonymous papers began to be circulated in the army, calling on the officers to obtain redress for their grievances. Many officers, as Charles and Mr. Reid and Thomas Otis, do not expect to take pay for their services; they have means of their own, and think the country burdened enough already;

but other men must have their pay or be penniless. The general does not intend to take compensation for his long services. The anonymous addresses stirred up the camp to much indignation. Finally, the general having memorialized Congress several times concerning the needs, fears, and rights of the army, announced that he would meet the conclave that had been called for the 15th of March. Charles was present. He says that he felt to thank God as much for the general's wisdom and prudence and patriotism on the eve of peace, as for any thing in his conduct of war.

The general read an address tending to arouse self-sacrificing views, to reconcile the army to Congress, to calm and elevate all minds, and to give a confidence in the good faith and success of the country. At the close of his address he said that he would read a letter from the Honorable Joseph Jones, a member of Congress, giving assurance that the army would be fairly dealt with. Taking the letter, General Washington read one sentence, paused, took out his spectacles, and begged leave to put them on, remarking quietly that "as he had grown gray in their service, he also found himself growing blind." Charles said the remark was so unaffected, so sincere, so matter-of-fact, that it went straight to every heart, and was as convincing as the most splendid burst of Patrick Henry's oratory could be. This man—intrepid in battle, patient in persecution, calm in danger, persevering under misfortune, moderate in victory, humble before adulation, honest as in God's sight—commanded every heart; and as he left the room the officers passed resolutions to abide

by his counsels, and by no distress should they be led to sully the glory of their eight years of faithful service. And so, as we have been led through the dangers of war by this marvelous man, are we by him piloted to safety, through the dangers of peace; and the evil that threatened the country from the disaffection and disbanding of the army is likely to pass away.

In Paris, on the 20th of January, a treaty of peace was signed. An armed ship, the *Triumph*, belonging to the French fleet, under Count D'Estaing, arrived from Cadiz here at Philadelphia, on the 23d of March, bringing a letter from the Marquis La Fayette, to the President of Congress, containing this blessed news. We were here as a people gone mad with joy. After eight weary years the cloud of war has rolled by. True, this proclamation is for cessation of hostilities, and many minor points remain to be settled, but the end is assured. Charles wrote us that by the 1st of April, Sir Guy Carleton wrote to General Washington, announcing that he had been instructed to proclaim cessation of hostilities by sea and land. Almost immediately a number of officers had leave to obtain their discharge, and Charles was one of the first to do so. As the day when, with tears and forebodings we saw him depart, was doleful, so the day when he returned to put off his regimentals and settle into quiet business life, was very joyful.

There was that sad thought of one, who should have shared and added to the rejoicings of that day; but we tried to be thankful for the mercies that we had received, and to take comfort concerning him whom we had lost.

We decked the house with flowers, made a feast, and invited some of our friends, and so celebrated Charles's home-coming.

Just after Charles came back we had a letter from Isaiah Hooper; at last he is going home. Congress, while retaining its hold on those enlisted for the war, until the ratification of definitive articles of peace, yet instructed the general to grant furloughs without stint, and so Isaiah is out of service virtually. He wrote us that gratitude urged him to come at once to Philadelphia, and bid farewell to us, to whom twice he had owed his life, but the feelings of a husband and father, who, for eight years had not seen his wife and children, made every hour's delay in meeting them seem cruel, and he knew us well enough to believe that we would bid him at once go home.

How well I remember the day when I helped little ten-year-old Liza put up her father's luncheon when he started for the war! We find from Isaiah's letter that he is likely to get home eight years from the day when he left. In those eight years he has become an old man; his Liza is a young woman engaged to be married. The boys of four and seven are now sturdy lads managing the farm. The two-year-old baby has become a prim little school-girl—and so Isaiah goes home a stranger to his own children; but that strangeness will soon wear away.

The 1st of April our goods came from Nantes, and we made a gala day of the unpacking. Mrs. Seaforth had sent for parcels for Annie, and so in both houses preparations for the marriages are hurried on, though Uncle John is holding Colonel Nelson to the letter of his in-

structions, and will not let Susannah go until the definitive treaty is concluded. Annie and Charles are to be married on the same day with Susannah, but Hester on the 15th of May, and then Uncle John and I will go to Boston with her, and thence to Plymouth.

Judith, in apportioning her new purchases, laid by as much for me as for Hester or Susannah, and when I declared upon the folly of so doing, she said we could not send to Nantes every day, and I should not find her unprepared for any demands. Well, Judith is just mistaken, that is all.

Plymouth, JUNE 19, 1783.

Here at last in the blessed old home! Sitting once more under the big apple-tree—house and garden, flowers, fields, and sunshine, old well with its wet ropes and rusty chains, birds twittering overhead—all seem as they did ten years ago, when I sat under this tree beginning this journal. I might fancy grandmother busy there in the house; and Uncle John sitting in the doorway looks just like my grandfather. Hester was married on the 15th of May. The marriage was at the house, at eight in the morning; then we had a grand breakfast—all our friends being invited, and at twelve, Thomas and Hester, Uncle John and I, set off for Boston—Pompey, by a week, preceded us, going much more slowly, driving a great wagon of Hester's property.

We were a very merry party. Hester looked as charming as possible. She wore a brown cloth riding-dress and jacket, with large white pearl buttons and white satin facings, quilted closely. She had a brown satin hat, with

a long white ostrich plume, and a crimson silk scarf about her neck. She and Thomas were full of their nonsense. Uncle John indulged our merry humor by turning boy for the occasion, and as we were all well mounted, we rattled along at a fine pace. Thomas had furnished a very pleasant house in Boston, and when our journey was finished we found ourselves there as Hester's guests. The house was all ready for us. Thomas's old friend, his former guardian's wife, had taken charge, hired servants, and prepared a feast, to which chief friends had been invited. Uncle and I stopped there three days, but I was eager to be here in Plymouth.

Mr. Reid met us in Boston, and rode to Plymouth with us. We reached the town near night-fall, and went to Dame Mercy Warren's.

Next morning we came hither. As we passed Isaiah Hooper's, we heard a loud shout, and there was Isaiah a-field with his two sons. His call brought Mistress Hooper and her elder daughter to the door, and so nothing would do but we must stop there for awhile. The little girl, dinner-basket in hand, was starting for school, but she returned—and, indeed, the family overwhelmed me with their affection, as the preserver of the father; but I do not so look at it. If I had not chanced to help Isaiah twice, some one else would have been found to do so. Isaiah looks younger already, and is growing stouter.

Yet a little farther on, after we had left Mr. Hooper's, and another call was heard, and a one-armed man stood at a lane-gate holding it open—Joseph Dana, sure enough; and there we must go in. I wanted to press on, but the

thought of that aged woman whose daughter had died for the cause, turned my steps; and, in fine, we stopped at the deacon's past dinner-time, the old people listening to all we could tell them of Hannah. Mrs. Dana said:

"People thought it strange that we could let her go; but we owed the country all that we could do for it; and Hannah's only comfort, since Jonas Hooper died, was doing good to others."

"Yes," said Mr. Reid, "hers was a faithful heart. She desired only to fill up her time in this world by doing good, and then to join him whom she had loved so entirely."

"Well," said the deacon, "she wrote us that she went to camp knowing that she had one brother there, but she found in you and Mr. Bowdoin two more."

"We felt honored by her calling us her brothers," said Richard.

With all our haste, it was afternoon before we came to the old home. I could not wait even to change my riding-dress until I went about all the house, and into the garden, and to the barn. Uncle and Mr. Reid sent away the horses and let me go by myself. Finally, I was satisfied enough to go to my own old room and dress, and at five o'clock we had tea in the common room—uncle, and Mr. Reid and I.

The days here have been so delightful I was never so happy in my life. All the neighbors have been to see me. Uncle and I have decided on the repairs, and the new fences and the arbor—only uncle is wanting to make it over-fine for a rented place; but I suppose he knows



ABBEY AND RICHARD REID AT PLYMOUTH.

best. Mr. Reid and I have had walks and drives all about, and we have been to the bay, fishing and lobstering, and on Sunday we were at the old church. We visited those graves which the kind people here have kept with such care, and we talked of those good and happy lives that ended before the great troubles of our war came.

I had yesterday two letters. One was from Deborah, from Shoreham. She has just married a Mr. Gannett, a farmer, and says she has a good home and is very happy. The other letter was from Charles. They have had trouble in Philadelphia from a mutiny in the army. The newer soldiers—not the veteran troops—to the number of some three hundred, besieged the State House, where Congress was in session, and threatened violence if their demands were not complied with in twenty minutes. Congress, in indignation, adjourned to Princeton. General Howe came with fifteen hundred men to quell the mutiny. Some of the ringleaders were condemned to death, but Charles expects that after awhile they will be pardoned. This trouble was all from the new recruits—not from those men who have borne the burden of the war.

We are to start for Philadelphia about the 10th of July. We have had a letter from Hester, declaring Boston the finest place in the world, and “Thomas quite a piece of perfection, when he has her at hand to keep him in order!” Mr. Reid is intending to stay here until we set out for home. Deacon Dana told me that he expects this church, which has had no settled pastor since Mr.

Bowdoin left, to invite Mr. Reid to take charge next year.

NOVEMBER 28, 1783.

Here is a long blank—from Plymouth in lovely June to Philadelphia in windy November. But a deal has been said and done since Uncle John and I had our delightful ride back through the new-mown fields and the green woodlands from Plymouth to Philadelphia.

The final treaty of peace was so long delayed, that Charles and Annie concluded not to wait for Susannah, and they were married the 1st of September. They are living with Mr. Seaforth, and they are all so fond of Bessie that she is staying there, too. She just suits Mistress Seaforth *now*. Bessie has a sweet voice and plays pleasantly on the harpsichord. She is fond of embroidery and all fancy-work, and she and Mistress Seaforth pass hours at such employments. They also make many clothes for the poor, and medicines and lotions and dainty food for the sick, whom they visit very faithfully. Bessie is also skilled in making rose-water and lavender-water, and other perfumes, with which she keeps us all supplied. She has gained a taste for such reading as Mistress Seaforth prefers, and we find the good lady reading Herbert's poems and Goldsmith's works by the hour to Annie and Bessie. I think they are all happy in their way: Bessie by far happier and more contented in her mind than ever in the old times when she was so wild; Mrs. Seaforth looking to meeting her son in a better world, and now come out of the night of her sorrow into some dawn-land of rest, waiting for an unending day; Annie and Charles

entirely happy in each other. The day after the marriage Charles and Annie set off to Virginia to visit Uncle Matthew Temple. They were gone a month.

On the 18th of September, who should appear among us but Colonel Nelson—though now he has left the army—and his uncle. They had left England the 1st of August, and had had a very fine passage. The colonel said that when he left home the signing of the definitive treaty was daily expected. He thought if he waited for that the season would grow too late to take Susannah to England this year, and that his uncle had come with him, hoping that my uncle would agree to having the marriage take place at once, the colonel and Susannah to remain in Philadelphia until the next spring.

My uncle, glad to have Susannah at home so long, gave his consent, and we had the wedding on the 10th of October. It was much more grand a wedding than either of the others, on account of Mr. Nelson's uncle being here and the style of living which he maintains at home. The colonel brought Susannah a splendid present of pearls and diamonds, and his uncle gave her a case of various articles of jewelry of turquois and pearls, remarking as he did so that jewels were given as an improvement in appearance generally, and that in that light he might well have left his at home, for Susannah needed no improving nor any addition to her appearance. He is perfectly delighted with Susannah, and says his nephew was quite right—there never was any one to be compared with her. Susannah was dressed in white satin and white brocade, and Judith gave her all their mother's

lace, except one shawl, which had been among her gifts to Annie.

Mr. Nelson's uncle especially amused us by his ecstasies. He rubbed his hands, walked up and down, and, admiring the bridal couple immensely, would say to every one:

"By George, but they are a splendid pair! I'll have them presented at court. I do not fancy such a couple have been seen, *even in London*, this fifty years!"

He was so entirely well pleased, that though he drank every toast that was given, and gave several himself with great gusto, he did not resent our greater abstemiousness, nor the fact that the bridal pair set down their glasses about as full as when they lifted them. Some one—Mr. Morris, I think—asked him: Did he allow his nephew and niece to slight his toasts.

"Oh, by George," said he, "I've made up my mind to let those two do just as they like, without a question; and, by George, I've known more people hindered than helped by taking wine, though it never hurt me."

All in all, Susannah's new uncle is one of the jolliest and most liberal of men, and we were very sorry when he left us. He sailed from New York on the 25th of this month, when Sir Guy Carleton evacuated that city and our troops marched in. Mr. Nelson had been an old friend of Sir Guy, and went home in his ship. The definitive treaty was signed on the 3d of September, in Paris, and now all our land is our own, and the last company of British soldiers are out upon the sea, homeward bound. I dare say they were as glad to go as we

were to get rid of them. I hope they will never come back except as friends, and then let them come as many and as often as they like. Colonel Nelson and Susannah expect to sail for England the 1st of June.

A gentleman from New York came here this evening. He left the day before yesterday morning. He says amnesty to all loyalists is proclaimed. The British went off feeling very amiable, and the patriot citizens were wild with joy at the entrance of General Washington. The British, when they marched out of Fort George, nailed the English flag to the top of the staff, and left it flying, knocking away the cleets and greasing the pole. A sailor boy of the patriots got new cleets, and went up the pole, nailing the cleets on as he ascended; and taking down the flag he nailed the stars and stripes in its place, and the army saluted it with thirteen guns. Congress is now in session at Annapolis, and the general goes there in a few days to resign his command. Bessie is to come here and keep the house, and uncle with Judith and myself will go to Annapolis to be present on that important day.

JANUARY 2, 1784.

General Washington, on his way to Annapolis, stopped here at Philadelphia, to close his accounts with the Comptroller of the Treasury. Mr. Morris said to my uncle in an ecstasy of admiration of the general:

“He is a man perfect in every thing. He has kept his accounts from the commencement of the war down to the thirteenth of this actual month of December, as perfectly and clearly as if keeping accounts had been the sole business of his life.”

My uncle said: "How long in the history of this country will it be able to be said, that her public men leave their offices without the question of one penny in the accounts of their expenditures, and without the shadow of a stain on the entire unselfishness of their services?"

"At all events," said Mr. Morris, "you can not look for many duplicates of George Washington."

"Well," said my uncle, "that schedule of Washington's public account will forever stand before the American people a touchstone of honesty in office, whereby we can try the administration of all other men."

As the general went through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, he was hailed by an enthusiastic people, and greeted with addresses from civil officers, legislatures, and learned institutions. The people rose up as one man to do him honor.

The time of the general's resignation of his command was fixed for twelve o'clock of the twenty-third of December. Our party of three was among the favored ones admitted to the floor of the Hall of Congress. Lady Washington and other ladies were in the gallery.

It was a most impressive scene. The audience listened breathless when the President—General Mifflin—signified that the Congress was ready to receive any communication from the general, and then Washington rose from his chair. His speech was short and grave, clear and to the point, resigning his command of the armies, commending the soldiers to the gratitude and justice of Congress, and the whole country to God. I think there was not one per-

son in the room who was not weeping, and inwardly thanking God that he had made such a man as this for the conduct of our nation in its peril. I shall never cease to be glad that I was present on such an occasion.

The next day the general left Annapolis with his company to arrive at Mount Vernon on Christmas eve, and



GENERAL WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMAND.

there has the love and gratitude and blessing of his country followed him.

We were home on New Year's eve. Bessie gave us two letters, one for me, and one for my uncle, both from Mr. Reid. Mr. Reid said that he had accepted the request of my grandfather's former people to become their pastor in the spring. He asked me if I could find it in my heart to come back to the old home as his wife. He said this had been his dearest wish, since first he had seen me at Dame Merey Warren's at Plymouth, but that as I had

seemed so unconscious of his feelings, he had not thought it right to try and engage my affections when he was in daily peril of his life in the army. He had, however, spoken of his hopes to Dame Warren, to Judith, and to my uncle, and they had approved of his views, and of his waiting until the country was quiet before speaking of them. He said he fancied I had believed him very fond of Hannah, but that of course I must have come to realize that his feelings for that good and heroic woman had been those of a brother. Finally, he said, if I consented to have him come in the spring to bring me to the old place, I would make all Plymouth glad.

I sat in my room a long while, with the letter in my hand, very happy, but too bashful to go down stairs. At last there came a knock at my door, and Uncle John's voice. I bade him come in.

He said: "Since you would not come to me, little maid, I have come to you. What shall I say to such a letter as this? (and he held out Mr. Reid's). Have I not been plundered enough by Thomas Otis and Colonel Nelson, that here is a man must demand you for Plymouth? A cold and scraggy bit of country that! unfit for roses; do you not say so?"

"Oh, it is a lovely country, and roses thrive there wondrous well," I cried, eager in defense of the loved spot.

"Ah, hah! well, evidently it is in your mind to go and cultivate them there," said my uncle, laughing; and then in a graver mood he took my hand, and bade God bless me! and said he knew I would be happy, for "the merey of the Lord is on the thousands of generations of those

that fear Him ;” and he said that he had looked for this, and that it had been in his mind when he bid me buy the homestead, and when he ordered the repairs, and he had told Mr. Reid that if I agreed to come I must have that home.

So we went down stairs, and Judith, and Susannah, and Bessie kissed me, and said they hoped I would be as happy as I always wished to make other people. To-day I wrote Richard, and my uncle wrote also, and said that the marriage should be on the 5th of May, and that Susannah and Mr. Nelson would see us to Plymouth, and call on Hester at Boston, before they sailed for England. They have put off leaving America until July 6th.

Plymouth, JUNE 10, 1784.

Again at the old home, mine now for always, I hope. After Richard's letter and my answer, we were all busy indeed getting ready for my coming hither. At the first news, Nervey began to make her arrangements; but it seemed wrong to me to take her from Judith, who has had her this eight years. I said as much to her. I was in the kitchen with Judith at the time, preparing fruit for a cake that she was making. Nervey burst into a loud laugh.

“Jes hear dat chile!” she cried. Then another roar of laughter—then: “Missey Judith! jes you hark to Missey Abbey. Why she tinks she kin keep house widout me an' Peter an' Pompey! Why, Miss Abbey, jes see hyar;” and Nervey placed her hands on her hips, planted her feet firmly, threw back her turbanded head, and en-

tered upon her favorite reminiscences heard often before. "Why, I libbed wid dat chile's mudder when she wa'n't mor'n eighteen. When my Peter war a baby she cum right often to my cabin, and had him in her two han's, and she made he a pink frock; now I'se got dat frock yit, dis berry minit when I'se speakin'. Ef I didn't tote Miss Abbey roun' when she was a whole heap too little to know nottin', I'd like to know who did?" Nervey paused for contradiction, but no one offered any. "When dat chile went wid Massa Matthew Temple, to her gran'ther, me, an' Peter an' Pompey we went too. Ef her granmudder, a mos' mighty good woman, what hadn't no 'sperience in bringin' up chilun', gib my chile Miss Abbey too long a lot ob sewin', or knittin', or spinnin' to does, why who but Nervey did de biggest half ob it, quiet like? Ef de ole lady would a bin vexed wid her for tearin' of her gowns, climbin' an' rompin' roun', why, who but Nervey mended em all up, afore dey was seen? When dat dere ole good lady see it her duty to hev de dishes put away when de chile was too late for dinner, den Nervey see it *her* duty to a growin' chile to keep a plenty hot an' nice for her, an' dat young boy what's gone married to Miss Hester. *I* see to warmin' her bed of cole nights. *I* see to gibbin' her plenty of cake, an' when she was lef' all alone in dis here ebil worl, an' come here in de war time, me an' Peter an' Pompey we cum too; an' I looked arter her, an' when I sees an ebil-minded soger rolling eyes at her, I said, no such doin's roun' your granmudder's girl, an' I drove dat soger off."

At this picture of my long-ago meeting with Deborah

Samson, I shrieked with laughter. Nervey, unabashed, continued:

“When dat chile went to New York in war time, ’mong murderin’, wicked rapseallions, Nervey was de one to go and see to her and bring her home safe. When Mr. Reid tole me he was agoin’ to ask my young Missey to hab him, *I* said I was ’grecable, an’ would go eny time; an’ now, *now* de chile really tinks she kin keep her house her ownse’f, an’ don’t need *me*. Hoh! she may leave Mr. Reid here ef she likes, or she kin stay here her ownse’f, ef she pleases, but me an’ Peter an’ Pompey, we’s goin’ wid her to de worl’s en’, or to Plymouth, what is jes de same, so we is.”

And all that harangue is the reason why Nervey is now supreme in this kitchen, and Pompey is busy in the garden, and Peter is working in the barn, just as they all were ten years ago. These three came up here in April to get the place in order, and Hester came down then from Boston to superintend; and thus it was, when our party came up here from Philadelphia, all things were in a beautiful readiness for our reception. Our company was a large one: Susannah and her husband, Uncle John, Judith, and Bessie, and Charles and Annie; and here we found Thomas and Hester, and Dame Mercy, and Mr. James Warren.

We were stopped at Isaiah Hooper’s to rest and dress for company, because, as they told us, there was a great assembly at our home to welcome us. So, sure enough, when we had put on gala array and had come here, we found nearly the whole people in their best, and Dame

Warren's taste had prevailed to have much trimming of flowers, and the tables were spread out of doors, and even the little children were here with their welcomes and their flowers, and Dame Mercy had written a poem, which Thomas read after the feast.

And when we had had many good wishes, and much cheerful talk and singing, and all had seen the house, arrayed newly under Hester's care, it was time for the company to disperse; and first they called on their pastor, Richard, my husband, for some words at parting. Now the day was the 1st of June, the tenth anniversary of the closing of Boston port by the famous *Port Bill*. Richard in a few words sketched the events of the last ten years, of war and peace. He spoke of grandfather and great-grandfather, and what their views had been, and he exhorted the people to banish all hostility now to the mother-country, to let the peace be a heart peace, and to show their gratitude to God, by making honest and noble use of their independence. He then called for the Bible, and after a prayer, he dismissed the people by reading these verses as a benediction on our country—and may God fulfill the word unto us:

“And I the Lord will be their God, and my servant David a prince among them: I the Lord have spoken it. And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods. And I will make them, and the places round about my hill, a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season: there shall be showers of blessing.

“And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land; and they shall know that I am the Lord, when I have broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hand of those that served themselves of them.

“And I will raise up for them a plant of renown; and they shall no more be consumed with hunger in the land, neither bear the shame of the heathen any more.

“Thus shall they know that I the Lord am with them, and that they, even the house of Israel, are my people, saith the Lord God.

“And ye my flock, even the flock of my pasture, are men; and I am your God, saith the Lord God.”



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